

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



European Front

ON EVERY front the Allies are moving in for the kill. In France the Anglo-American armies have desperately needed more ports and more room to deploy their front, so that they can use the millions of men and the mountains of material waiting in England. In Cherbourg peninsula they have been like men "trying to deliver a punch in a telephone booth." But Brittany, with Cherbourg, will provide all the ports required to supply a broad offensive across France to Switzerland. The Provence invasion will compel the Nazis to evacuate Southern and Southwestern France or to risk having their defense forces in Western Europe caught in a vise.

In Italy the American Fifth and the British Eighth Armies approach the plains of the Po, the coastal road to Southern France on the west, the valley gateway to Vienna on the east. As the Italian peninsula widens before them, Kesselring is hard put to it to cover his lengthening front. Hitler continues to deny him reinforcement. More than half the army which faced the Allies in Italy below Rome this spring has been chewed to bits.

Disaster piles upon disaster for Germany also in the East, where, in the words of Churchill, "it is the Russian Army which has done the main work of tearing the guts out of the German Army." From the north, the center, and the south as far as the Carpathians, the most formidable concentration of war power and equipment mustered in this campaign grinds its way toward German Silesia and Berlin, supported by a huge Russian air armada and American fighter squadrons from Italy.

The evident hope of the German High Command to repeat the battle of Tannenberg of World War I — to spring a last desperate trap and thus save themselves — is doomed in advance. The opponent they

now face in the East is not the half-armed, poorly led rabble of the Romanoff regime.

The inescapable

There is no mystery about the causes speeding the Third Reich toward collapse. Most of them, including the enormous margin of strength possessed by the United Nations, are beyond Nazi control.

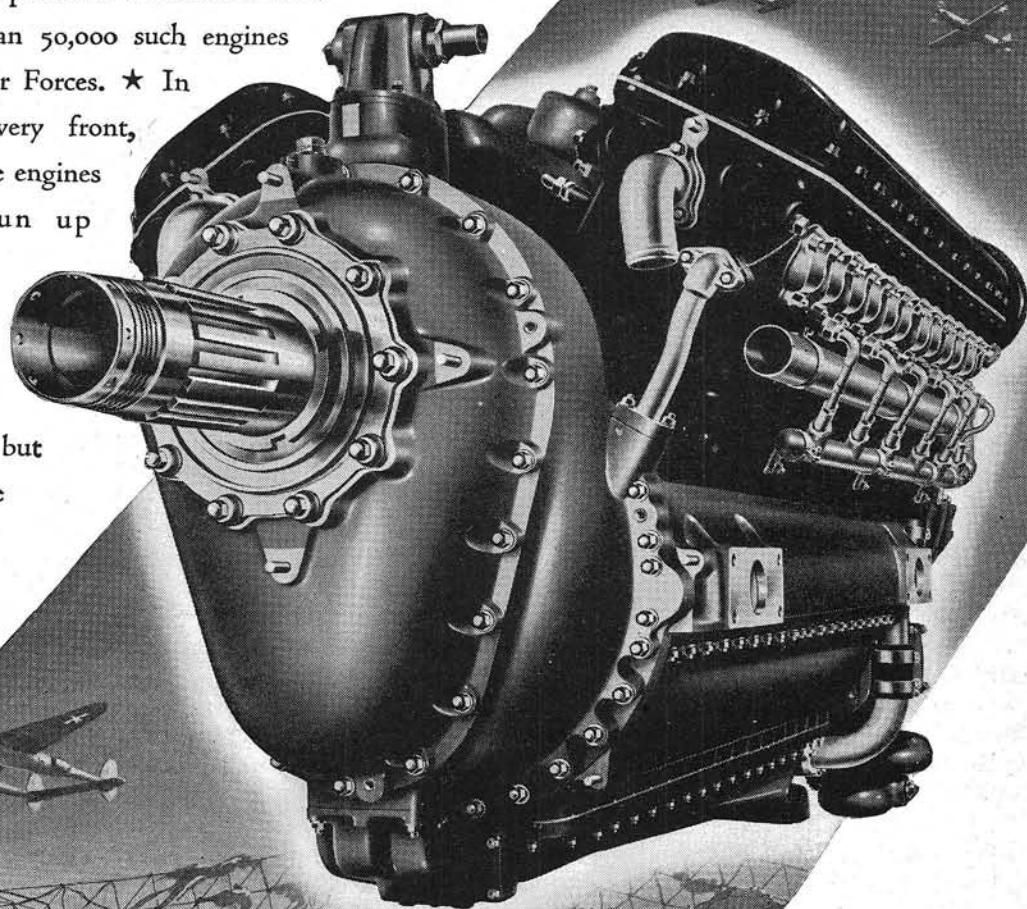
1. *German casualties* in dead, missing, wounded, and prisoners approximate 20,000 men a day on the combined Russian, Balkan, Aegean, Italian, and French fronts. An additional 1000 a week are being put out of action by guerrillas, by partisans in the occupied countries, and by the French Army of the Interior. Casualties of the Wehrmacht since the opening of the preliminary Allied offensive at Cassino have averaged about 10,000 a day. This means that within the past sixteen weeks one third of the entire German combat strength, as it existed in late spring, has been destroyed.

2. *The fuel shortage* grows more stringent. Persistent blasting at the synthetic oil plants in the Reich and in the Balkans, obliteration of the small Albanian oil production center in June, capture by the Russians of the one important oil area in Poland, west of Przemyśl, in early August, disruption of the pipe line rigged as an emergency device in Rumania, all reduce the flow to a trickle.

Effects of this shortage on the mobility of German forces in the West were noted in Brittany during August. Capture of thousands of self-propelled guns, tanks, and motor vehicles of all types on the Russian front dramatizes it in the East. The most spectacular testimony comes from the Nazis themselves. Two divisions shifted from Poland to France had to walk. The Luftwaffe is being concentrated more and more

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in defense of the remaining synthetic oil plants. Air support for the Wehrmacht at the fronts is diminishing. New weapons will not reverse this serious shortage.

3. *German war industries* are falling off steeply in production. One reason is a tremendous slowdown strike all over the Reich by the slave laborers since D Day. Another is that materials are running out. Loss of the Baltic States is more than a gigantic military disaster for the Germans. It is also an industrial disaster. It cripples the flow of nickel from Petsamo by giving Russia complete control over the whole Eastern Baltic.

New eruptions of war in the Mediterranean, where Sir Henry Maitland Wilson's American, British, and French forces are striking swiftly, clip the availability of nickel supplies from Greece. The scramble of Germany's Balkan satellites, following Turkey's eleven-hour switch to the Allies, disrupts supplies of timber, bauxite, chrome, zinc, and lead, which Germany has been drawing from that quarter. The great concentration of German war industries in Silesia is in jeopardy.

4. Russia's westward surge rolls up *food problems* for Germany. In addition to cutting off enormous acreages of cereal grains, vegetables, and fodder crops in the Baltic States and Poland, the advance of the Red Army sends thousands of refugees swarming back into the Reich. Since June hundreds of thousands of would-be exploiters of conquered *Lebensraum* have been piling back into Germany from Poland, Eastern Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, Estonia, Latvia, and East Prussia.

To the numbers of refugee workers from the land must be added other thousands of service-connected civilians and fugitive workmen from industries lately planted in the East. As the Allied offensive rolls in the West, other swarms of Germans, resettled there after destruction of their home cities by air bombardment, are struggling to get home. They beat in vain against the frontiers of the Reich. Hitler has ordered them kept out.

The Nazis have also abandoned efforts to evacuate populations from bombed German cities. In May, reports received by the OWI indicate that approximately 26,000,000 persons were being fed from field kitchens in Germany. The number rises. So does pressure on the food supply.

5. *Other home front problems* multiply. The official industrial accident roster in the Reich reveals increases aggregating 50 per cent in one year and an annual death toll equivalent to full strength of three Wehrmacht divisions. Spread of war psychoses is

so marked that the German press is forced to discuss them freely. Loss of confidence in the Reichsmark paces deterioration of the money system and distortion of the short-term debt.

A fabulous expansion of fiduciary circulation carries it today close to 500 per cent above 1939 pre-war figures. Mounting property destruction through bombardment and fire, and the cumulative loss of conquered territories and their industrial assets, are shrinking the economic pledges that sustain the debt structure. These are some of the reasons for the crack-up of morale on the German home front, especially in the sanctums of the Junkers, whence the professional army officers derive.

The generals of Corporal Hitler

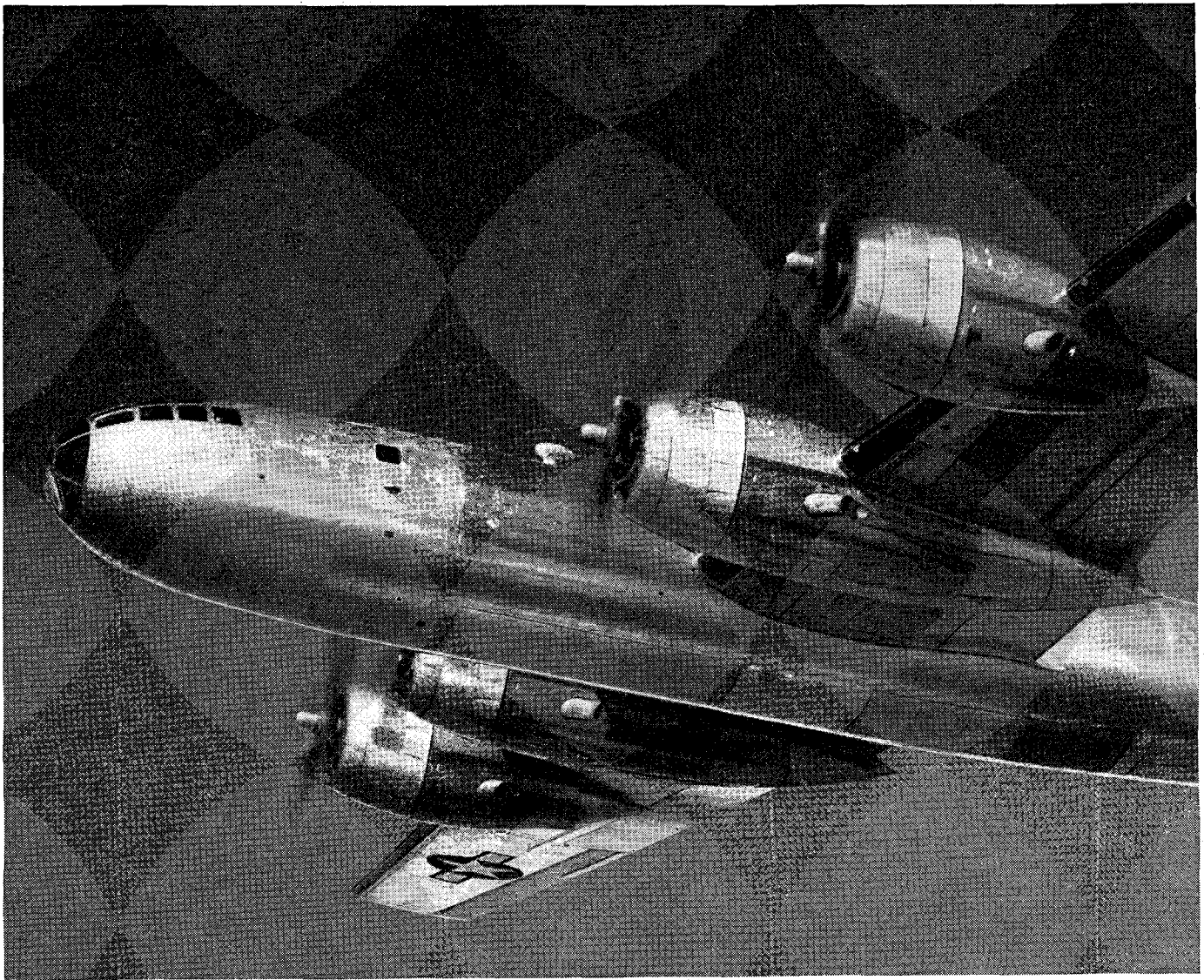
The generals on the eastern front have found a way out despite political masters at home who invoke full revolutionary terror against them. For the first time since the present war began, many have had recourse to the practice of "token fighting," followed by surrender to the Russians. No other explanation will cover the fact that close to thirty Wehrmacht generals, some of them corps commanders, have been captured on the eastern front since June 22.

There is other evidence as to the frame of mind of the old line officers of the German Army. More than a score have been killed in battle in this same period. That is something new. Up to last summer, the Wehrmacht carefully rescued most of its generals by air when their positions became hopeless. There have been more suicides during the past three and one-half months among higher officers of the Wehrmacht than during the whole previous span of this war.

This testimony emphasizes that competent military quarters in Germany consider the war lost beyond recovery and that Junkerdom believes Hitler is plunging Germany into hopeless ruin. From fifteen captured German generals in Russia, precisely that accusation was made in July, when they appealed for an Army rising against the Nazi dictatorship.

This manifesto touched off Hitler's most ambitious coup since the burning of the Reichstag and the sanguinary purge of Nazi Storm Troops in June, 1934. The "plot" against his life, the purge which followed, and the sudden spate of speeches from himself, Goebbels, Göring, and their stooges in the Party and Party Army, fit perfectly into the familiar Hitlerian technique.

Hitler is evidently trying to change a dangerous trend against himself into a new opportunity. That the bomb "plot" was engineered by those who claimed to be its intended victims, that they are striving



Buy War Bonds — to Have and to Hold

The story behind the Boeing Superfortress

Remember back to January, 1940? The war in Europe was not yet five months old and war with Japan still two years away, but the U.S. Army Air Forces even then determined they must have an airplane *that would carry a heavier bomb load farther, faster and higher* than any the world had ever known.

Leading aircraft companies were invited to submit designs.

In February, thirty days before Hitler invaded the Low Countries, the Army radically increased its specifications. Those new requirements made the design problems still more difficult. But Boeing—with its unequalled background of 4-engine experience in building such planes as the Flying Fortress,

the Stratoliner and transocean Clippers—was in the best position to solve them.

Wind-tunnel tests of the Boeing model so impressed the Army that Boeing was authorized to build three experimental airplanes. And then—even before the first of these had been completed and flight tested—the Air Forces decided that *this* was the world's number one bomber! Quantity production was ordered—one of the *greatest manufacturing programs ever put behind any weapon of war*. This program eventually included the Bell and Martin plants as well as three Boeing plants and literally hundreds of sub-contractors.

This placed upon Boeing a tremendous responsibility, not only in successfully

engineering the design but also getting it into production.

A master plan had to be created . . . factories built . . . new tools designed . . . co-ordination of production arranged in all participating plants.

So sound was the basic design that not one major change had to be made when actual flight tests got under way. And approximately a year and a half later the first production models were bombing Japan.

Superfortresses are taking their place along with the famous Flying Fortresses in Boeing's effort to provide the Army's great bombing crews with the best possible airplanes to accomplish their hazardous and important missions.

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through prolongation of the putsch to fortify their own safety, is suggested by even the most cursory review of the chronology of events prior to, and following, the "bomb" episode.

What von Papen discovered

Dissatisfaction among the professional generals with Hitler's strategy has been evident since Stalingrad. During the Russian winter offensive several highly competent commanders were cashiered for criticism. Some were executed for "cowardice" after the collapse of the Leningrad front.

Spokesmen for the Officers Corps publicly criticized Hitler's mistakes on the radio — General Dittmar among them. Late in April, the German commander in the Peloponnesus plotted surrender with his divisions, was caught, and was executed. His complaint was that Hitler was carrying Germany to ruin.

Late this spring Franz von Papen, diplomat of the Nazis, visited Madrid to put out peace feelers. His mission failed, as did Ribbentrop's similar attempt to negotiate with Moscow somewhat earlier. Neither could obtain a hearing. These peace moves were clearly sponsored by the Nazi hierarchy, on Hitler's calculation that a final effort to split the Allies might prove successful. Time, Berlin knew, was running out.

While in Spain, von Papen is reported by French underground intelligence agents to have uncovered evidence that the German Junkers, operating through the older Army officers, were also attempting to sue for peace terms by way of the Vatican.

The large number of German heavy industrialists in Spain made it evident that the Junkers were trying to work both sides of the street on the peace issue. Ostensibly supporting German solidarity with Hitler and the Nazis, they were also shopping around to see what could be had if the Nazis were dumped overboard.

Thus, in June, Nazi leaders were confronted by two immutable facts: (1) disaffection, tending toward an Army coup, among generals of the old school and their supporters, the industrial Junkers; (2) the impossibility of a negotiated peace. Hitler and his cronies proceeded with a last desperate expedient.

In mid-June, several weeks before the famous "plot," Göring's paper in Essen demanded that Nazi commissars be assigned to every unit in the Army "to bolster morale among the fighting men." An order to this effect followed. It was accompanied by another order — directing Himmler to post commissars selected from the Gestapo in every Army unit *to watch the officers*.

Preparations for galvanizing popular emotion at home to support Hitler and the Nazi dynasty were next tackled. The German Commissioner of Labor warned the nation that a new, final, and total mobilization of all men and women within reach of the government must be made at once to save Germany. Party hacks, up and down the Reich, were given special instructions and ordered to check on their districts. Hitler appeared from solitude to emphasize the gravity of the peril facing "the whole German people." Preparations for a purge were complete.

Then Hitler suddenly announced the "plot" against his life, engineered, according to Party orators, by a clique in the Army and the nobility. Himmler assumed a virtual dictatorship over the Army. Goebbels rediscovered "Providence" and delivered his address on "miracles." The drive to stir up revolutionary frenzy against the Junkers and refractory members of the Officers Corps was on. The rallying point was the sanctity of Hitler's person.

Accompanying this hullabaloo, however, came the real coup. Hitler elevated himself, Goebbels, Himmler, and Göring to the role of Nazi Quadrumvirate with new prerogatives of power which sweep aside all restraining Nazi laws and rules. A mass levy of all man power and woman power in the Reich and the occupied countries was ordered immediately. A purge of all professional officers suspected of dissatisfaction with Hitler and the Party policy in the war was instituted with the full force of the Gestapo and the Elite Guard under Himmler's direction. Its first victims were in the High Command itself.

Rats or revolution

What does Hitler hope to achieve through this dramatic reversion to his famous tricks? Apparently, a modern version of the French and Russian revolutionary techniques, when people in arms conducted successful wars of revolutionary defense against foes at home and enemy invaders. The plan has fatal flaws, however. Neither by purge nor by a commissar system can the Nazi leaders eradicate the threat from their generals. And as for cooking up any surge of enthusiasm among the German people to revolutionary ardor, the stratagem is equally unconvincing.

One of von Papen's threats if peace was refused (according to French underground intelligence) was the invocation of poison gas. Another was a stupendous slaughter of slave laborers and war prisoners in the Reich. A third was to send key leaders of the Elite Guard, Gestapo, and Party directorate underground to protract the war after Germany's downfall, by guerrilla fighting and by fifth column infiltration of all the victorious states. The desperate plight of the Nazis and their Junker allies presages a grim finish to the war.

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The Pacific War

THE Japanese, like ourselves, have never lost a war. It is not easy for such a people to recognize the approach of defeat. What does defeat taste like to the Japanese?

The Japanese began the war with glory, as we began it in gloom. Early victories and a tradition of invincibility have helped rigid control of press and opinion to delay the impact of our advances. Japan had a cushion of success, and lacks the inoculation of doubt and anxiety we underwent in our own dark days.

Our cracking of Japan's inner military defenses by the conquest of the Marianas opened a breach in Japan's political and psychological defenses as well. As her home islands feel our naval and air strength, not only Japan's military power but the social, political, and economic foundations of it become our targets. It becomes increasingly important for us to know and to understand both the disposition of Japan's military resources and her internal situation as well.

Our ignorance about Japan has in the past been a useful weapon in the hands of Japan's military leaders. It continues to be useful to them in bolstering Japan's will to fight.

No prisoners

In the earlier stages of the war the refusal of the Japanese fighting man to surrender endowed him in our minds with certain mysterious attributes which made it seem that we were fighting an inhuman and unknowable enemy. Japanese unwillingness to surrender and our apparent unwillingness to take prisoners were considerable assets to the Japanese High Command.

No surrender meant that we could obtain no tactical information through interrogation of Japanese pris-

oners, and also maximum casualties for our men. It strengthened the Japanese belief in the invincibility of the Imperial forces, and made us feel that to win the war we might have to kill every Japanese fighting man, a magnification of the task ahead.

The process of fighting Japan has taught us much. The battle for the Marianas indicated that both Japanese soldiers and civilians respond to disaster like everybody else — that they are not nearly so strange, remote, and inhuman as they once seemed. Saipan was not only an important chapter in the education in defeat that Japan is receiving. It also serves to remind us that our enemies have many characteristics that we know and understand. Victory must educate us about the Japanese and Asia if we hope for a decent and lasting peace.

Crushing military defeat will be neither the first nor the final step in the re-education of the Japanese people. Economic and social dislocation have occurred in Japan during the past years. Defeat in a total war is not merely a military event; we must take cognizance of the deep-seated changes that accompany it.

Exit Tojo

The fall of the Tojo Cabinet taught us that Japan is politically less monolithic than she seemed. Victories, not political adroitness alone, made Tojo the strongest man that Japan has known for centuries. Defeats swept him from office.

Tojo's defeats were not purely military; they included the failure to solve certain domestic difficulties which may prove to be insoluble, because they spring from Japan's attempt to fight a modern war with a semi-feudal economic, political, and social structure. The fall of Saipan, shocking as it was to the Japanese

people, only highlighted Tojo's predicament. It was not a primary cause for his fall.

The Koiso Cabinet is not a peace Cabinet; no peace party could have found in Japanese public opinion an adequate basis for support. The peacemakers would have been viewed as betrayers. Japan's leaders may know today that they are faced with an impossible situation; Japan's people still see only difficulties, not impossibilities.

When the new Premier, General Kuniaki Koiso, assumed a Cabinet post in 1939, he said, "The national destiny must be developed actively in pursuit of the object of propagating the Japanese spirit all over the world." These are not the words of a man who would head a "moderate" or "peace" Cabinet. Admiral Mitsumasa Yonai, the new Navy Minister and Koiso's deputy, does not have the same reputation as a fire-eater, but has been known as an anti-parliamentarian. The Cabinet has a greater infusion of businessmen, former party politicians, and career bureaucrats than the one it replaced.

It is difficult to determine what precise forces deposed Tojo. It is likely that a combination of influential military and civilian elements, alarmed by the course of the war and dissatisfied with Tojo's attempts to solve home-front difficulties, banded together and forced the resignation. The shake-up in both Army and Navy High Commands, the assumption of the important Munitions Ministry portfolio by a civilian, the preponderantly civilian nature of the new Cabinet, the widespread changes in domestic administrative officers, and — for Japan — the outspoken criticisms of the Tojo Cabinet that were permitted after its fall all hint at protracted negotiations behind the scene before the move was made.

Most of the present officials have been deeply involved in Japan's Manchurian adventure, commercially and militarily. The change in personnel, drastic as it was, changes neither Japan's primary problems nor the character of her leaders and aspirations. Perhaps the riders were changed in midstream, but it is the same horse.

The present government of Japan is stressing the gravity of events, developing a mood of crisis, and attempting to prepare the home front for greater sacrifices and greater endurance. Both militarily and politically, the strength of Japan is more decisively dependent on the home front as we shear away her conquests.

Watch the pig boats

The astonishing success of Allied submarines against Japanese shipping is one of the deciding factors of the war; it is also having a great effect on Japan's present

and post-war economy. We have been sinking irreplaceable tonnage and irreplaceable materials in almost every part of Japan's waters, while our own extended supply lines have been virtually free from attack. Here is one aspect of the war in which Japan's technological inferiority is clearly visible.

Both submarine and anti-submarine warfare are highly complex technical operations. We have shown ourselves the masters of one in the Pacific and of the other in the Atlantic. Guile, daring, and seamanship still play their part, but physics — radar, asdic, and the phenomenal devices of both offensive and defensive undersea warfare that have been developed, and about which we have been told so little — have given us a new dimension in which to operate.

Japan has been unable to counter our submarine fleet without the scientific resources that would enable her to evolve, produce, and man efficiently the detection instruments we have found so valuable. Modern war depends greatly on the quick production in great quantity of complex instruments. This demands uniformity of materials for mass machining and tools, and workmen capable of high-precision operations. These require a technological maturity Japan does not possess — a fatal weakness in days when a faulty vacuum tube may mean a lost ship.

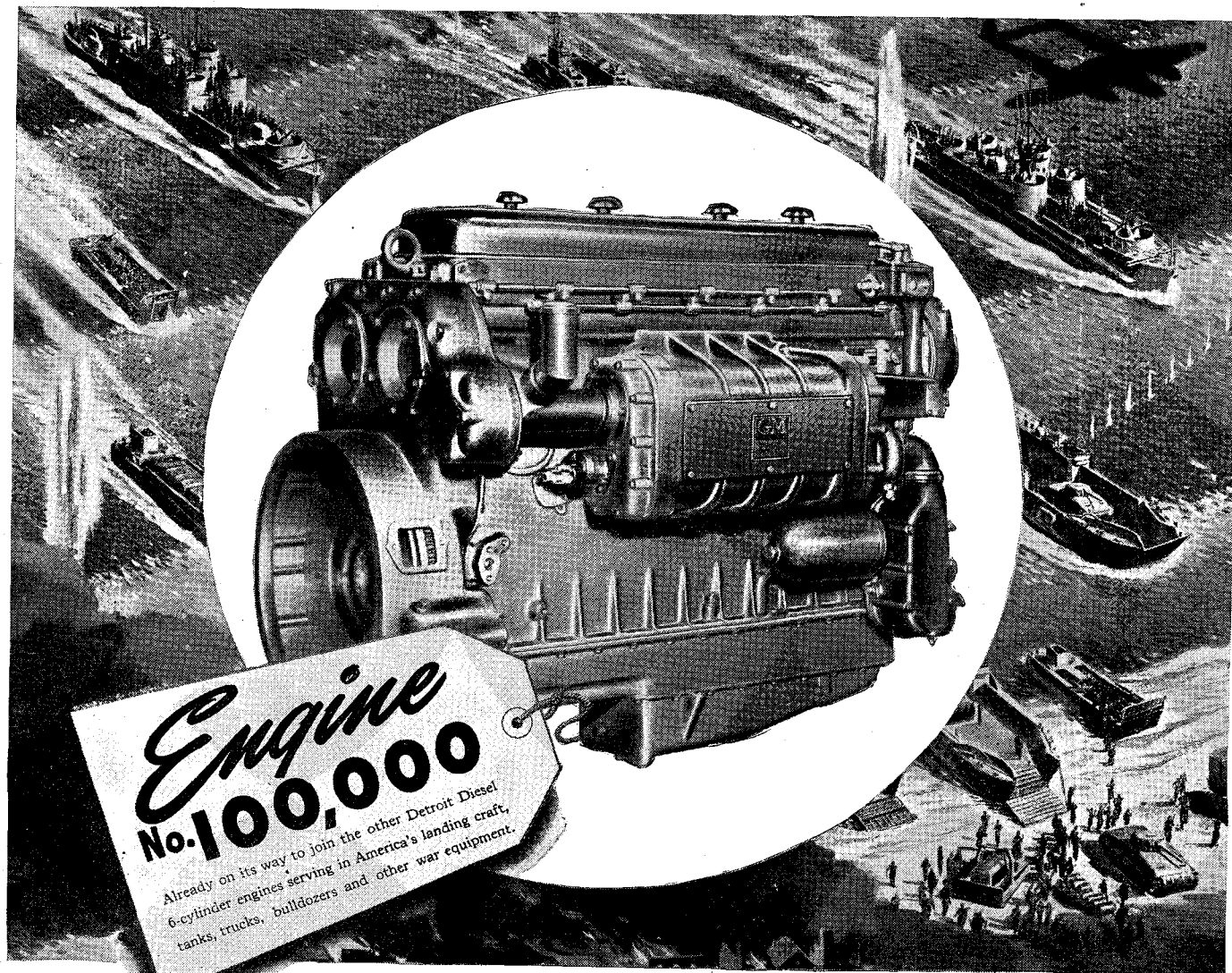
We have conquered the menace of the submarine by a combination of physics and the massive fleet of convoy and patrol craft, the destroyer escort and carrier escort team, and the long-range patrol plane. Japan cannot build the great fleet of convoy craft that her extended network of waterways requires.

A vanishing merchant marine

Meanwhile, Japan is losing ships at a rate far beyond her replacement capacity. This loss of tonnage is not only a grave impairment of her military potential; it does permanent damage to one of her major peacetime resources. The highly developed Japanese merchant marine was a source of Japanese national pride and national wealth. In 1939 Japan's merchant fleet of almost six million tons was the third-largest in the world, much of it new, fast tonnage that brought large commercial returns.

Japan's industrialists — both men like Ayukawa, whose fortunes derive from Japan's recent aggressions on the continent, and long-established magnates like Mitsui — must be concerned over the fate of their interests, not only as sources of Japan's war supplies, but as the sources of Japan's economic strength and their own.

Japan's great industrial trusts have always been close to the government, in spite of their apparent unwillingness, in the early 1930's, to go along with the



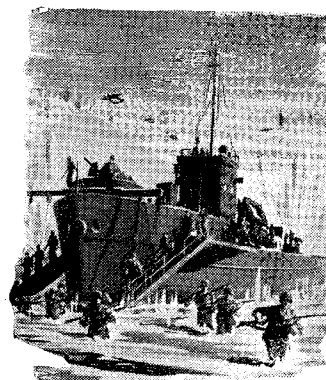
10 DIVISIONS OF FIGHTING ENGINES

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tough and dependable. They're easy to maintain. They burn inexpensive fuel oil.

They have been tried and proved in all sorts of war jobs on every battle front. And they've been found good.

With the coming of peace these engines will be available for all the applications where America will need reliable, low-cost power.



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militarists' program of conquest. Their factories, furnaces, shipyards, and mills are now the targets of our B-29's. It is reported that the Japanese government has instituted an elaborate plan of wartime insurance for both property and lives; yet mere money cannot furnish adequate replacement for the capital goods destroyed by our aerial bombardments.

Japan's industrialists may be able to salvage sizable portions of their personal fortunes out of the wreckage of war, but the permanent bases of their economic power are likely to be wiped out. The destruction of Japan's heavy industry will not only cripple Japan's war potential; it will be a long step toward elimination of the great monopoly trusts which were so much the root of Japan's economic inequalities.

Other domestic headaches plague the government, and they will be intensified by our military pressure. Manpower shortages that make necessary the utilization of more women in industry, and that disrupt the educational system, affect Japan's social structure. So do the shifts of population that accompany decentralization and the evacuation of target areas.

Japan when Germany sinks

Changes in the Cabinet and in the High Command cannot alter Japan's basic military situation. They cannot prevent the release of Allied power for use against them that will result from German defeat. But Japan's rulers can still preserve Japan's will to fight, and hope that they can keep us at a distance and deny us the use of bases from which we can deploy our augmented strength fully against them.

This hope still remains, despite the failure of the Manipur offensive to cut off the Allied troops fighting to reopen the overland road to China, the failure to hold the Central Pacific, and the vulnerability of the Bonins and the home islands to our carrier forces.

The conquest of the southern Marianas gave us, as Secretary Forrester pointed out, 300 square miles of territory, seven airfields, and five harbors. The casualties we sustained were large; but here for the first time we were engaged in achieving absolute conquest of an area, instead of following our earlier practice of seizing key points and by-passing and neutralizing others.

We needed more than steppingstones for quick leaps, like Hollandia, Kwajalein, and Arawe. We could not leave Saipan to wither like Truk and Rabaul. Here we had to make a frontal attack on a major strong point, reduce it, and secure the neighboring areas. We needed a position that would allow us to accumulate power massive enough for sustained major drives. But even this area, 1500 miles from Japan, is not an adequate base for the strength necessary to crush her.

It should not be necessary to achieve in the Philippines the kind of extermination of Japanese strength that was required in the Marianas. Action against the Philippines can be supported by land-based planes: we can count on a welcome from the Filipinos; we have a wide choice of beachheads, and we face an enemy whose forces, necessarily dispersed, cannot be readily concentrated against us.

We still face a hard fight in the Pacific. Although the loss of sea-borne air strength greatly weakened Japan's fleet, she has been hoarding her air forces. For months the government's propaganda has exhorted, commanded, and beseeched Japanese workers to turn out planes, and Japan can still put a sizable number in the air to defend vital points.

And as we converge on Japan, we face the demand for closer cooperation with our allies — a franker confrontation of our differences, a closer integration of military action. The rapid progress of the war in Europe permits the British a fuller disposition of their forces against Japan. The appointment of Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser to command of the British Eastern Fleet is an excellent one. He has had wide experience of operations against an enemy in narrow seas, and is accustomed to working closely with other commands. The promotion of "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell to full general is another sign of the coming concentration on the Pacific theater and the importance of land operations in Asia.

China's place in the war

In the final defeat of Japan we must still be dependent on China's geography and on China's ability to support our landings.

The most effective use of our huge B-29's in the strategic bombing of Japan, and also the defeat of Japan's land power and our effective use of China's coastline, depend upon China's internal accord and the maintenance of her power of resistance. Our advance against Japan's communications and South Pacific areas increases the importance to her of her military positions on the continent of Asia, both as lines of withdrawal and communication and as bulwarks for defense of the approaches to Japan's inner fortress.

The recent succession of distinguished visitors to Asia and the Pacific cannot have been a source of much comfort to Japan's leaders. They remind us that the Pacific war has aspects that demand the concern of our statesmen as well as of our military. And they remind Europe, which is even more remote from the Pacific both psychologically and geographically than we are, and increasingly more preoccupied with its present struggles and its future, of the tasks in Asia.



Vice Admiral Emory S. Land

(C. C.), U. S. Navy (retired);
Chairman, United States Maritime
Commission, and War Shipping
Administrator, predicts:



"Our Merchant Marine and Foreign Trade can mean 5,000,000 Post-War Jobs"

"The American Merchant Marine is a basic asset of this nation, just as our coal, oil and steel or rich farmlands. It can contribute to our wealth, our freedom and our progress and our safety.

"But we must develop and work this asset, just as we do any other. Steel, as iron ore in the ground is worthless. So is a merchant fleet tied to the piers. Topsoil washed down a river is a national loss. So is a merchant fleet rusting in harbor.

A NATIONAL RESOURCE

"Therefore, we must be able to work this merchant fleet after the war if it is to work for us.

"If properly developed and worked, it should carry about half our nation's water-borne foreign commerce. If we fail, we are committing a terrible waste, just as terrible as letting our fertile soil wash downstream.

"If we develop our foreign commerce and support an adequate merchant fleet to carry a fair share of it, we are adding one dollar extra to every nine that will be in our post-war pay envelope. That's worth working for. That's one of the items we owe to the millions of our men fighting overseas.

"Remember one point, the merchant fleet is an asset that we can work for the benefit of all, or we can throw it away and we all lose.

ACCESS TO RAW MATERIALS

"The American Merchant Marine can contribute substantially to the national welfare. In peace, for example, it is the best means of insuring our access to raw materials we don't have here. In war it is the primary auxiliary to the Navy.

"The Merchant Marine can either guarantee the delivery of our goods, on schedule to our customers throughout the world, or we can stand in line for a place on any ships that may be going our way.

"There are jobs for five million men and women, if we develop our Merchant Marine and foreign trade. There are customers for our goods. There is protection for our nation. These are potentialities. We can develop them if the fires of American genius and enterprise still burn. We think they do."

E. S. Land.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



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Latin America

THIS has been a stormy midsummer on the inter-American front. The friendly, liberal government of Colombia was threatened with overthrow by military reactionaries closely linked with the Spanish Falange. The United States lost ground as a result of hasty recognition of the Fascist-controlled military regime now ruling Bolivia. In the growing impasse between Washington and the Argentine Republic, some of the bitterest words have been spoken in the whole history of Western Hemisphere diplomacy.

We score a moral victory

Secretary Hull, on July 26, in a summary of the position of the United States government, flung on the table the full indictment of Argentine official conduct. The Argentine government has "deliberately violated" its pledge to the other American republics to cooperate in the war against the Axis. It has "openly and notoriously" given "affirmative assistance" to the enemies of the United Nations.

The indictment charges specifically that the regime has tried to stamp out democratic opposition and democratic support of the Allied cause. It has not checked Axis espionage and political agitations. It has given huge contracts to Axis firms on the Allied blacklists. It has supported Axis propaganda newspapers with lavish government advertising and with big allotments of newsprint secured by Allied grants.

The facts show, the summary proceeds, that the Farrell government was put in power by "extremist pro-Axis elements" and is controlled by them. Consequently, there can be no recognition of Farrell by Washington until a fundamental change in Argentine policy has been conclusively demonstrated.

The summary has scored, for the time being, a moral victory. The only ambassadors left in Buenos

Aires early in August were those of Spain — an active collaborating power in most of the Argentine political disturbances — and of Argentina's virtual satellite republic, Paraguay. All the other American governments, including two which previously had recognized the Farrell regime, Chile and Bolivia, recalled their ambassadors for consultations before the summary was issued, and there are no signs of their early return.

How pure is Argentina?

In proof of Argentina's purity, General Farrell's Foreign Minister, General Orlando Peluffo, made a speech for home consumption, citing Argentina's occasional favors to the Allies: the shutting off of code communications to Axis diplomats, the occasional prosecutions of Axis spies and suppressions of Axis newspapers, the internment of the crew of the Nazi battleship *Graf Spee*, sunk in the River Plate estuary in 1939, and so on.

Washington's reactions to the Peluffo speech were cold. Argentina's reaction took the form of a street mob. The mob stoned the windows of most of the democratic — or formerly democratic — newspapers of Buenos Aires, and next day President Farrell himself announced that its actions proved how completely the Argentine people were behind the government's policy.

In short, the tongue-lashing stung but it was not followed up. Military or naval demonstrations against the Farrell regime are obviously inexpedient. But there was no threat of economic sanctions even in the harshly worded summary.

Outwardly the Farrell government has assumed the martyr's robe. Meanwhile, it has been interestingly busy. Although a certain number of Argentine ambas-

sadors, including Adrian Escobar, the former associate of Spanish Falange leaders, now accredited to Washington, have been called home in retaliation, Argentina still retains competent diplomatic staffs in most of the American capitals. These are carrying out covert instructions to convince their host governments that the Washington program of non-recognition is a dangerous form of political intervention in Latin American affairs.

This campaign is known to have won enough converts in several American capitals to raise the question of whether the Farrell regime can be kept in quarantine in the event of an early collapse of Nazi Germany — a subject for growing jitters. In her efforts to build up a bloc of deep southern powers, including Chile, Paraguay, Bolivia, and possibly Peru, as a counterforce against the influence of the United States in the Hemisphere, Argentina quite possibly has gained as much as she has lost by taking diplomatic isolation and a scolding from Washington without any more specific punishment.

Argentina's economic pressure

Such propaganda is matched by more practical developments. The Buenos Aires government is rushing a railroad line through to Santa Cruz in Eastern Bolivia through the Bolivian oil fields. This should shortly give General Farrell or his successors oil with which to bargain for favors with prospective confederates — to say nothing of a tighter economic rein on Bolivia than Brazil is likely to get through a railroad of her own into the much less economically secure Bolivian rubber regions.

With Argentina's present hold on Paraguay and with her control over Bolivia strengthened, a militarist government may have, in fairly short order, mounting quarrels to settle between Chile and Peru over Bolivia's dwindling west coast shipping trade. If Buenos Aires totalitarianism is as ruthless as it sounds, it can settle them either by enforced bargains favorable to itself or by threats of war and conquest.

Right here, in fact, lies the menace to the peace of the Hemisphere — the most serious menace which South America has felt since the Chile-Peruvian war of the early 1880's. Brazil, with its own growing population and hinterland interests, and with its immensely increased military power as a result of its active participation in the war on the side of the United Nations, could hardly permit a militarist Argentina to extend its authority from coast to coast, and from Lima to the Straits of Magellan, either as an empire or as a federation of satellites.

Argentina, with its present military psychology and as a possible place of asylum for refugee Nazi technicians and military leaders, is the sole power in Latin

America which needs to be watched today for this poison of continental imperialism.

Already, in any case, Argentine diplomacy shows symptoms of working in these directions. Argentine influences are busy heating up Peru and Chile to new and higher temperatures in their chronic squabble over their shares in the Bolivian shipping trade. Argentine agents are whispering in the ears of various Army factions in Brazil that dispatch of a Brazilian expeditionary force — which landed in Italy in mid-July — is a serious injury to the effectiveness of Brazil as a South American military power.

If it serves no other purpose, this is at least a subtle way of stirring up dissensions in the Brazilian Army, and of sowing distrust of the United States and the United Nations.

Appeasement pays off

Less than two weeks after United States recognition of Bolivia's military junta government in June, a national election returned an overwhelming majority for the national revolutionary movement party in the republic's Congress. The MNR, as the "movement" is called in Bolivia, is the Fascist party, which seized control of the government last December with the aid of the Argentine totalitarians.

Now President Gualberto Villarroel, the practically assured winner in an election to be conducted by the Congress shortly, can be chosen legally as chief of the nation by the votes of a Fascist legislative body with obligations to Buenos Aires.

Thus the government with which Washington broke last December, because of its Argentine connections, is now confirmed in authority with the blessings of recognition upon it and the unction of legitimacy.

Only in the northern part of South America did the totalitarian system receive a complete rebuff. When President Alfonso López of Colombia was kidnaped by Army officers at Pasto, near the Ecuadorean border, on July 10, the bulk of the Army remained loyal and rescued him. Instead of founding a totalitarian Army government with himself as president, Colonel Diogenes Gil, the kidnaper, is now doing a ten-year stretch in a Colombian penitentiary.

The scandal had certain humorous implications. Pasto is the center of Colombia's reactionary "deep south," and there was a picaresque quality to the proceedings, as if Vice President Wallace had been kidnaped by the Mississippi or Texas militia.

Nevertheless, the incident shows that within, as well as between, the neighbor republics, the offensive of Fascism goes on. And that is no laughing matter.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

HURRY, hurry, hurry," urged Bernard M. Baruch six months ago in advocating immediate Congressional action on industrial reconversion. No one listened. Congress adjourned on June 23 without taking any action. The Majority Leader in the House told members that no legislative program was planned for August, and that even if the recess ended officially August 1, they need not return on that date.

Now Hitler has taken Baruch's place as a spur. Congress is back again, rolling up its sleeves to enact reconversion in double-quick time. There is a sense of urgency which came over the Capital when the turmoil inside Germany was first reported.

It is high time that Congress got busy. Hitler could easily throw this country into chaos by a sudden decision to quit. We have at least 60 per cent of our resources in war production. When the European war ends, perhaps 40 per cent of our war production will be cut back, and this will mean widespread unemployment if plans for a changeover to peacetime work are not facilitated.

Why, then, has Congress been dilatory? In great part because of War Department assurances that the road to victory will be long and hard. Yet the War Department itself will not be caught napping by the advent of peace. It had its lesson in the last war. Not till three weeks before the armistice did the War Department begin thinking about demobilization and post-war policy. The result was chaos and the total absence of a military policy for peacetime.

In this war there has been no such slackness, and post-war plans have long been in the outline stage at the War Department. Moreover, a special committee was set up by Congress six months ago to lay down a post-war military policy. If it is necessary for the

military arm to prepare for peace, surely it is even more necessary for the civilian arm. The military authorities, however, do not think so. They blocked Donald Nelson when the War Production Board head wanted to put tentative reconversion orders into effect, only to be forced later to agree on a compromise.

How many jobs on X Day?

In fairness to the military, it must be said that it is harassed by real shortages, and it traces those shortages to the workshop feeling that the war is about over. General Somervell, head of the Army Service Forces, has given the figures. They show that peak war production was achieved last November. Since then there has been a falling off, though the loss is felt only in particular items: heavy and medium artillery, radar equipment, heavy trucks, tires.

Civilian authorities, however, do not agree with the military that the best antidote is to play down the good news and frown on reconversion. They feel that the drift from the war plants, on the contrary, would be arrested in great part by the knowledge that reconversion plans had been perfected, that jobs would be available on X Day. The fear behind the quitting is the fear of joblessness.

We have had examples of what is expected. When the Navy suddenly canceled an order at Brewster's Long Island plant four months ago, thousands of men were thrown out of jobs, and the WPB had to work feverishly to find substitute work. The incident showed a deplorable lack of coöperation between the military and civilian agencies.

Some industrial thinkers in the WPB hierarchy support the military in the matter of reconversion, though for different reasons. They are called "even starters" — or men who want all industry to recon-

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WASHINGTON (continued)

vert at the same time. What shall be done in the transition period is never explained. But, as Mr. Baruch has pointed out, demobilization and reconversion must be a continuous process in order to maintain economic stability.

Banking: old and new

The monetary conference at Bretton Woods set the post-war security conference an efficient example. Its proposals may mean the end of economic isolation. Of course, those provisions must still be ratified by the participating governments, and some observers doubt that ratification in this country will be obtained. Certainly a good deal of opposition has arisen in Congressional and in banking circles. Wall Street to a man is antagonistic to plans which will route so much short-term and long-term banking through the Monetary Fund and the Reconstruction Bank.

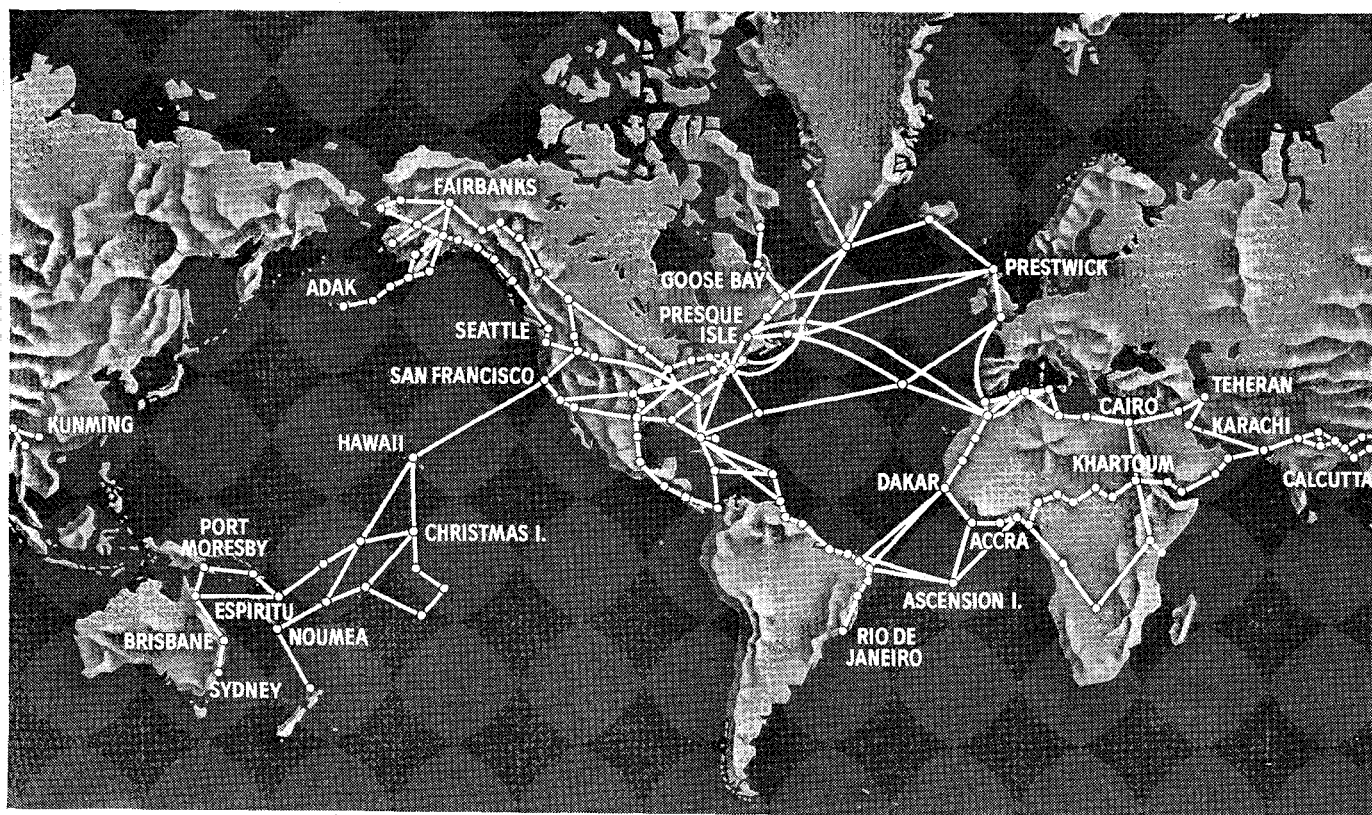
As in Congress, there is still a core of traditional banking opinion in Wall Street, and the new scheme flies in the face of orthodoxy. It is an attempt to unite domestic expansion with international equilibrium maintained in common. The details are highly technical, but the goal is to help every country maintain full employment.

Here in Washington the goal is regarded as very much an American interest, for, with the immense wartime increase in our productive capacity, the post-war planners are counting on eight billion dollars of export trade and five million jobs from foreign trade alone. We shall never get these, however, without the short-term and long-term banking facilities provided for by the Bretton Woods mechanism. That will make sense to Congress when the provisions are explained to it, despite Senator Taft's darkling threat of a Senate rejection of the agreements. Internationalists, of course, think of the contribution of the Conference to international harmony.

A monetary link is said to be premature till some kind of commercial link is made. The statement is of the order of the chicken and egg dispute. Economic collaboration must begin somewhere, and it might as well be in money as in commercial practice. But commercial pacts as well as money pacts are necessary in a world that must strive for full employment in order to hold off revolution and war.

This country feels that commercial dealings should be based on non-discrimination. In other words, we object to such private agreements as the Ottawa pacts, whereby there is one tariff system for the insiders and another tariff system for the outsiders.

Our point was made in the Atlantic Charter and in the master agreement covering Lend-Lease. To be sure, Mr. Churchill attached a reservation, "with due respect to existing obligations," but, according to persons who were present at the Atlantic Charter meeting, the reservation was intended solely as a constitutional safeguard. Mr. Churchill simply felt that he had no power to rescind existing British



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imagination. The distance covered by the ATC in a single month is more than 22 million miles—equal to fifty trips to the moon—*round trips!*

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war, and the transport of cargoes of all kinds—mail, bombs, ammunition, food, critical parts, medical supplies, and personnel. An important function is the evacuation of wounded. A wounded soldier can be flown from China to Washington in 82 hours.

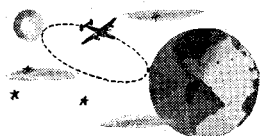
Flights across the Atlantic or Pacific are routine, made many times daily. Special flights and deliveries are frequent, and often “save the day.” The Flying Fortresses, for example, which were the Army’s

striking power in the decisive Battle of Midway, were delivered by the ATC on very short notice.

On return flights to America, cargo planes of the ATC may carry essential war materials such as tungsten, mercury, tin, platinum, block mica, quartz crystals, and others.

All these vital services are being performed by the Air Transport Command in hours and days, instead of days and weeks—a mighty important contribution to Victory.

It is also a preview of the things the world may expect from air transportation in the postwar period.



and has 100,000 officers and men. Part of the personnel is supplied by private air lines, which are under contract to the War Department.

The mileage flown staggers the

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WASHINGTON (continued)

obligations by international compact. The monetary accord arrived at in Bretton Woods should aid in developing equality of treatment in trade dealings.

Cartels and Lend-Lease

But there are two other prerequisites to the successful achievement of universalism in economic relations. One is a retreat from our attitude towards cartels. The other is the maintenance of Lend-Lease till the war with Japan is over.

All the departments of our government appear to be fighting the recrudescence of international cartels after the war. And there is much public sympathy for the campaign. Cartel is a poisoned word, like trust. But there is the need of overall arrangements in the modern world, when man has to face the problem of apportionment of markets in particular lines, such as air transport, oil, shipping.

As for Lend-Lease, there is a tremendous pressure inside the Administration to wind up Lend-Lease when the war with Germany is over. The election alone seems to call for it, in the eyes of some of the Democratic managers. The Administrator of Lend-Lease, Leo T. Crowley, is also a Democratic boss. Lend-Lease should have been under a man with no political axe to grind, like Price Controller Chester Bowles.

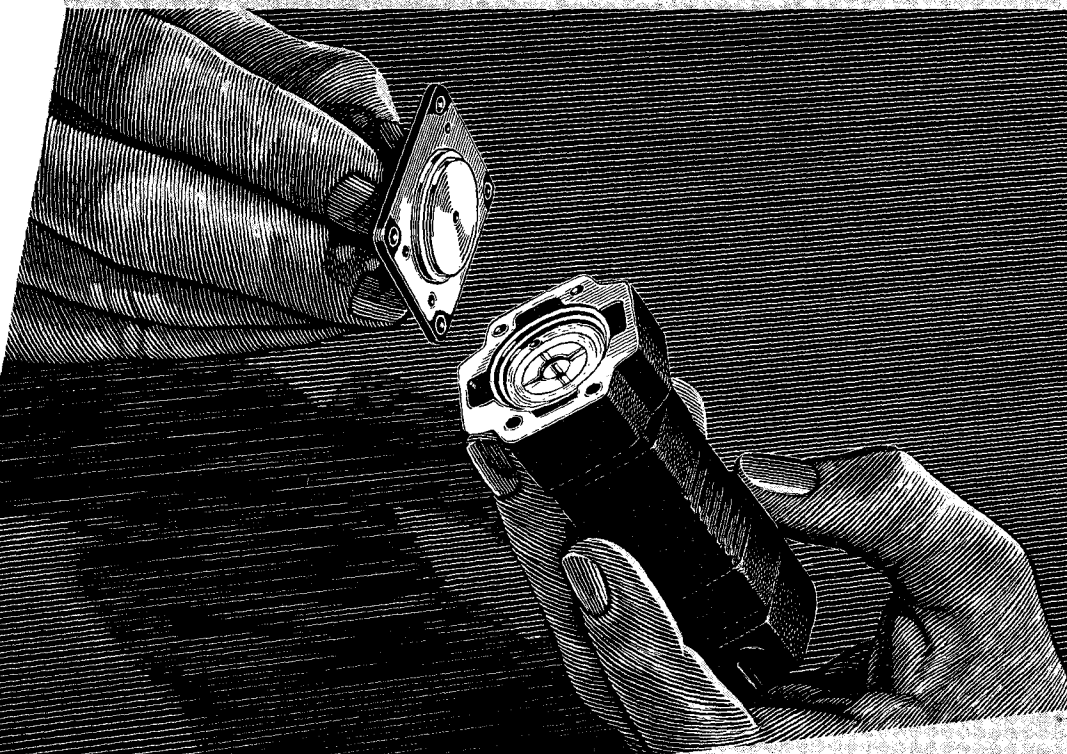
At any rate, the British are disturbed over Lend-Lease prospects. They say that if Lend-Lease food should be cut off, they would have to turn their resources over to the export trade in order to buy food. In that event they will be inhibited from putting their full weight into the Pacific war. You can almost read the headlines in some of the more rabid newspapers should that contingency occur. However, it is going to be a hard job to convince Congress that Lend-Lease should be continued.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital is sharply divided into private and public reactions. Privately, no doubt exists any longer that Germany is headed for a crack-up. Publicly, the feeling expressed is that we still have a long, hard row to hoe. Washington is afraid of absenteeism and quitting arising out of any public avowal that the news is good. This attitude leads to some strange results, such as Secretary Stimson's rebuke of Mr. Churchill for his "over-optimism."

The effect of an early victory on political chances is always a lively subject for conversation. Some people think that the President will benefit either way. A delayed victory lends force to his plea that he should be allowed to retain his job as Commander-in-Chief while the boys are "on their way." An early victory might seem to make the plea a boomerang. Against this, there will be the outbreak of gratitude in his favor. But with so many factors indeterminate, many voters may not make up their minds until late in the campaign — even in its final days.

In $\frac{1}{50}$ of a second it stops stock-still



WHEN a plane pilot presses the button to adjust control flaps, he wants just so much motion and no more.

But electric motors take time to stop. They overrun.

So while electric controls were desirable because they were less vulnerable and didn't freeze up, they had the disadvantage of overcontrolling.

What you see in the picture is the Lear solution. It is the Fastop Clutch.

With this clutch, controls stop instantly. For it stops stock-still in about $\frac{1}{50}$ of a second.

There is nothing else like this Fastop Clutch. It is built right into the Lear electric motor as a unit.

As with all aircraft equipment, this unit had to meet unusual and rigid requirements of space and weight. It had to have rare power

for its size. In fact the requirements were so severe, old-timers said it couldn't be done.

There will be many new conveniences and devices in the coming days of peace. Perhaps you are already planning one.

And perhaps you would welcome a motor like this and the Fastop Clutch — or some of the other 250 Lear products.

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ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

● The *Atlantic* has been severely criticized by the Catholic press for its publication of Mr. Stegner's article. But we believe that the effect of his survey was not "divisive," to use the word of Father Ahern; we believe that plain speaking at this time may relieve the dangerously high pressure, and that Mr. Stegner was right in urging the more conscientious members of the Boston community to hold up a warning hand.
— THE EDITOR

Sir:

The *Atlantic Monthly* is on the beam once more and should be highly commended for having the courage to print what so many Bostonians believe, but are afraid to say, in Wallace Stegner's article, "Who Persecutes Boston?" in your July issue.

I am a native of Boston and have worked in close approximation with the peoples involved in this great exposé. I was a member of the Good Neighbor Association, a member of the staff at Hecht House, and also was honored to work with Frances Sweeney, who recently passed on while devoting her life to fighting Fascism at home.

Mr. Stegner's article sums up nicely the situation in Boston. Keep up the good work and let us unite to rid our country of Fascism and all that it stands for.

B. BARKER, M.D.
New York City

Sir:

In my whole life I have never read an article that has incensed me so much as "Who Persecutes Boston?" by Wallace Stegner. I never thought any magazine, certainly not the *Atlantic Monthly*, would publish such a slanderous piece of material. The *Atlantic* to my knowledge has always been a widely versed and an interesting magazine, but on reading Wallace Stegner's words, I am thoroughly disappointed and hurt.

MURIEL ROCHE
Brookline, Mass.

I was much interested in the article "Who Persecutes Boston?" by Wallace Stegner. In it he put his finger on many of the tumultuous thoughts that had a large place in my youth as an Irish American. My parents had moved from Cincinnati to a poor farm out in Kentucky one month before I was born. There were ten other children and we were desperately poor. We were a small Irish community in a Protestant country. Unfortunately my parents had moved into a community that later, in my own mind, I designated as shanty Irish, though they were all better off than we were and some of them quite well off.

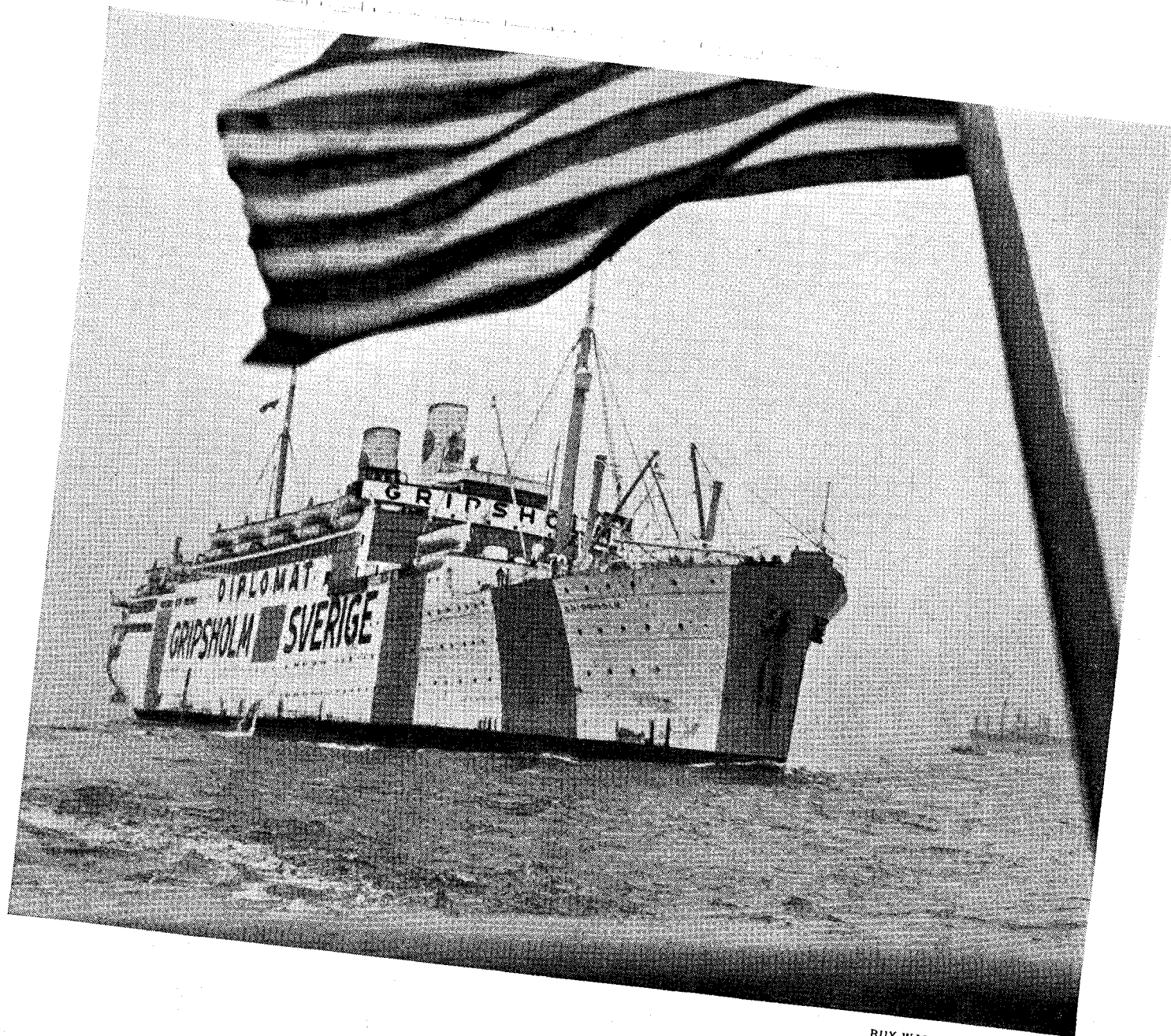
By the time I was grown I hated the sight and smell of them and unwisely, in my own mind, classed all Irish in their category. To show the attitude of our family, though we were brought up strictly in the Catholic faith, there was not one of the children that married into an Irish family.

Many of the older Irish could not read or write, got drunk nearly every week-end, beat their wives, and raised hell generally. Even in college, my college chum was surprised at the sarcastic remarks I made about the Irish. Only in later years did I find that there were splendid Irishmen as well as other breeds. But I still hate shanty Irish and consider Father Coughlin and his ilk in that class.

W. T. SULLIVAN, M.D.
Clarksville, Ohio

Sir:

I am a Catholic living in this other hotbed of Roman Coughlinism. To me, no priest is doing his duty to God who is not out there fighting anti-Semitism. He cannot remain passive. He is either for anti-Semitism or against it. I believe the Roman Coughlin element in the Church, of whatever collar, is anti-Semitic. Coughlin was put in camphor by his bishop for seditious utterances. His larynx wasn't hampered while he was leading his dupes (God help them) to believe St. Adolph had come to save Christianity — this at a time when Hitler's persecution of Jews



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558 Americans took vanilla!

They boarded a Swedish ship in a Portuguese port after being released from German internment camps. And every one brought a long pent-up appetite for ice cream.

"We must have eaten at least a quarter of a ton of it the first day out," one of the Gripsholm passengers reported.

That very human, very American incident has been multiplied many times during this global war—in every sector where Uncle Sam's sons and daughters are serving. Ice cream means birthday parties and strawberry socials and the corner drug store. Ice cream brings a brief taste of home to a bearded soldier or a tired nurse.

But ice cream is much more than a pleasant memory or a delicious dessert. Like milk and cream, ice cream is a valuable food, rich in vitamins and calcium.

That's why ice cream appears on Army and Navy menus as regularly as possible—and civilians cannot always get all they want. But if you'll be content with your fair share, you can continue to enjoy ice cream.

For our part, we'll make as much ice cream as we can—and keep it pure and good—and continue the intensive research that has developed so many nutritious products from milk—nature's most nearly perfect food.

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made the headlines here. Usually the charge of anti-Semitism is answered with phony analogy and irrelevancies. If you haven't a copy of Father Lord's book on the Jewish question, drop into the lobby of some church and reach for one. Judge Father Ahern's alibis by the standard he sets for all Catholics. Archbishop Spellman has made eloquent pleas. They all quote the Pope's admonishments. I take the papal position on general matters to mean nothing if clergy and laity pursue their own ways.

A CATHOLIC VETERAN
 Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

Please accept my congratulations on both your news sense and your integrity in publishing the article "Who Persecutes Boston?" For some months I have been hearing rumors of these anti-Semitic outrages, but they were always fragmentary in their information. The newspapers have handled the subject most gingerly, as you know; and even my personal inquiries when on a visit to Boston last winter brought forth little more than generalities. Now Mr. Stegner has gone into the subject in a thoroughgoing way, digging down to its roots, and I take off my hat to him for writing the article and to the honest old *Atlantic* for publishing it.

GEORGE W. GRAY
 Sparkill, N.Y.

Sir:

I have just finished reading Mr. Stegner's "Who Persecutes Boston?" with warm approval. In a way, I know Boston as it has been between 1880, when I first began to explore it and its environs, and 1940, my last visit. The changes in it are plain and Mr. Stegner's statement of the case is entirely moderate.

The Irish indeed own Boston; but is it not a financial liability? True, Boston did not fight the beginnings of the trouble, but it was not organized — and the Irish were. From the very beginning the Church has known what it wanted and has moved toward it. In Bangor I have seen the Church wait seventy years to get real estate that it planned on having. In my own town I am watching the Church do the same thing. It can wait: it does wait.

I might say that in Maine we have many excellent families descended from Irish emigrants. These were early comers, here before the Revolution, deserters from the English army, who enlisted intending to desert, and sailors, largely from Southeastern Ireland, who married Americans girls. There are many of them along our east coast. They lost their religion because we had no priests there, and they are no longer looked on as Irish.

In Maine the emigrants of the Famine period were long barred from social equality; we did not marry with the Mac's and the O's, but three generations have wrought changes. Ambition, education, and personal worth have so far removed the barriers that the differences in religion seem the chief hindrance to deleting the hyphen which marks racial origins. The American idea may some day eradicate even Puritan prejudices.

FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM
 Brewer, Me.

Sir:

Mr. Stegner quoted the statement of Monsignor Bracken as evidence that Catholic priests were "openly belittling the racial beatings and the organized gang warfare against the Jews." I read that speech in the morning papers at the time, and it is open to a quite different interpretation and one pertinent to your inquiry.

The fundamental emotional difficulty preventing open cooperation by Catholics in the present racial tension has, I believe, no connection with Jews. The difficulty is that nowhere does anybody say that anti-Catholic prejudice is important. There is at the present time more serious anti-Catholic agitation than there ever has been in my lifetime — and, I believe, since the Know-Nothing movement. Catholics are hurt and dismayed at the total lack of concern over that change, on the part of either Protestant or Jewish leaders. The fact that most of the criticism is disguised, and takes the form of slanting ridicule or misrepresentation, makes it more and not less serious.

EDNA LONIGAN
New York City

Sir:

This is written not because work rests lightly on my hands, but rather because certain occurrences at home weigh heavily on my heart.

Incidents of ill-will and intolerance against the Jewish members and against the Negro members of the community have been reported all too frequently of late. That they occur anywhere at all these days is tragic. There is obviously something — an attitude or frame of mind — which fosters such feelings of hatred and misanthropy. The causes of these "incidents" must be rooted out, analyzed, and crushed.

You cannot lightly dismiss outrages and outbreaks of violence and intolerance against *any* individuals or groups as work of a "lunatic fringe" or as "just kid stuff." Hitlerism and Japanese militarism reached their world-shaking heights of power and depravity largely because so many good, God-fearing, and complacent people took insufficient cognizance of the vital danger inherent in a "Might makes Right" policy. Malice and bigotry cast their shadow and blight over the whole community, but can do this only if complacency and indifference permit.

The Germans and Japs are fighting us because we are bearers of the Judaeo-Christian cultural and religious spirit, because we believe sincerely in the Brotherhood of all men under the Fatherhood of One God. We believe in freedom, in democracy, in truth, and in justice for all. (Good God, we do, don't we?)

A public which fully recognizes racial and religious bigotry as a threat to *every* citizen and *every* home will stamp it out. A city which feels deeply that intolerance is un-American and treasonable will overcome it, and will henceforth flourish.

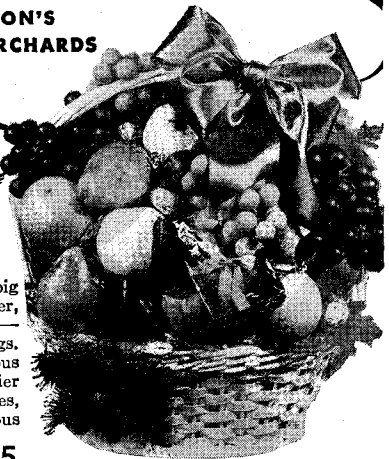
Just as you depend on the men and women overseas, so we depend on you at home. Please don't fail us.

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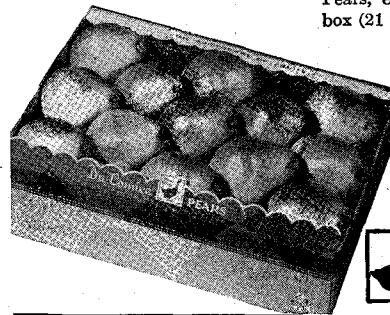
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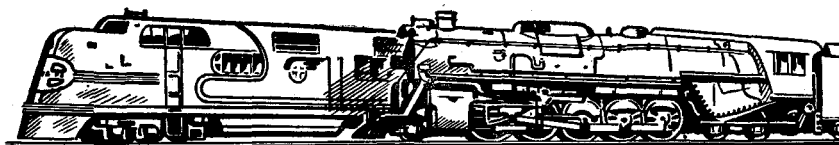
Our government has issued instructions to the railroads under Interstate Commerce Commission Service Order No. 213, effective 12:01 am June 27, to displace or remove any passenger in any accommodation upon any train, in order to provide necessary space for sick or wounded service personnel, and their attendants, transported pursuant to a medical certificate. We hope there will be little of this.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 174  NUMBER 3

SEPTEMBER, 1944

87th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

A LETTER TO THE HONORABLE THOMAS E. DEWEY

SIR: —

With respect, but without apology, I ask you this question: What do you, as a Presidential candidate, offer me, as a voter, that Harding did not offer in 1920?

The question is legitimate. There is no trap in it. It comes from a common, ordinary voter who holds no political office, has never held any, and expects never to hold any; one who is not in the councils of any party and has no interest in the success of any party other than the common interest of all citizens in good government; but one who believes it to be the duty of every qualified voter to cast a ballot in November for the candidate who seems most competent to deal successfully with the very difficult and unusual problems that must confront the next President.

In this situation, the plain, ordinary voter's interest centers on you. He has no need to study Mr. Roosevelt. He knows all about Mr. Roosevelt. For twelve years Mr. Roosevelt has been the best-advertised man in the world, and all the world knows both his faults and his virtues. He has been President longer than any other man in history, yet the country has survived; therefore, in a pinch, he will do.

The writer of this Letter is GERALD W. JOHNSON, a former editorial writer for the *Baltimore Sun* and an author of distinction. Among his best-known books are the biographies *Andrew Jackson*, *Randolph of Roanoke*, and *Roosevelt: Dictator or Democrat?* And his short volume, *The Wasted Land*, is a mine of information about the New South.

The Republican Party offers you as its answer to this question, and fair-minded men are bound to admit that it is in many respects a good answer. You have youth, vigor, and courage. Your career as prosecuting attorney in New York furnished convincing evidence that you are able and incorruptible. Your career as Governor at Albany has demonstrated your capacity for administration. All these are qualities highly desirable in the next President; as far as the personality of its candidate is concerned, the Republican Party has chosen well.

But the party does not offer you on your own record without qualification. For reasons not apparent to the ordinary voter, it inserted a curious restriction in the platform. Your nomination was already known to be inevitable when the platform was being written and the party leaders inserted this plank: —

The acceptance of the nominations made by this convention carries with it, as a matter of private honor and public faith, an undertaking by each candidate to be true to the principles and program herein set forth.

With this plank before you, you accepted the nomination; therefore "as a matter of private honor and public faith" you are bound by it — which is to say you are bound to carry out the program set forth in the platform, whether you approve it or not. Even if events should convince you that certain provisions are unwise and hurtful, you are not at liberty to use your own judgment. The convention

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has seen to that. You are morally bound to accept the judgment of the Chicago convention in preference to your own.

The ordinary voter, therefore, cannot base his decision solely on your record as prosecuting attorney and as Governor. You are no longer Dewey as he was. You are now Dewey as he is bound by the Chicago platform — which is to say, by the members of the platform committee, of which Senator Taft was chairman. You have promised to be true to the program set forth by that committee; hence, that program demands as careful scrutiny as your own record.

Once before within living memory we confronted a similar situation: at the end of a great war we had to choose a man to lead us through a period of reconstruction and into what we were resolved should be a lasting peace. We chose Harding, and the results were not happy.

This is not to imply that you are another Harding. Neither your temperament nor your career bears any resemblance to that of the unwise and unlucky Ohioan. But your situation is strikingly similar to that of the Republican candidate in 1920. Harding was by his own choice in the hands of the party leaders; of his own volition he made his promise to consult with the “best minds” and be guided by their advice. You are in their hands “as a matter of private honor and public faith” by your acceptance of a nomination linked with that pledge. Left free to choose, you would presumably never include among the “best minds” a Fall, a Daugherty, a Denby. But you are not free to choose. You have the members of that platform committee as counselors, whether you like it or not; for it is so nominated in the bond.

The program as set forth by that committee is not reassuring. In fact, to plain men it seems to be an old-style political platform, designed to catch as many votes as possible by promising something to everyone, even if the promises are contradictory. For example, in one paragraph it declares: —

As soon as the war ends the present rates of taxation on individuals, or corporations, and on consumption should be reduced as far as is consistent with the normal expenditures of government in the post-war period. (Italics mine.)

Then, two paragraphs below that one, it proclaims: —

We . . . regard the payment of government debt as an obligation of honor. . . . We shall reduce that debt as soon as economic conditions make such reduction possible. (Italics again mine.)

To the plain man this looks like a promise to reduce revenues to mere running expenses and to

begin paying off the debt at the same time. These two things cannot both be done; therefore the platform must mean something else, if it makes any sense at all. But the voters in this instance cannot tell what is the program which you have bound yourself to follow.

We did not know what Harding's program was, either. He said it was “Back to normalcy.” This platform says “Back to normal,” as far as expenditures are concerned. The phraseology is almost the same. Is the intent the same? For that matter, what is the intent?

In the case of Harding we learned by bitter experience what the ambiguous phrase meant. It led to an orgy of corruption in government and of wildcat finance in business — resulting, in the case of government, in the Teapot Dome scandals, and, in the case of business, in the panic of 1929 and the long depression afterward.

It is beyond belief that you have any such purpose in view. But what have you in view? Your party is using Harding's words, but surely not with Harding's meaning. What, then, is the new meaning? What do you offer that Harding did not offer?

2

STILL more disturbing is the ambiguity that clouds the party's position on the overwhelmingly important international issue. The platform says: —

We favor responsible participation by the United States in post-war coöperative organization among sovereign nations to prevent military aggression and to attain permanent peace with organized justice in a free world. Such an organization should develop effective coöperative means to direct peace forces to prevent or repel military aggression.

Harding was clearer than this. He said at Des Moines on October 7, 1920, that he favored an “association of nations,” but one that would put the United States under no “compulsion or restraint” and that would recognize American “ultimate and unmortgaged freedom of action.” Since no man or nation can give any sort of pledge without thereby coming to that extent under “compulsion or restraint,” we should have known, perhaps, that Harding meant he would not pledge this country to any real effort to maintain peace. But we did not. Men whose veracity was as unimpeachable as that of William H. Taft and A. Lawrence Lowell told the country that Harding was a friend of the League of Nations and that true supporters of the League should vote for Harding.

Well, a majority of the voters did vote for Hard-

ing, and what did they get? A world-wide depression within nine years and a second World War within nineteen.

You opened your acceptance speech with the statement that you came to the convention without having given any pledges. But if you are to carry out your ideals, you must have men in your party who will back you up. I applaud your rejection of Hamilton Fish and Gerald K. Smith. You will indeed fare better without them. But who are the strong men in your party whose support you welcome? Taft? Kemper? Schroeder? Hoover? I wonder how much help you would get from any of these men or their followers in your program for international peace.

The Republican platform of 1944 is more obscure than Harding was in 1920. What are "peace forces"? Is G.I. Joe a peace force? Or does the phrase mean prayer and moral suasion exclusively? If the platform by which you are bound, Mr. Dewey, does not mean what Harding meant in 1920, — that is to say, the abandonment of any real effort by this country to maintain the peace of the world, — what does it mean? What Harding offered led to a second holocaust. There is no reason to doubt that to repeat what Harding did would lead to another war. It is supremely important, therefore, to know what the Republican Party now offers that Harding did not offer in 1920.

We learned at Pearl Harbor that we cannot protect ourselves in this world merely by being inoffensive. Secretary Hull in the summer of 1941 did everything but crawl in his effort to avoid giving offense to the Japanese; but the bombers came on, just the same. Great Britain and France did crawl in their efforts to appease Hitler in 1938; but the German Army marched, just the same. That stuff is out. Being inoffensive is all right, but it is only half enough; what the Republican Roosevelt said was, "Speak softly and carry a big stick — and you will go far."

On this point there is no doubt of the Democratic Roosevelt's attitude. He proposes to have international law and order — amicably, if possible, but if he has to go after it with a club, with a club he will go. This method is somewhat less than ideal, but it is a method, and up to a certain point it will work. We must have law and order because civilization cannot stand many more wars like this one. Therefore, any method that promises results is to be preferred to no method at all.

Surely the Republican Party is aware of this. Surely it does not propose to offer the country Harding's no-method. Nevertheless, in its platform it has used exactly the same sort of language that Harding used — unless, indeed, it is even more ambiguous than the empty words of twenty-four years ago.

It is true that the meaningless phrases of 1920 paid off in votes; but I shall not insult you with even a suggestion that in the presence of the nation's dead you would consider political profit ahead of the imperative duty of guarding against a repetition of the catastrophe. All that I, as a voter, wish to know, and all that I have a right to know, is how far, if at all, you are committed to the view of those who still believe, in spite of the appalling evidence to the contrary, that a policy of non-intercourse contributes to international peace.

The international issue cannot be subordinated to any other. After all, Mr. Roosevelt has been operating on this country for twelve years, and he has not killed it yet. His foes claim that he has damaged it, but even they have to admit that it is still going strong — ask Hitler and Tojo; they know! — and if it is a question of preventing another war, we can well afford to endure four years more of Roosevelt. A man who is to have any chance of defeating the President must, therefore, convince the country that he is capable of establishing an enduring peace. To convince the country, he must show that he is wholeheartedly interested — so interested that he will put up a desperate battle for that cause. To convince anyone that he is really going to fight, he must show that he is not under political or personal obligations to the isolationists. They will not ask the next President to join them; they will be content if he will agree only to keep hands off, for they know they can win if they encounter no strong opposition in the White House.

The rest of us know it, too. That is why, for once, we are not disposed to vote *against*, but intend to vote *for*. At a pinch, Roosevelt will do. He knows Churchill and Stalin, he knows the situation, and he is a tough and resolute fighter. You are a fighter, too, when your heart is in the fight, as the New York racketeers can testify. But the issue is too important to permit us to take any chances. We must know where your heart is; and how can we learn except by asking you?

Respectfully,

GERALD W. JOHNSON

EUROPEAN TWILIGHT

by LEONARD BACON

AS ONE looks at the world in the effort to understand it
There are various things to see that are all too clear:
The scoundrel and bandit striving to command it
Now and here,

The self-deceived, self-important, and self-seeking,
Jockeying for position, for money, or for power,
And the self-denying, who should speak out, not speaking
In such an hour.

This much appears. It is written in every mind,
Whatever we thought or hoped, nor can be denied:
Whatever we thought or hoped has been left behind
And set aside.

Europe that gave us the fire, that lightened and led,
Feels flame she loosed through the whole world wither and scorch.
She lighted, "ignoring the heart and trusting the head,"
That other torch

That burns the world down into volcanic ash,
Pompeian, lifeless, of all meaning stripped.
Are we apt to find in the rubble and lava trash
Some manuscript?

How should such thought survive, base, economic,
Double-talk commonplace? Once science shone.
But the new ideologies, immoral or comic,
Will perish alone.

"No faith was born in Europe — only warring churches"
And stately cathedrals constructed to contain
The uncontainable, for which Europe searches
Always in vain.

Perhaps it is her glory to be searching.
"She has lost the Virgin. She never found the Lamb,"
Which lends some point to the tired demon perching
On Notre Dame.

Men knew long since that the world stands only by changing.
Only by changing always can it stay
In the strict ellipse of the shifting orbit ranging
Whither none can say.

Toward some great center of galactic fire?
Or starproof dark where emptiness stands still?
We have our share of insolence who inquire,
We who thought ill.

We are like a man who has done a thing concealed,
But shameful, he cannot speak of, cannot forget,
Whose terror is not that his sin might be revealed
But of doing worse yet.

And therefore he strives and suffers, grieved and alone,
With that in his spirit he never can forgive,
Knowing he must find some better direction unknown,
If he is to live.

That is the world, that man with the ache in his heart
Which is not reasoned away by the voluble brain.
But the new line on which he is to depart
Is not yet plain.

The old is over before the new is clear.
Good night, Europe! Never did sunset flame
Give promise less splendid. The night is upon us like fear,
Like grief, like shame.

Nor have we done what we could to diminish the weight
Of terror, we who pass lightly on what your men
Did in their fear and ignorance and hate
And will again.

Anything to us was better than getting involved
With the world's sorrow, which, of course, was not our affair.
We could live on our fat, though the universe dissolved
In grief and despair.

America, blind as Europe, with a different blindness,
The sun has set. When the time comes to ensue
Justice and mercy and perpetual kindness,
What will you do?



» How far can society go in doctoring the criminal? How far must he go in disciplining himself?

WHO REFORMS THE CRIMINAL?

by JUDGE JOHN F. PERKINS

1

ONE June day long ago, as my father was walking across the Harvard Yard he met the well-known Greek scholar, Professor Sophocles. The professor was laughing. "The young gentlemen," said he, "got hold of my examination paper at the printer's. They sat up all night learning the answers, and they handed in excellent papers. They would not have troubled so much if they had known that I gave them their marks at the beginning of the course."

This was an amusing and rather harmless bit of eccentricity in Professor Sophocles. But when it is proposed that we should adopt his method — that is, to base rewards and punishments on personal impressions and opinion — as the cardinal principle of our whole system of criminal justice, we should think twice about it.

Law enforcement in this country is notoriously unsatisfactory, and the need for improvement is extreme. But the extremity of a need does not put virtue into a defective remedy. I believe the Youth Correction Authority Act is bad legislation. I believe it is a blow at our liberties and that it will prove an obstacle to the reformation of offenders.

The Youth Correction Authority Act provides that all persons convicted of any crime except a trivial offense shall be committed to the Authority, a Board of three men appointed by the Governor. The Authority shall keep each offender under control so long as it thinks it is dangerous to let him go free, and shall discharge him if it thinks it is safe to do so. The present draft of the Act applies only to youths under twenty-one and not to crimes for which the penalty is death or life imprisonment. In principle, however, the American Law Institute

maintains that the Act should apply to all criminals and all crimes, and advocates its extension whenever that appears possible.

The Law Institute emphasizes that the Authority may discharge a person at once, without affirmative achievement of any kind; it frankly abandons the principle of standards and frankly says that under the Act society is protected "*only by the character and ability of the members of the Authority.*" (Italics mine.) So we are being asked to adopt a system of criminal law which requires that, before a man can be convicted of a crime, his guilt must be established beyond a reasonable doubt by objective evidence, but provides that after conviction the consequence of his crime shall be determined by personal opinion.

Recently I asked a prominent penologist why we should not develop a merit system of penology — why persons who had lost their freedom by behaving badly should not have a chance to win it back by behaving well. He said that to attempt this would put back our methods of penology over a hundred years. A merit system, he said, had been tried and had proved a failure.

In discussing this Act I am not considering the administrative features or whether judges or the Correction Authority should have the sentencing power. What disturbs me is the attempt to extend the principle of a government of men, to discard the principle of a government of laws. The proponents of the Act justify this change by saying that judges now have unrestricted discretion and that they abuse it. If we take it away from one set of men (the judges) and give it to another set of men (the Authority), they will not abuse it — so it is asserted. Give it to the Authority, they say, and rely with confidence on the character and ability of the members of the Authority. Free them from the restrictions which a standard imposes, and let them base their judgment on the personal qualities of each criminal. If they think he is safe to discharge,

For going on thirteen years, JOHN F. PERKINS has made a notable record as Judge of the Boston Juvenile Court. To the *May Atlantic* he contributed a leading article, "Common Sense and Bad Boys." In the present paper he scrutinizes the Youth Correction Authority Act, which the American Law Institute advocates in principle for criminals of all ages.

let him go. If they think he is dangerous, keep him under control.

This proposal is a very long step from the idea Jefferson had when he wrote: "In questions of power . . . let no more be heard of confidence in man, but bind him down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution."

If experience has taught us anything, it is that human judgment unsupported by objective measurement is extremely fallible and easily influenced by emotions. We have found it uncertain and inaccurate. We have had to develop standards; and although they are often inadequate, and there are still fields in which no standards are available, wherever we can, and so far as we can, we use them.

We have devised objective tests and standards to determine whether a man is fit to be a doctor, to be trusted in matters of life and death. We have devised objective tests to determine whether a man has the skill and character to be a pilot, a navigator, or a gunner on an airplane; to be an amphibian engineer who can keep his head under conditions of intense danger, disturbance, and strain. In all our services we have found methods of measuring the strength, endurance, and ability of men under all kinds of strain, not only in their technical duties but also in living together. We have devised corresponding tests in most of our civil occupations. But, so we are assured, it is not possible to devise objective standards and tests to determine whether a criminal has made himself fit to be a citizen.

2

I do not believe it. I believe a proper merit system can be developed if we put into it the kind of thought and effort we have put into our method of training men for the Army and the Navy.

Where does the defeatist attitude come from? Has it not come from failure to realize that correction calls for training as well as therapy; that although medicine and education often overlap, they are essentially different; and that a method of individual treatment appropriate for a patient may be utterly inappropriate for a pupil? The doctor's effort is to adjust circumstances to suit his patient. The teacher tries to get his pupil to adjust himself to circumstances, to the realities of life. Is not the effort to treat both these problems as matters of therapy the fallacy on which both the Doctrine of Individual Treatment and the Youth Correction Authority Act have gone aground?

Because a patient usually contains the elements of

his difficulty within himself, is therefore detached, and can be treated individually without affecting other people in the community, it has been assumed that an offender can be detached from other people in the community and dealt with, so to speak, in a test tube. The assumption has been carried still further. It is insisted that because an offender is an individual he *must* be dealt with in a test tube, *must* be dealt with independently, and that therefore no standard is possible. Society, the advocates of the Act say, can be protected only by the character and ability of the members of the Authority.

Unfortunately for this theory, an offender is part of society. He is affected by other people and they are affected by him. His being an individual does not destroy his relationship to them. On the contrary, it creates the difficulty. He must learn to live with them successfully.

Medicine and education are not the same. Compare the doctor's problem in handling Mr. Churchill's illness after the Teheran Conference with Miss Sullivan's problem in teaching Helen Keller.

Winston Churchill had pneumonia. Pneumococci had got into his lungs and interrupted the normal processes of his body. The doctor's problem was to give sufficient aid to the forces of health to rout the forces of disease. He ordered the Prime Minister to quit work, to go to bed, to relax and make no effort. He gave him a sulfa drug. As a result, the energy saved by lying still, plus the help of the drug, destroyed the pneumococci, and the body automatically resumed its normal functions.

The illness was temporary. It was an abnormal condition. It was a crisis. Because he was sick, Mr. Churchill was given individual privileges. He was relieved of responsibility and effort. He was passive, or at least he was told to be passive. The doctor and the automatic processes of the body did the work.

Miss Sullivan's problem in teaching Helen Keller was almost completely different. She had to teach a child who at the age of two had lost her senses of sight, hearing, and speech. Miss Sullivan could do nothing to restore those senses — could give no drug, no rest period in bed, which would produce any result. If the girl was ever to make contact with life, ever to gain knowledge or to secure enjoyment, she could do so only through her own efforts, only through her own self-development. The teacher could contribute nothing directly; she could only help Helen to help herself. If Helen was to communicate with other people, she must learn to read correctly, to write correctly. If she was to learn to speak, she must speak so that people could understand her.

It would not help to say that she had a good excuse, that she was not to blame, that society was responsible, that she was maladjusted, that she had an inferiority complex. It would not help to do her homework for her and say she had done well when she had not. Her condition was no temporary crisis due to the intrusion of a foreign organism. It was not something that could be cured. She had to acquire skills, to meet standards which could not be waived or made individual for her benefit. They were universal standards, realities of life.

Miss Sullivan's problem was to stimulate the child to make the effort, to encourage her to keep trying, to see her difficulties, to relieve her confusions, to keep her goal clear before her. This was teaching in its truest sense. It called for insight, sympathy, patience, and great imagination. It was individual to a superlative degree. Not only did she have to understand Helen and her qualities in general; she also had to follow her moods from moment to moment to know when to put on pressure, when to stop. Miss Sullivan's achievement was one of the greatest achievements of all time. Helen learned to read, to write, and to speak. She went to college and became a person of distinction. Miss Sullivan's work was all teaching, not therapy.

3

IN SHORT, individual treatment *in its true sense* is not a doctrine. It is not a formula. It does not make it possible to identify a person as an individual and then give him the right of way over everything and everybody. It simply means that we should study each situation carefully, take all the pertinent factors into account, adopt the best available alternative, and be ready to shift if the situation changes and conditions make a shift desirable and possible. The measure of success or failure is not a matter of personal opinion. In medicine, opinion is supported by established tests of temperature and pulse, by X-ray, by blood counts, and in other ways; in education, success depends on meeting the particular educational standards required.

True individual treatment calls for skill and judgment, and that is why correction is so difficult. They are rare qualities. And there are many cases where it is hard to determine what is necessary — whether it is doctoring that is needed or teaching. If we bring pressure to bear on a person who is sick, we may injure him. If we do not bring pressure to bear on a person who is malingering, we weaken his moral fiber. And as both problems often exist in the same case, it is extremely important to keep

what you should do for a person distinct from what the person must do for himself.

Some months ago a boy came to court to tell us that he had been admitted to the Navy and to thank us for what we had done for him. My mind went back to the day he was brought to court. He had stabbed another boy in a newsboys' fight. In court, as the officer told what had happened, the boy snarled and swore at him. The family said they could do nothing with him, that he was utterly disobedient and had an ungovernable temper. The school said he was feeble-minded, in a special class, uncontrollable, and quarrelsome. We sent him to our Citizenship Training Department, which conducts an afternoon class for our probationers.

There they found that without glasses the boy was practically blind, and he had never had glasses. He could hardly hear; both ears were running. They took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary and had glasses fitted to him and his ears cleaned up. One ear was permanently deaf, but the other was normal. With glasses he had normal vision. Tests showed that he was not feeble-minded, but had good intelligence, with a special aptitude for woodworking. We had him tutored in reading and writing and gave him as much woodworking as we could fit into the program.

In other words, we took care of the doctoring: we did what we could *for* him, and so far as we could we removed the obstacles and irritations which beset him. But when we had done that, he did not immediately become Little Lord Fauntleroy. He was still a savage, still constantly losing his temper, still constantly fighting. He was not to blame. But if he was to live among people, he had to learn how to get on with them. And we held him to the same standard we required of all the other boys. This was the task he had to perform himself. No one could do it for him. No one could make it individual to suit him.

It was his teacher, the director of the Group, who had to be individual. He had to understand the boy and his peculiarities and he had to use great skill in handling him. It took great patience and many long talks. Many times it was necessary to crack down severely. But because we had helped him, because the boy realized that we were trying to help him, he felt grateful and he got the idea.

When he left the Citizenship Training Group, we secured a place for him in a woodworking class at the North Bennet Street Industrial School. There he did so well that he was made an instructor, became an instructor in another settlement house as well, was taken into partnership by a cabinet-maker, and finally was admitted to the Navy in

spite of his bad ear. His attitude has completely changed. He is a cheerful, friendly, hard-working boy.

What is the central fact in the correcting of criminals? Is it not that the criminal decides whether he will try to reform or not? It is his decision, not ours. If he does not want to try, if he will make no effort to redeem himself, he stays unredeemed and unrehabilitated. However favorable may be the opportunities we provide, he may refuse to take them. It is the old problem of taking a horse to water.

Therefore it is our job, so far as we can, to stimulate him to try, to treat him in a way which is calculated to make him try. So far as we can, we must avoid doing things which will weaken his resolution or rouse his opposition.

According to the American Law Institute, criminals should be treated primarily as patients in need of therapy. The following statement is substantially the proposition which the Youth Correction Authority makes to the criminal:—

"You have committed a crime and are in trouble. *We* will help you. Your crime is due to some emotional maladjustment or conflict. *We* will study you to find out what it is. *We* will prescribe treatment for you. *We* will determine when you have been cured. *We* will parole or discharge you when *we* decide it is safe to do so.

"You must understand that we are not punishing you. We are giving you therapeutic treatment. We are dealing with the causes of behavior—not with the behavior itself. And since everyone is different and the treatment applied to each person is individually designed to cure his weaknesses, you must not compare the treatment you get with that which another person receives and think he is being treated more or less favorably than you are. Nor should you feel, because you have performed your work as well as the man with whom you have been working, that if he is discharged from custody, you also ought to be discharged from custody. You must rely on *our* judgment. We have to measure your characteristics. We may find in you a dangerous quality; and even if you do everything perfectly which we require of you, you may still need a long course of treatment to overcome it."

What would be the answer?

"That's not good enough. I have lost my liberty and I want to get it back. But you promise me nothing. You tell me that even if I do everything exactly as you require, you may still hold out on me. You say that you may let my partner go home, but may keep me indefinitely, even if I have done as well as he has or better. Why *should* I try?"

Would it not be better if the Correction Authority should say this:—

"You have shown that you are unable or unwilling to obey the rules of the community. You have forfeited your right to be a free man. But we will give you a chance to earn your freedom again; and if you earn it, you will get it. We give you our word on that.

"This is what you have to do: There are ten courses available for you to take. You can take any one of them; and if you pass it successfully, you go free. The courses provide training in different trades and professions. People's abilities and aptitudes vary greatly and that is the reason we give a variety of courses. Almost anybody should find one that will suit him. But although the subject matter is different, the social strains in each course are equal. To complete it successfully you must show that you have learned how to live with other people. Your temper will be severely tested, temptations will appear unexpectedly, you will be driven to the limit of your endurance. These are not attempts to catch you. They are tests. They are part of your training, like live ammunition in the tests for the Army and the Navy.

"We want you to learn self-control, to be ready for anything that is likely to occur in the ordinary conditions of life; and before you can be free, you must make the grade just as an airplane pilot must make the grade before he gets his wings, or a medical student before he can practice medicine. But this we promise you. If you make the grade, you go free. You will be measured by what you do, by your conduct, by the way you stand up under pressure. So long as you have done the work up to the required standard, you shall go free. It is our job to make our tests sufficiently searching to detect your weaknesses.

"As to which course you take, that is *your* choice. We will give you an aptitude test and the best advice we can. But you are free to choose. We will give you any help in our power. If you are ill, you will get good care in the hospital. If you are disturbed, there is a psychiatrist to whom you can go if you want. If you get mixed up in your work, any one of the instructors will be glad to give you personal tutoring to straighten you out. And the pastor is truly your friend. He is always there for you to go to.

"But remember this: Your freedom depends on yourself, on your taking the opportunity we are giving you, on the way you do the work. We can give you the chance, but you must do the job. You are the master of your fate. Now it's up to you."

I TRIED TO BE A COMMUNIST

by RICHARD WRIGHT

9

WITH the John Reed clubs now dissolved, I was free of all party relations. I avoided unit meetings for fear of being subjected to discipline. Occasionally a Negro Communist — defying the code that enjoined him to shun suspect elements — came to my home and informed me of the current charges that Communists were bringing against one another. To my astonishment I heard that Buddy Nealsen had branded me a “smuggler of reaction.”

Buddy Nealsen was the Negro who had formulated the Communist position for the American Negro; he had made speeches in the Kremlin; he had spoken before Stalin himself.

“Why does Nealsen call me that?” I asked.

“He says that you are a petty bourgeois degenerate,” I was told.

“What does that mean?”

“He says that you are corrupting the party with your ideas.”

“How?”

There was no answer. I decided that my relationship with the party was about over; I should have to leave it. The attacks were growing worse, and my refusal to react incited Nealsen into coining more absurd phrases. I was termed a “bastard intellectual,” an “incipient Trotskyite”; it was claimed that I possessed an “anti-leadership attitude” and that I was manifesting “seraphim tendencies” — a phrase meaning that one has withdrawn from the struggle of life and considers oneself infallible.

Working all day and writing half the night brought me down with a severe chest ailment. While I was ill, a knock came at my door one morning. My

mother admitted Ed Green, the man who had demanded to know what use I planned to make of the material I was collecting from the comrades. I stared at him as I lay abed and I knew that he considered me a clever and sworn enemy of the party. Bitterness welled up in me.

“What do you want?” I asked bluntly. “You see I’m ill.”

“I have a message from the party for you,” he said.

I had not said good day, and he had not offered to say it. He had not smiled, and neither had I. He looked curiously at my bleak room.

“This is the home of a bastard intellectual,” I cut at him.

He stared without blinking. I could not endure his standing there so stone-like. Common decency made me say, “Sit down.”

His shoulders stiffened.

“I’m in a hurry.” He spoke like an army officer.

“What do you want to tell me?”

“Do you know Buddy Nealsen?” he asked.

I was suspicious. Was this a political trap?

“What about Buddy Nealsen?” I asked, committing myself to nothing until I knew the kind of reality I was grappling with.

“He wants to see you,” Ed Green said.

“What about?” I asked, still suspicious.

“He wants to talk with you about your party work,” he said.

“I’m ill and can’t see him until I’m well,” I said.

Ed Green stood for a fraction of a second, then turned on his heel and marched out of the room.

When my chest healed, I sought an appointment with Buddy Nealsen. He was a short, black man with an ever ready smile, thick lips, a furtive manner, and a greasy, sweaty look. His bearing was nervous, self-conscious; he seemed always to be hiding some deep irritation. He spoke in short, jerky sentences, hopping nimbly from thought to thought, as though his mind worked in a free, associational

RICHARD WRIGHT is an American Negro whose schooling carried him through the grammar grades, and who has been educating himself ever since. His novel, *Native Son*, which was widely discussed in the year of its publication (1940), and his forthcoming autobiography, which will appear later this year, proclaim him as one of the most forthright and eloquent authors of his race.

This is the second of two installments.

manner. He suffered from asthma and would snort at unexpected intervals. Now and then he would punctuate his flow of words by taking a nip from a bottle of whiskey. He had traveled half around the world and his talk was pitted with vague allusions to European cities. I met him in his apartment, listened to him intently, observed him minutely, for I knew that I was facing one of the leaders of World Communism.

"Hello, Wright," he snorted. "I've heard about you."

As we shook hands he burst into a loud, seemingly causeless laugh; and as he guffawed I could not tell whether his mirth was directed at me or was meant to hide his uneasiness.

"I hope what you've heard about me is good," I parried.

"Sit down," he laughed again, waving me to a chair. "Yes, they tell me you write."

"I try to," I said.

"You can write," he snorted. "I read that article you wrote for the *New Masses* about Joe Louis. Good stuff. First political treatment of sports we've yet had. Ha-ha."

I waited. I had thought that I should encounter a man of ideas, but he was not that. Then perhaps he was a man of action? But that was not indicated either.

"They tell me that you are a friend of Ross," he shot at me.

I paused before answering. He had not asked me directly, but had hinted in a neutral, teasing way. Ross, I had been told, was slated for expulsion from the party on the ground that he was "anti-leadership"; and if a member of the Communist International was asking me if I was a friend of a man about to be expelled, he was indirectly asking me if I was loyal or not.

"Ross is not particularly a friend of mine," I said frankly. "But I know him well; in fact, quite well."

"If he isn't your friend, how do you happen to know him so well?" he asked, laughing to soften the hard threat of his question.

"I was writing an account of his life and I know him as well, perhaps, as anybody," I told him.

"I heard about that," he said. "Wright. Ha-ha. Say, let me call you Dick, hunh?"

"Go ahead," I said.

"Dick," he said, "Ross is a nationalist." He paused to let the weight of his accusation sink in. He meant that Ross's militancy was extreme. "We Communists don't dramatize Negro nationalism," he said in a voice that laughed, accused, and drawled.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"We're not advertising Ross." He spoke directly now.

"We're talking about two different things," I said. "You seem worried about my making Ross popular because he is your political opponent. But I'm not concerned about Ross's politics at all. The man struck me as one who typified certain traits of the Negro migrant. I've already sold a story based upon an incident in his life."

Nealson became excited.

"What was the incident?" he asked.

"Some trouble he got into when he was thirteen years old," I said.

"Oh, I thought it was political," he said, shrugging.

"But I'm telling you that you are wrong about that," I explained. "I'm not trying to fight you with my writing. I've no political ambitions. You must believe that. I'm trying to depict Negro life."

"Have you finished writing about Ross?"

"No," I said. "I dropped the idea. Our party members were suspicious of me and were afraid to talk." He laughed.

"Dick," he began, "we're short of forces. We're facing a grave crisis."

"The party's always facing a crisis," I said.

His smile left and he stared at me.

"You're not cynical, are you, Dick?" he asked.

"No," I said. "But it's the truth. Each week, each month there's a crisis."

"You're a funny guy," he said, laughing, snorting again. "But we've got a job to do. We're altering our work. Fascism's the danger, the danger now to all people."

"I understand," I said.

"We've got to defeat the Fascists," he said, snorting from asthma. "We've discussed you and know your abilities. We want you to work with us. We've got to crash out of our narrow way of working and get our message to the church people, students, club people, professionals, middle class."

"I've been called names," I said softly. "Is that crashing out of the narrow way?"

"Forget that," he said.

He had not denied the name-calling. That meant that, if I did not obey him, the name-calling would begin again.

"I don't know if I fit into things," I said openly.

"We want to trust you with an important assignment," he said.

"What do you want me to do?"

"We want you to organize a committee against the high cost of living."

"The high cost of living?" I exclaimed. "What do I know about such things?"

"It's easy. You can learn," he said.

I was in the midst of writing a novel and he was calling me from it to tabulate the price of groceries. "He doesn't think much of what I'm trying to do," I thought.

"Comrade Nealson," I said, "a writer who hasn't written anything worth while is a most doubtful person. Now, I'm in that category. Yet I think I can write. I don't want to ask for special favors, but I'm in the midst of a book which I hope to complete in six months or so. Let me convince myself that I'm wrong about my hankering to write and then I'll be with you all the way."

"Dick," he said, turning in his chair and waving his hand as though to brush away an insect that was annoying him, "you've got to get to the masses of people."

"You've seen some of my work," I said. "Isn't it just barely good enough to warrant my being given a chance?"

"The party can't deal with your feelings," he said.

"Maybe I don't belong in the party," I stated it in full.

"Oh, no! Don't say that," he said, snorting. He looked at me. "You're blunt."

"I put things the way I feel them," I said. "I want to start in right with you. I've had too damn much crazy trouble in the party."

He laughed and lit a cigarette.

"Dick," he said, shaking his head, "the trouble with you is that you've been around with those white artists on the North Side too much. You even talk like 'em. You've got to know your own people."

"I think I know them," I said, realizing that I could never really talk with him. "I've been inside of three fourths of the Negroes' homes on the South Side."

"But you've got to work with 'em," he said.

"I was working with Ross until I was suspected of being a spy," I said.

"Dick," he spoke seriously now, "the party has decided that you are to accept this task."

I was silent. I knew the meaning of what he had said. A decision was the highest injunction that a Communist could receive from his party, and to break a decision was to break the effectiveness of the party's ability to act. In principle I heartily agreed with this, for I knew that it was impossible for working people to forge instruments of political power until they had achieved unity of action. Oppressed for centuries, divided, hopeless, corrupted, misled, they were cynical — as I had once been — and the Communist method of unity

had been found historically to be the only means of achieving discipline. In short, Nealson had asked me directly if I were a Communist or not. I wanted to be a Communist, but my kind of Communist. I wanted to shape people's feelings, awaken their hearts. But I could not tell Nealson that; he would only have snorted.

"I'll organize the committee and turn it over to someone else," I suggested.

"You don't want to do this, do you?" he asked.

"No," I said firmly.

"What would you like to do on the South Side, then?"

"I'd like to organize Negro artists," I said.

"But the party doesn't need that now," he said.

I rose, knowing that he had no intention of letting me go after I had organized the committee. I wanted to tell him that I was through, but I was not ready to bring matters to a head. I went out, angry with myself, angry with him, angry with the party. Well, I had not broken the decision, but neither had I accepted it wholly. I had dodged, trying to save time for writing, time to think.

10

MY TASK consisted in attending meetings until the late hours of the night, taking part in discussions, or lending myself generally along with other Communists in leading the people of the South Side. We debated the housing situation, the best means of forcing the city to authorize open hearings on conditions among Negroes. I gritted my teeth as the daily value of pork chops was tabulated, longing to be at home with my writing.

Nealson was cleverer than I and he confronted me before I had a chance to confront him. I was summoned one night to meet Nealson and a "friend." When I arrived at a South Side hotel I was introduced to a short, yellow man who carried himself like Napoleon. He wore glasses, kept his full lips pursed as though he were engaged in perpetual thought. He swaggered when he walked. He spoke slowly, precisely, trying to charge each of his words with more meaning than the words were able to carry. He talked of trivial things in lofty tones. He said that his name was Smith, that he was from Washington, that he planned to launch a national organization among Negroes to federalize all existing Negro institutions so as to achieve a broad unity of action. The three of us sat at a table, facing one another. I knew that another and last offer was about to be made to me, and if I did not accept it, there would be open warfare.

"Wright, how would you like to go to Switzerland?" Smith asked with dramatic suddenness.

"I'd like it," I said. "But I'm tied up with work now."

"You can drop that," Nealson said. "This is important."

"What would I do in Switzerland?" I asked.

"You'll go as a youth delegate," Smith said. "From there you can go to the Soviet Union."

"Much as I'd like to, I'm afraid I can't make it," I said honestly. "I simply cannot drop the writing I'm doing now."

We sat looking at one another, smoking silently.

"Has Nealson told you how I feel?" I asked Smith.

Smith did not answer. He stared at me a long time, then spat: "Wright, you're a fool!"

I rose. Smith turned away from me. A breath more of anger and I should have driven my fist into his face. Nealson laughed sheepishly, snorting.

"Was that necessary?" I asked, trembling.

I stood recalling how, in my boyhood, I would have fought until blood ran had anyone said anything like that to me. But I was a man now and master of my rage, able to control the surging emotions. I put on my hat and walked to the door. "Keep cool," I said to myself. "Don't let this get out of hand."

"This is good-bye," I said.

I attended the next unit meeting and asked for a place on the agenda, which was readily granted. Nealson was there. Evans was there. Ed Green was there. When my time came to speak, I said:—

"Comrades, for the past two years I've worked daily with most of you. Despite this, I have for some time found myself in a difficult position in the party. What has caused this difficulty is a long story which I do not care to recite now; it would serve no purpose. But I tell you honestly that I think I've found a solution of my difficulty. I am proposing here tonight that my membership be dropped from the party rolls. No ideological differences impel me to say this. I simply do not wish to be bound any longer by the party's decisions. I should like to retain my membership in those organizations in which the party has influence, and I shall comply with the party's program in those organizations. I hope that my words will be accepted in the spirit in which they are said. Perhaps sometime in the future I can meet and talk with the leaders of the party as to what tasks I can best perform."

I sat down amid a profound silence. The Negro secretary of the meeting looked frightened, glancing at Nealson, Evans, and Ed Green.

"Is there any discussion on Comrade Wright's statement?" the secretary asked finally.

"I move that discussion on Wright's statement be deferred," Nealson said.

A quick vote confirmed Nealson's motion. I looked about the silent room, then reached for my hat and rose.

"I should like to go now," I said.

No one said anything. I walked to the door and out into the night and a heavy burden seemed to lift from my shoulders. I was free. And I had done it in a decent and forthright manner. I had not been bitter. I had not raked up a single recrimination. I had attacked no one. I had disavowed nothing.

The next night two Negro Communists called at my home. They pretended to be ignorant of what had happened at the unit meeting. Patiently I explained what had occurred.

"Your story does not agree with what Nealson says," they said, revealing the motive of their visit.

"And what does Nealson say?" I asked.

"He says that you are in league with a Trotskyite group, and that you made an appeal for other party members to follow you in leaving the party."

"What?" I gasped. "That's not true. I asked that my membership be dropped. I raised no political issues." What did this mean? I sat pondering. "Look, maybe I ought to make my break with the party clean. If Nealson's going to act this way, I'll resign."

"You can't resign," they told me.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"No one can resign from the Communist Party." I looked at them and laughed.

"You're talking crazy," I said.

"Nealson would expel you publicly, cut the ground from under your feet if you resigned," they said. "People would think that something was wrong if someone like you quit here on the South Side."

I was angry. Was the party so weak and uncertain of itself that it could not accept what I had said at the unit meeting? Who thought up such tactics? Then, suddenly, I understood. These were the secret, underground tactics of the political movement of the Communists under the tsars of Old Russia! The Communist Party felt that it had to assassinate me morally merely because I did not want to be bound by its decisions. I saw now that my comrades were acting out a fantasy that had no relation whatever to the reality of their environment.

"Tell Nealson that if he fights me, then, by God, I'll fight him," I said. "If he leaves this damn thing where it is, then all right. If he thinks I won't fight him publicly, he's crazy!"

I was not able to know if my statement reached Neelson. There was no public outcry against me, but in the ranks of the party itself a storm broke loose and I was branded a traitor, an unstable personality, and one whose faith had failed.

My comrades had known me, my family, my friends; they, God knows, had known my aching poverty. But they had never been able to conquer their fear of the individual way in which I acted and lived, an individuality which life had seared into my bones.

11

I WAS transferred by the relief authorities from the South Side Boys' Club to the Federal Negro Theater to work as a publicity agent. There were days when I was acutely hungry for the incessant analyses that went on among the comrades, but whenever I heard news of the party's inner life, it was of charges and countercharges, reprisals and counterreprisals.

The Federal Negro Theater, for which I was doing publicity, had run a series of ordinary plays, all of which had been revamped to "Negro style," with jungle scenes, spirituals, and all. For example, the skinny white woman who directed it, an elderly missionary type, would take a play whose characters were white, whose theme dealt with the Middle Ages, and recast it in terms of Southern Negro life with overtones of African backgrounds. Contemporary plays dealing realistically with Negro life were spurned as being controversial. There were about forty Negro actors and actresses in the theater, lolling about, yearning, disgruntled.

What a waste of talent, I thought. Here was an opportunity for the production of a worth-while Negro drama and no one was aware of it. I studied the situation, then laid the matter before white friends of mine who held influential positions in the Works Progress Administration. I asked them to replace the white woman — including her quaint aesthetic notions — with someone who knew the Negro and the theater. They promised me that they would act.

Within a month the white woman director had been transferred. We moved from the South Side to the Loop and were housed in a first-rate theater. I successfully recommended Charles DeSheim, a talented Jew, as director. DeSheim and I held long talks during which I outlined what I thought could be accomplished. I urged that our first offering should be a bill of three one-act plays, including Paul Green's *Hymn to the Rising Sun*, a grim, poetical, powerful one-acter dealing with chain-gang conditions in the South.

I was happy. At last I was in a position to make suggestions and have them acted upon. I was convinced that we had a rare chance to build a genuine Negro theater. I convoked a meeting and introduced DeSheim to the Negro company, telling them that he was a man who knew the theater, who would lead them toward serious dramatics. DeSheim made a speech wherein he said that he was not at the theater to direct it, but to help the Negroes to direct it. He spoke so simply and eloquently that they rose and applauded him.

I then proudly passed out copies of Paul Green's *Hymn to the Rising Sun* to all members of the company. DeSheim assigned reading parts. I sat down to enjoy adult Negro dramatics. But something went wrong. The Negroes stammered and faltered in their lines. Finally they stopped reading altogether. DeSheim looked frightened. One of the Negro actors rose.

"Mr. DeSheim," he began, "we think this play is indecent. We don't want to act in a play like this before the American public. I don't think any such conditions exist in the South. I lived in the South and I never saw any chain gangs. Mr. DeSheim, we want a play that will make the public love us."

"What kind of play do you want?" DeSheim asked them.

They did not know. I went to the office and looked up their records and found that most of them had spent their lives playing cheap vaudeville. I had thought that they played vaudeville because the legitimate theater was barred to them, and now it turned out they wanted none of the legitimate theater, that they were scared spitless at the prospects of appearing in a play that the public might not like, even though they did not understand that public and had no way of determining its likes or dislikes.

I felt — but only temporarily — that perhaps the whites were right, that Negroes were children and would never grow up. DeSheim informed the company that he would produce any play they liked, and they sat like frightened mice, possessing no words to make known their vague desires.

When I arrived at the theater a few mornings later, I was horrified to find that the company had drawn up a petition demanding the ousting of DeSheim. I was asked to sign the petition and I refused.

"Don't you know your friends?" I asked them.

They glared at me. I called DeSheim to the theater and we went into a frantic conference.

"What must I do?" he asked.

"Take them into your confidence," I said. "Let them know that it is their right to petition for a redress of their grievances."

DeSheim thought my advice sound and, accordingly, he assembled the company and told them that they had a right to petition against him if they wanted to, but that he thought any misunderstandings that existed could be settled smoothly.

"Who told you that we were getting up a petition?" a black man demanded.

DeSheim looked at me and stammered wordlessly.

"There's an Uncle Tom in the theater!" a black girl yelled.

After the meeting a delegation of Negro men came to my office and took out their pocketknives and flashed them in my face.

"You get the hell off this job before we cut your bellybutton out!" they said.

I telephoned my white friends in the Works Progress Administration: "Transfer me at once to another job, or I'll be murdered."

Within twenty-four hours DeSheim and I were given our papers. We shook hands and went our separate ways.

I was transferred to a white experimental theatrical company as a publicity agent and I resolved to keep my ideas to myself, or, better, to write them down and not attempt to translate them into reality.

12

ONE evening a group of Negro Communists called at my home and asked to speak to me in strict secrecy. I took them into my room and locked the door.

"Dick," they began abruptly, "the party wants you to attend a meeting Sunday."

"Why?" I asked. "I'm no longer a member."

"That's all right. They want you to be present," they said.

"Communists don't speak to me on the street," I said. "Now, why do you want me at a meeting?"

They hedged. They did not want to tell me.

"If you can't tell me, then I can't come," I said.

They whispered among themselves and finally decided to take me into their confidence.

"Dick, Ross is going to be tried," they said.

"For what?"

They recited a long list of political offenses of which they alleged that he was guilty.

"But what has that got to do with me?"

"If you come, you'll find out," they said.

"I'm not that naïve," I said. I was suspicious now. Were they trying to lure me to a trial and expel me? "This trial might turn out to be mine."

They swore that they had no intention of placing me on trial, that the party merely wanted me to

observe Ross's trial so that I might learn what happened to "enemies of the working class."

As they talked, my old love of witnessing something new came over me. I wanted to see this trial, but I did not want to risk being placed on trial myself.

"Listen," I told them. "I'm not guilty of Nealson's charges. If I showed up at this trial, it would seem that I am."

"No, it won't. Please come."

"All right. But, listen. If I'm tricked, I'll fight. You hear? I don't trust Nealson. I'm not a politician and I cannot anticipate all the funny moves of a man who spends his waking hours plotting."

Ross's trial took place that following Sunday afternoon. Comrades stood inconspicuously on guard about the meeting hall, at the doors, down the street, and along the hallways. When I appeared, I was ushered in quickly. I was tense. It was a rule that once you had entered a meeting of this kind you could not leave until the meeting was over; it was feared that you might go to the police and denounce them all.

Ross, the accused, sat alone at a table in the front of the hall, his face distraught. I felt sorry for him; yet I could not escape feeling that he enjoyed this. For him, this was perhaps the highlight of an otherwise bleak existence.

In trying to grasp why Communists hated intellectuals, my mind was led back again to the accounts I had read of the Russian Revolution. There had existed in Old Russia millions of poor, ignorant people who were exploited by a few educated, arrogant noblemen, and it became natural for the Russian Communists to associate betrayal with intellectualism. But there existed in the Western world an element that baffled and frightened the Communist Party: the prevalence of self-achieved literacy. Even a Negro, entrapped by ignorance and exploitation, — as I had been, — could, if he had the will and the love for it, learn to read and to understand the world in which he lived. And it was these people that the Communists could not understand.

The trial began in a quiet, informal manner. The comrades acted like a group of neighbors sitting in judgment upon one of their kind who had stolen a chicken. Anybody could ask and get the floor. There was absolute freedom of speech. Yet the meeting had an amazingly formal structure of its own, a structure that went as deep as the desire of men to live together.

A member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party rose and gave a description of the world situation. He spoke without emotion and

piled up hard facts. He painted a horrible but masterful picture of Fascism's aggression in Germany, Italy, and Japan.

I accepted the reason why the trial began in this manner. It was imperative that here be postulated against what or whom Ross's crimes had been committed. Therefore there had to be established in the minds of all present a vivid picture of mankind under oppression. And it was a true picture. Perhaps no organization on earth, save the Communist Party, possessed so detailed a knowledge of how workers lived, for its sources of information stemmed directly from the workers themselves.

The next speaker discussed the role of the Soviet Union as the world's lone workers' state — how the Soviet Union was hemmed in by enemies, how the Soviet Union was trying to industrialize itself, what sacrifices it was making to help workers of the world to steer a path toward peace through the idea of collective security.

The facts presented so far were as true as any facts could be in this uncertain world. Yet no one word had been said of the accused, who sat listening like any other member. The time had not yet come to include him and his crimes in this picture of global struggle. An absolute had first to be established in the minds of the comrades so that they could measure the success or failure of their deeds by it.

Finally a speaker came forward and spoke of Chicago's South Side, its Negro population, their suffering and handicaps, linking all that also to the world struggle. Then still another speaker followed and described the tasks of the Communist Party of the South Side. At last, the world, the national, and the local pictures had been fused into one overwhelming drama of moral struggle in which everybody in the hall was participating. This presentation had lasted for more than three hours, but it had enthroned a new sense of reality in the hearts of those present, a sense of man on earth. With the exception of the church and its myths and legends, there was no agency in the world so capable of making men feel the earth and the people upon it as the Communist Party.

Toward evening the direct charges against Ross were made, not by the leaders of the party, but by Ross's friends, those who knew him best! It was crushing. Ross wilted. His emotions could not withstand the weight of the moral pressure. No one was terrorized into giving information against him. They gave it willingly, citing dates, conversations, scenes. The black mass of Ross's wrongdoing emerged slowly and irrefutably.

The moment came for Ross to defend himself. I had been told that he had arranged for friends to

testify in his behalf, but he called upon no one. He stood, trembling; he tried to talk and his words would not come. The hall was as still as death. Guilt was written in every pore of his black skin. His hands shook. He held on to the edge of the table to keep on his feet. His personality, his sense of himself, had been obliterated. Yet he could not have been so humbled unless he had shared and accepted the vision that had crushed him, the common vision that bound us all together.

"Comrades," he said in a low, charged voice, "I'm guilty of all the charges, all of them."

His voice broke in a sob. No one prodded him. No one tortured him. No one threatened him. He was free to go out of the hall and never see another Communist. But he did not want to. He could not. The vision of a communal world had sunk down into his soul and it would never leave him until life left him. He talked on, outlining how he had erred, how he would reform.

I knew, as I sat there, that there were many people who thought they knew life who had been skeptical of the Moscow trials. But they could not have been skeptical had they witnessed this astonishing trial. Ross had not been doped; he had been awakened. It was not a fear of the Communist Party that had made him confess, but a fear of the punishment that he would exact of himself that made him tell of his wrongdoings. The Communists had talked to him until they had given him new eyes with which to see his own crime. And then they sat back and listened to him tell how he had erred. He was one with all the members there, regardless of race or color; his heart was theirs and their hearts were his; and when a man reaches that state of kinship with others, that degree of oneness, or when a trial has made him kin after he has been sundered from them by wrongdoing, then he must rise and say, out of a sense of the deepest morality in the world: "I'm guilty. Forgive me."

This, to me, was a spectacle of glory; and yet, because it had condemned me, because it was blind and ignorant, I felt that it was a spectacle of horror. The blindness of their limited lives — lives truncated and impoverished by the oppression they had suffered long before they had ever heard of Communism — made them think that I was with their enemies. American life had so corrupted their consciousness that they were unable to recognize their friends when they saw them. I knew that if they had held state power I should have been declared guilty of treason and my execution would have followed. And I knew that they felt, with all the strength of their black blindness, that they were right.

I could not stay until the end. I was anxious to get out of the hall and into the streets and shake free from the gigantic tension that had hold of me. I rose and went to the door; a comrade shook his head, warning me that I could not leave until the trial had ended.

"You can't leave now," he said.

"I'm going out of here," I said, my anger making my voice louder than I intended.

We glared at each other. Another comrade came running up. I stepped forward. The comrade who had rushed up gave the signal for me to be allowed to leave. They did not want violence, and neither did I. They stepped aside.

I went into the dark Chicago streets and walked home through the cold, filled with a sense of sadness. Once again I told myself that I must learn to stand alone. I did not feel so wounded by their rejection of me that I wanted to spend my days bleating about what they had done. Perhaps what I had already learned to feel in my childhood saved me from that futile path. I lay in bed that night and said to myself: "I'll be for them, even though they are not for me."

13

FROM the Federal Experimental Theater I was transferred to the Federal Writers' Project, and I tried to earn my bread by writing guidebooks. Many of the writers on the project were members of the Communist Party and they kept their revolutionary vows that restrained them from speaking to "traitors of the working class." I sat beside them in the office, ate next to them in restaurants, and rode up and down in the elevators with them, but they always looked straight ahead, wordlessly.

After working on the project for a few months, I was made acting supervisor of essays and straightway I ran into political difficulties. One morning the administrator of the project called me into his office.

"Wright, who are your friends on this project?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said. "Why?"

"Well, you ought to find out soon," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Some people are asking for your removal on the ground that you are incompetent," he said.

"Who are they?"

He named several of my erstwhile comrades. Yes, it had come to that. They were trying to take the bread out of my mouth.

"What do you propose to do about their complaints?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, laughing. "I think I understand what's happening here. I'm not going to let them drive you off this job."

I thanked him and rose to go to the door. Something in his words had not sounded right. I turned and faced him.

"*This* job?" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

"You mean to say that you don't know?" he asked.

"Know what? What are you talking about?"

"Why did you leave the Federal Negro Theater?"

"I had trouble there. They drove me off the job, the Negroes did."

"And you don't think that they had any encouragement?" he asked me ironically.

I sat again. This was deadly. I gaped at him.

"You needn't fear here," he said. "You work, write."

"It's hard to believe that," I murmured.

"Forget it," he said.

But the worst was yet to come. One day at noon I closed my desk and went down in the elevator. When I reached the first floor of the building, I saw a picket line moving to and fro in the streets. Many of the men and women carrying placards were old friends of mine, and they were chanting for higher wages for Works Progress Administration artists and writers. It was not the kind of picket line that one was not supposed to cross, and as I started away from the door I heard my name shouted: —

"There's Wright, that goddamn Trotskyite!"

"We know you, you —!"

"Wright's a traitor!"

For a moment it seemed that I ceased to live. I had now reached that point where I was cursed aloud in the busy streets of America's second-largest city. It shook me as nothing else had.

Days passed. I continued on my job, where I functioned as the shop chairman of the union which I had helped to organize, though my election as shop chairman had been bitterly opposed by the party. In their efforts to nullify my influence in the union, my old comrades were willing to kill the union itself.

As May Day of 1936 approached, it was voted by the union membership that we should march in the public procession. On the morning of May Day I received printed instructions as to the time and place where our union contingent would assemble to join the parade. At noon I hurried to the spot and found that the parade was already in progress. In vain I searched for the banners of my union local. Where were they? I went up and down the streets, asking for the location of my local.

"Oh, that local's gone fifteen minutes ago," a

Negro told me. "If you're going to march, you'd better fall in somewhere."

I thanked him and walked through the milling crowds. Suddenly I heard my name called. I turned. To my left was the Communist Party's South Side section, lined up and ready to march.

"Come here!" an old party friend called to me.

I walked over to him.

"Aren't you marching today?" he asked me.

"I missed my union local," I told him.

"What the hell," he said. "March with us."

"I don't know," I said, remembering my last visit to the headquarters of the party, and my status as an "enemy."

"This is May Day," he said. "Get into the ranks."

"You know the trouble I've had," I said.

"That's nothing," he said. "Everybody's marching today."

"I don't think I'd better," I said, shaking my head.

"Are you scared?" he asked. "This is *May Day*."

He caught my right arm and pulled me into line beside him. I stood talking to him, asking him about his work, about common friends.

"Get out of our ranks!" a voice barked.

I turned. A white Communist, a leader of the district of the Communist Party, Cy Perry, a slender, close-cropped fellow, stood glaring at me.

"I — It's May Day and I want to march," I said.

"Get out!" he shouted.

"I was invited here," I said.

I turned to the Negro Communist who had invited me into the ranks. I did not want public violence. I looked at my friend. He turned his eyes away. He was afraid. I did not know what to do.

"You asked me to march here," I said to him.

He did not answer.

"Tell him that you did invite me," I said, pulling his sleeve.

"I'm asking you for the last time to get out of our ranks!" Cy Perry shouted.

I did not move. I had intended to, but I was beset by so many impulses that I could not act. Another white Communist came to assist Perry. Perry caught hold of my collar and pulled at me. I resisted. They held me fast. I struggled to free myself.

"Turn me loose!" I said.

Hands lifted me bodily from the sidewalk; I felt myself being pitched headlong through the air. I saved myself from landing on my head by clutching a curbstone with my hands. Slowly I rose and stood. Perry and his assistant were glaring at me. The rows of white and black Communists were look-

ing at me with cold eyes of non-recognition. I could not quite believe what had happened, even though my hands were smarting and bleeding. I had suffered a public, physical assault by two white Communists with black Communists looking on. I could not move from the spot. I was empty of any idea about what to do. But I did not feel belligerent. I had outgrown my childhood.

Suddenly, the vast ranks of the Communist Party began to move. Scarlet banners with the hammer and sickle emblem of world revolution were lifted, and they fluttered in the May breeze. Drums beat. Voices were chanting. The tramp of many feet shook the earth. A long line of set-faced men and women, white and black, flowed past me.

I followed the procession to the Loop and went into Grant Park Plaza and sat upon a bench. I was not thinking; I could not think. But an objectivity of vision was being born within me. A surging sweep of many odds and ends came together and formed an attitude, a perspective. "They're blind," I said to myself. "Their enemies have blinded them with too much oppression." I lit a cigarette and I heard a song floating out over the sunlit air: —

"Arise you prisoners of starvation!"

I remembered the stories I had written, the stories in which I had assigned a role of honor and glory to the Communist Party, and I was glad that they were down in black and white, were finished. For I knew in my heart that I should never be able to write that way again, should never be able to feel with that simple sharpness about life, should never again express such passionate hope, should never again make so total a commitment of faith.

"A better world's in birth . . ."

The procession still passed. Banners still floated. Voices of hope still chanted.

I headed toward home alone, really alone now, telling myself that in all the sprawling immensity of our mighty continent the least-known factor of living was the human heart, the least-sought goal of being was a way to live a human life. Perhaps, I thought, out of my tortured feelings I could fling a spark into this darkness. I would try, not because I wanted to but because I felt that I had to if I were to live at all.

I would hurl words into this darkness and wait for an echo; and if an echo sounded, no matter how faintly, I would send other words to tell, to march, to fight, to create a sense of the hunger for life that gnaws in us all, to keep alive in our hearts a sense of the inexpressibly human.

READING AND MEDITATING

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON'S POEMS

He rarely saw, on any day, on all his lonely way,
A brighter sky than gray.
Autumn he loved and knew,
But not its gold and blue.
He found the wintry end of autumn best
For body and spirit dressed as his were dressed,
Where, however far he had to go,
The friendliness of gently falling snow
Would give, with stillness, all the warmth required
For downward-sloping landscape, not too bleak;
Revealing no sharp peak
Of anguish, fanged and spired,
Yet to be climbed before his journey's end.

Never did he pretend
That any young lambs bounded
When his tabor sounded;
And when he piped, 'twas not for lambs, or springs
With blossoms on the bough,
But all for summers gone — that never were, somehow.
One listens, tranced and mute,
To that lonely flute
That always seems to say:

"Joy? Not here today
And surely not tomorrow.
Where, then? I have not learned,
To my profoundest sorrow.
But, after all, what difference does it make?
Hearts grow old and cold but seldom break;
For they are sheathed with stuff
Pliant as oxhide and ten times as tough.
They may have broken long ago
When mountains were as high as these are low.
Now . . . there are no mountains any more
For men to fail to climb;
But weathered hills bid fair to last our time.

A member of the best collaborating team in American letters, JAMES NORMAN HALL is a poet and essayist as well as a storyteller in the Stevensonian tradition. Early this spring he returned to California after a long sojourn in the South Seas.

"Evening, be thou my dawn.
 Man has lived long enough to find him reasons
 For making sober choice of hours and seasons.
 Winter dusk may be depended on.
 And if it can — and well we know it can —
 We needn't let it grieve us overmuch.
 Our winter is, at least, our own.
 What comfort the assurance brings
 Is ours to cherish,
 With wise distrust of springs.
 Plod on, my soul, or perish.
 Plod on, plod on *and* perish . . . and alone."

SARAH ORNE JEWETT'S STORIES

A little way beyond we met Isaiah Peet, the prosperous money-lender, who had cheated the old woman of her own. I fancied that he looked somewhat ashamed as he recognized us. To my surprise, he stopped his horse in most social fashion. "Old Aunt Peet's passed away," he informed me briskly. "She had a shock, and went right off sudden yisterday forenoon. I'm about now tendin' to the funeral 'rangements." — From "Going to Shrewsbury."

THE news came from the husband's sister's son,
 The rogue who stole her farm; but I, for one,
 Know that, if Mrs. Peet did pass away,
 She rose not later than the following day,
 Threw off her shroud, and bought a Shrewsbury ticket.
 Dead? Mrs. Peet? No more than Cynthia Pickett
 Or Mrs. Persis Flagg — both "Orthodox" —
 Or the Free-Will-Baptist lady; she who knocks
 At Mrs. Beckett's door; or Mrs. Janes,
 Poor meechin' body! with her ague pains;
 Or Mrs. Trimble, or Rebecca Wright,
 Driving to Hampden in the fading light
 That never fades: as golden now as when
 They planned to bring the Bray girls home again.

Not one of them has "passed away" — not one.
 Miss Tempy Dent, no less than these, lives on;
 And her two watchers are as safe as she
 From further harm. At Byfleet, knee to knee,
 Sit Betsey Lane, Peggy, and Mrs. Dow,
 Old women fifty years ago, and now
 Not a day older. Peggy's guarded cry:
 "Ain't that Mis' Fales? There! Do let's pray her by!"
 And Mrs. Todd's, "Well, mother, here I be!"
 (Heard at Green Island — green immortally),
 Ring as they did. They will be carried on
 Over the hills and years when we have gone
 To lie among the unremembered dead.
 The hungry generations onward tread,
 But the winter sun of every New Year's Day

Sees Mrs. Hand and Abby toil their way
Up to Aunt Cynthia Dallett's mountain farm
To "visit" there forever, safe from harm.

All of them safe, the folk Miss Jewett knew;
Such power has truth, when truth is added to
Clear-sighted, faithful, understanding love.
Visit her towns for ample proof thereof.
In Hampden, Woodville, every wall and roof,
And on the farms beyond, is weatherproof.
At Topham Corners, Fairfield, Dunnet Landing,
Columns of wood smoke rise from chimneys standing
Just as they stood those many years ago.
A century from now it will be so;
Because their life is drawn, as she drew hers,
Through healthy roots, deep as the pointed fir's.

MAX BEERBOHM'S ESSAYS

AND even now, years later, when my mood
Calls for a friend, lighthearted, wise, urbane,
Regretting yet delighting to intrude
I ring his bell. Who would see Swinburne plain
Should ring it, too. And Moore and Byron come,
Their anguished laughter ringing down the years.
And then — behold! "Up from Rapallo, home"
The Golden Drugget! Strange, how well it wears.
And yet, not strange; nor that he, too, should wear
So well, my host. . . . But no, he stands confessed
No host, and in that quality we share;
For I, like him, was born to be a guest:
To sit contented, in observant mood,
Savoring the wit provided with the food.

ROBERT FROST'S POEMS

DEEPLY aware of benefits conferred,
I pondered means for gratitude expressed
Not hoarded. How to speak? What manner best?
Prudence counseled: "Tell him in a word.
There is a word, inclusive, ample, clear.
Who better than himself loves Yankee thrift?"
So, on the scales, went merely "Thanks!" for gift.
My side the balance hit the stratosphere.

But need as pressing as the means were scant
Still urged the debt. The will must find the way.
But how, with compound interest to pay?
At last I said, "I can't! I simply can't!"
Knowing I couldn't pay nor yet explain,
I thanked him as the parched earth thanks the rain.

BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

WHEN I AM OLD

WHEN I am old, half-blind and ill,
 Done with life but having still
 Some small change to spend of days
 Before I go my various ways
 Back to sea and earth and air;
 When my bones are all but bare
 And the doctor shakes his head
 Behind my back, beside my bed,
 And I feel the wind it makes
 However guardedly he shakes:
 I mean to ask some patient friend
 To read to me, from end to end,
 Boswell's *Johnson*. When he's through
 I shall ask for Chaucer, too,
 Till my dwindled list of friends
 Have reached, in turn, repeated ends.
 Then nephews I'll recruit, and nieces.
 I'll refuse to go to pieces.
 At least, I shall not go until
 Of Chaucer I have had my fill,
 And, perhaps, my nieces theirs.

Then, quietly, I'll say my prayers,
 Prepare to go; but, when resigned,
 Conrad's *Youth* will come to mind;
Heart of Darkness, *End of the Tether*,
 And I will, surely, wonder whether
 The end of mine is yet in sight,
 To find it's not. With old delight
 I shall find myself again
 On Boston Common — nineteen-ten;
 On the bench where first I read
Lord Jim, and failed to go to bed
 Till another day had passed
 On a fast that was no fast.

Reawakened memories
 Of countless other reading bees

Will so fortify and strengthen
 That my passing hours will lengthen
 Into days, perhaps, or weeks.
 New blood will flush my withered cheeks.
 New life will shine from my old eyes
 Turned to where George Borrow lies,
 Or, rather, stands upon his shelf.
 Taking stock of my new self
 I shall put the parting day
 At least "a Borrow-while" away.

Then, perhaps, a voice will call
 From a niche against the wall:
 "Read Joyce and be exceeding glad!"
 And, maybe, I will wish I had,
 And think: "But now I really must!"
 Till my revived complaining dust
 Objects: "The pages aren't cut.
 Leave them, and the covers, shut.
 Stick to friends that stick to you
 And thus your lease on life renew."

This advice I mean to take
 For my own and for their sake.
 Let the doctor shake his head:
 The old decrepit man in bed,
 Getting younger every day
 Will, presently, go out to play
 With little Louis Stevenson;
 Immortal days, immortal fun.
 Up the ladder, over the wall;
 Through the Garden, down the hall,
 Out the door, across the lawn,
 Keeping easy pace with dawn,
 Till, across the loneliest seas
 We reach the lost Hesperides
 Where never doctor shakes his head
 And no one ever lies in bed.



THERE IS TIME YET

by RALPH MCGILL

1

ABOUT eight years ago I was called upon by a committee which asked me to write a platform for the Georgia state party convention. I went for advice to an old man and an old friend, Colonel Jack Spalding. He was in the twilight of his life and he was ill. He sat in a large chair in his library, an old-fashioned shawl across his knees and another about his shoulders. As a boy he had played with slave children and he had watched with a sensitive heart and an intelligent mind the unfolding developments of events which are now history. He had been a successful lawyer and had accumulated wealth which he had used wisely and without arrogance.

We talked of the platform.

"Say something about liberty and freedom being something which only an informed people care about retaining," he said. "Nothing is guaranteed except that which is fixed in the mind. Property is not guaranteed. The rights of property, protected as they are by the Constitution of the United States, are not guaranteed except as the minds of people accept those property rights.

"I played with slave children," he went on, "and I studied that problem and its aftermath as I grew up. You know," he said, "there were a number of efforts to abolish slavery and to reimburse the Southern slave owners for their property. Every time it was attempted, — and the first attempts were well before the Civil War, — they went to Washington, figuratively clasping their property to their chests and saying, 'It's my property. The Constitution and the Supreme Court guarantee it to me and you can't take it away from me.'"

He made an expressive gesture with his hands.

A Southerner who is known for his fearless and liberal views, RALPH MCGILL has maintained the tradition of the *Atlanta Constitution* and made it one of the most influential newspapers on the Atlantic seaboard. A varsity football player at Vanderbilt, a Marine in the First World War, Mr. McGill is today an editor who honestly upholds the freedom of the press.

"Nothing," he said, "is guaranteed except to an enlightened people who are informed and who understand the significance of what is happening about them. Nothing is so blind and so insecure as the status quo."

I wrote some of that into the platform, but I did not think too much about it. Things were very secure and he was an old man and not well. Two years later he came crowding back into my memory. I went into Austria a few days after the Germans.

The day of arrival and that first night, I saw the faces of people I shall never forget. I saw froth-flecked lips on the faces of shouting men and women. I saw faces of despair. I saw frenzy, cruelty, hypnotic delirium. Everywhere were the red flags and the crooked cross and the steel-helmeted soldiers.

The days spun on. Newspapers disappeared from the stands. So did magazines. There were no radio programs save those sent out by the Germans. There was no information save the information they supplied. One day I went to watch them burn books. A great pile blazed in the center of a square. It was a foolish thing and that was how it seemed.

Another day I went to see the arrival of the German notables. They came early in the morning. They paraded through triple lines of soldiers and brown shirts on each side of the street — Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, Hess, and all the others. It was noon before they had traversed the Ringstrasse about old Vienna and came at last to the great city hall.

For days orders had been written and shouted that when the bugle blast went at noon and the voice of Joseph Goebbels began to speak, proclaiming the union of Austria and Germany, no man, woman, or child in all Austria or Germany should move. For those two minutes no wheel should turn on the street or in the factory. No person should be at his accustomed tasks.

I looked about. There was Oriental richness of

decoration. There were the slogans, and chief among them one which read, "*Brot und Arbeit* — Bread and Work." It had been a good slogan for that poor, broken country. It broke down the elementals of life into language that could be understood by those who had come from the old Austro-Hungarian Empire as young children into the post-war world with its shock of economics and the hypocrisies of the rival powers which protected, in a fashion, the small nation.

Then came the bugle blast, cutting through the sound from the loud-speakers on posts and trees. There was sudden, utter silence. I stood there as one of 200,000 persons in the square, silent and still. The thin voice went on reading. Somehow it staggered my imagination to picture the great cities and the small, the villages and the farmhouses, silent and still — 80 million persons listening to the one voice. Then it was over and there was bedlam again.

There came to my mind the picture of the old man, dead a year ago, who had insisted that only in the free and informed minds of men who are schooled in the cult of freedom was anything at all — life, liberty, or property — guaranteed. Suddenly I knew that the disappearance of books and newspapers was not just foolishness by a lot of boy bullies. I had been seeing the rights and privileges which we wrote down in the first ten amendments to our Constitution taken away in tangible form.

It was not a pleasant thing to see. What disturbed me most was that the taking away of them seemed so very simple and easy as to be almost casual. A fear began to gnaw at my mind.

There followed that afternoon something which increased that fear. There was a street demonstration by the young people of Austria, supplemented by some of the crack units brought in from the German Reich. It went on for two hours or more.

Some rode in trucks, with banners flung out. Others rode bicycles. But most of them marched singing the new songs. I remember the faces of those young people, of ages from eight to twenty-five, as if it were now. Their faces were strained and emotional as they sang the new songs.

There was one favorite song. It began, "*Wie schön ist Stahl, Wie schön ist Eisen* — How beautiful is steel, How beautiful is iron," and it went on to say, "How beautiful to see an enemy of the state burned at the stake of torture." They chanted it with inspired faces.

I went away to a warm place, because it was a cold day and a depressing one, and I knew I had seen a new cult: the cult of utter social control over the minds of young people who could be trained to

think exactly as others wanted them to think by educational processes and the uses of propaganda. There was no freedom in it and, worse, no desire for it.

The next day the Austrian plebiscite was held and the appeasement chapter of the Second World War had begun.

I stayed on there for a while and then for a while in England and France, a year in all. I tried to think. Last summer I went back again to England and saw something of what is going on there and from there.

2

I HAVE worked for newspapers for almost a quarter of a century. I suppose I always felt that behind me was the great guarantee of a free press. But never until I saw there in Austria the physical disappearance of that freedom, along with others, did it become something vital. Not until then did it happen that I could become coldly angry to see it abused and prostituted, especially by those who claim to be its high priests.

Freedom of the press is not the personal property of any one editor or publisher, or of any association of them. It is not something that can be locked in the safe at night. It is merely one of the guarantees to the people. It is their property. And so, when I see some publishers and editors hugging it to their breasts, while they put it to some venal or personal use, shouting the while, "It is mine! The Supreme Court and the Constitution of the United States guarantee it to me. You cannot take it away from me!" I grow fearful and resentful.

It is not their property, as publishers and editors, nor is it mine as a newspaper worker. And I know that it can be taken away. What is more, I know it can be taken away casually. I know that the people, to whom it is guaranteed, can sweep it away with one great burst of antagonistic opinion or that they can stand by and see it go, inch by inch. The press is free only so long as it exists in that status in the minds and affections of the people.

It seems to me, too, that freedom of the press is something like a muscle. If it is not used it becomes very weak, and then in a crisis it has no strength. On the other hand, if it is brought forth and made to flex its muscles before every sideshow tent within which midgets and freaks perform, it becomes muscle-bound and commonplace.

I have read all the great stories of the battle to maintain a free press. They are a part of the tradition, the truth, the law, and the legend. They helped cement it into the codes and constitutions.

They also gave it that quality which attracts loyalties and affections.

It was men who suffered prison and poverty, despair and personal defeat, loss of position and reputation, who made it something stronger than the law printed in the constitutional amendment covering it; stronger than that written in the state codes.

In a way these men did too good a job. They did their work so well they gave it an aura of finality. Now and then there is some argument about it, and people say, "Where is that *World Almanac*, anyhow?" They find it and look up the Constitution of the United States. And there are the Amendments. One may read them off, and they sound comforting and solid and final.

Unhappily, they are not final. That is why, in my opinion, any discussion of freedom of the press must pause only for a solemn and reverent salute to the men who, by sweat, perseverance, and courage, put the laws on the books, and must then hurry on. We must look to the future.

To date there has not been much to encourage one interested in freedom of the press. It is obvious that the mouse of fear gnaws at the minds of many persons whose daily job is newspapering. One may detect this fact in all the ringing speeches made at meetings of editors and publishers. Freedom of the press must be protected, maintained, and, some say, strengthened.

But how? There's the rub. No one says how it shall be done. I have examined hundreds of speeches on the subject as reported by the news agencies and by local newspapers. They sound fine, but they are empty. And, in most instances, they show that the man making the speech realizes that fact. There is frustration in them. One can almost hear the small voice whispering in the ear of the man making the speech, saying:—

"Why should you be making this speech? The Constitution guarantees freedom of the press to you. It is there in the framed copy of the Ten Amendments on your wall. It is in all the school-books. Why should you be making this speech? Who makes you afraid?"

All those doubts are between the words and the lines of the freedom-of-the-press speeches. The man making them doesn't know what he is going to do to strengthen the law about freedom of the press—unless it is to buttress it with another law. That won't work if the original one won't work. So nothing much has been done except to be emphatic.

What they and many of us forget is that freedom and liberty didn't come to this country on the ships which brought the settlers. With our passion for

generalities and for oversimplification, we have come to lump them all together as our noble forebears, who, except for the Tories who fled to Canada, were all freedom-loving men. Actually, had one been able to melt down all the first arrivals and squeeze out one person, that person would have been an eccentric, without doubt, and he would have had not much of freedom or liberty in him.

The American Revolution was able to sustain itself largely because of those who had gone out with the steadily extending frontier. They had fought the forest and the Indians. They had learned what liberty was. It became a cult, growing in their minds. They had to learn it, to experience it, and to feel it. That was why they stuck. Many ran away from that Continental Army. Many left the frontier. But that feeling for liberty was in the minds of enough of them to stick it out through long years when at times it seemed hardly worth while.

3

BEHIND all those who learned liberty and who could taste it on their tongues were hundreds of little minds and mean persons who never learned it. They were there all the time and they were, God help us, breeding children and new generations of their sort. They, too, were among our forebears. But they are not the ones we have in mind when we make Fourth of July speeches.

I have the feeling that this thing called freedom or liberty is mixed up in the minds of a lot of us. When this war came along there was a great deal of confusion about it.

There are too many easy formulas for freedom and liberty. The demagogues among us know all the tricks. I have seen them in my own state and it was astonishing how easily the America Firsters went about their work. The speaker would stand before his audience and, after a harangue, say something like this:—

"My friends, I believe in this great nation of ours, and all that it stands for; all that our noble forefathers fought and died for. I believe in it before all else. Everyone who believes in America First stand up."

They would all stand, of course.

Once, during a political campaign, I attended a meeting held by J. Frank Norris, the evangelist who once was tried on a killing charge out in Texas. He was speaking in behalf of one of Georgia's demagogues and, after a harangue in which God and Jesus and hellfire and eternal life were tossed about between deep-pulled breaths, he said:—

"All those who think we ought to nail to the fence the hides of the newspaper editors who don't support these things, stand up."

They all stood.

It is a very easy technique, and on the way home on that hot, sweaty day I became suddenly horrified to find that, standing stark and clear in my mind, was the undeniable fact that too many newspapers had been using the same technique.

No wonder the editorial pages had sunk to low level in reader-interest. No wonder the columnists and radio commentators were popular. The average newspaper editor — and this was true in all cities regardless of size — had adopted the comfortable technique of what amounted to a call for a showing of hands. From his speaker's stand he was contenting himself with saying, "This is something in which all right-thinking persons must concur." "Communists must not be allowed to become the termites in our oak beams of liberty and freedom." "Citizens will demand of the police force that it get down to business and enforce the laws." "It is regrettable . . . it is unfortunate . . . it must cause all good citizens real concern. . . ." "Free enterprise must not be endangered." "We must protect the American way of life."

It was the same technique, but it lacked the fire of those who, like J. Frank Norris and Gerald Smith and Father Coughlin and others, were speaking with passion and pounding their fists. Their utterances, while vicious and false, at least were not sterile.

The newspapers, the most concerned with freedom, were sterile and lulled by the fact that freedom is guaranteed. All they asked was a show of hands. All the while, the golden vessel of liberty and freedom was being carried about in the arms of a great many persons who have never really cared about liberty anyhow, and was being offered to any person with the uncouth and vulgar vigor to reach out and take it.

There has been in our time only one person to come along with the vulgar vigor to reach out for it. If you don't think he had a chance you might discuss it with the Honorable James A. Farley, who was chairman of the National Democratic Executive Committee at the time Huey Long was getting ready to run for the Presidency on a "Share the Wealth" platform.

They made a little survey on Huey and what they found was enough to make them breathe a sigh of relief when the harassed little man killed Huey down in Baton Rouge. I don't mean they approved of murder. They were just relieved, that's all.

There will be others reaching out for it. There

are those reaching now, but all of them are a lot dumber than Huey. He alone of the demagogues of our time has been a combination of rabble-rouser and able organizer. All the others yelping along the trail of fascism have been rabble-rousers in one degree or another. Happily, they have not been able organizers. When this war is done there may again be someone with both abilities. And that is something to think about.

4

THERE still is time for the newspapers to meet the test. There is still time to make freedom of the press a living thing and not something sterile. I do not mean that one must shout and harangue from the editorial columns or devote his news columns to learned discussion. It is not a question of the flexing of muscles. Horace Greeley achieved a sort of reputation by flexing his editorial muscles. If one goes back to read his editorials today, one is surprised to find them the worst sort of tripe. They are all congested with muscle.

Newspapers must come down and live with the people; walk the streets with them; sit in their homes with them; fight with them and for them and make freedom of the press have a living meaning — something the people can see and appreciate, something they want for their very own.

It will mean some changes. The publishers of newspapers, and their editors, will have to regain, if they have lost it, the vision of serving the people of their state and community. Publishers and editors often have become interested in other ventures and enterprises which had the effect of watering out their newspaper interest.

I believe, too, that a great many editors and publishers do not realize that what they consider to be freedom of the press is not at all the definition possessed by that well-known character, the Man in the Street. To most publishers and editors freedom of the press means the right to publish. Any infringement by the government on that right is viewed as an assault on the freedom of the press.

But to the Man in the Street the phrase "freedom of the press" means something else, something very different. He thinks of it, if he thinks of it at all, as meaning a free press. When he looks at a newspaper and sees it deliberately slanting news toward its oft-shouted policies; when he learns that news of the other side is kept out of the paper — he knows it isn't, so far as he is concerned, a free press.

Now he may keep right on reading the paper.

He may like its comics, its features, or its state news coverage. The publisher and editor, seeing the circulation figures, may think in their hearts that all is well. But if they get around to asking the Man in the Street, they may be shocked to hear him say: "A free press? Don't make me laugh. It stinks."

The same person, seeing a newspaper give at least a fair showing to news unpleasant to that newspaper and hostile to its policies, is smart enough to appreciate that fact. He would be quick to speak up for the newspaper and for his idea about freedom of the press. "Sure," he'd say, "I'm for it. It's a fine idea to print both sides."

It simply would not occur to him to think of freedom of the press as a guarantee to the publisher that he may keep his presses rolling and that the government may not tell him what news to print.

I have never agreed that advertisers dominate newspaper policies. They would not be that stupid. In cities where it seemed this fact could be demonstrated, it usually turned out that the owner of the paper quite honestly thought as his advertisers did. He associated with them; they were his friends, perhaps even his relatives. And often along with his advertisers, he might be a stockholder in business ventures quite foreign to newspapering.

But if freedom of the press is to survive and be the living thing the Constitution meant it to be, the newspaper must live with the people and be of and for them.

The newspapers have failed in the past, and I think they have failed miserably, to interpret America to the people. The result is that today the phrases "free enterprise" and "the American way of life" are just phrases which no one can define. They are mocked in some quarters. They are used foolishly in others.

The newspaper staffs of the future could be a lot smaller and a lot better. They will have to be better paid, generally speaking, because they must include more able men and women.

I do not mean that newspapers should become journals heavy with learned discourse. But they must be staffed with men and women who know history, economics, and the facts of life, and who can write of them so that newspaper readers can understand. In the past we have failed to do that and, consequently, we have failed to inform the people. And giving information is the job of newspapers. If we go back to our own newspapers of the period beginning with October, 1929, and continuing through that depression, we find they themselves were not prepared for it. I do not say they should have fore-

seen it. But when it came they did nothing but flounder and attempt to see, with the gentleman in the White House, around the corner. They were not living with the people.

Now, in time of stress, they express the fear that freedom of the press may be abrogated or destroyed. Of what are they afraid? What most of the gentlemen who have spoken on the subject are afraid of is the people. Don't they know this? Or are they unwilling to admit it?

But they are afraid of the people for the very good reason that the only agency in the world which can impair or destroy freedom of the press is the people. The people can take it away. And they may, too, if so many newspapers continue to stand on the sidewalks in front of their buildings offering the vessel of freedom to any who will take it.

Newspapers have got to come down and be close to the people — not merely interested in informing them and in interpreting for them, but interested in their health, their housing, their living conditions, their children, and their whole panorama of interests. They must recapture for themselves the American Dream. And in turn they must give it back to the people.

The feeling for freedom is not lost. There is confusion about it, and the meaning of it. There are many voices crying out about it. And the newspaper voices have been among them. They should have been clearest of all. Some of them were the most confused.

There is time yet. There is time enough for the newspapers to say, "This guarantee of mine is a guarantee only so long as it exists in the minds of the people. And no longer. It is that simple. That is the essence of any guarantee in the Constitution. The people guarantee it."

They may say, too, "If the Man on Horseback comes, he will come riding on a path paved with the sheets of those newspapers which have not been a free press but which have distorted the news and deliberately misinterpreted it to the people. And when he comes, he will be supported by these newspapers and allowed to destroy those which have remained free. So much has history shown us."

There is time yet. But the beginning must be in the right place. That is not the courts, the legislatures, or public addresses. The beginning must be in the columns of the newspapers themselves and in the hearts and minds of the people where it still exists in one degree or another.

Freedom of the press must no longer have reason to be afraid of those who guarantee it.

BOOK PUBLISHING IN RUSSIA

by ROBERT MAGIDOFF

1

THE volume of books published in Soviet Russia has been growing in arithmetical progression, the demand in geometrical. How many years it will take for the two to stabilize, no one can predict. It all rests with the progress of the publishing business in the U.S.S.R., and that business has been trying to catch up ever since the revolution of 1917. Publishing in the U.S.S.R. is a headache.

Because of the general shortage of metal, which has been aggravated by the war, one of the most perilous stages in the life of a book is when it has been set up but not yet run off on the press. Delay in proofreading or the insertion of corrections places a book in mortal danger, for the manager of the print shop has authority to seize the type and have it melted down again to meet the constant rush of other orders. On most occasions, as soon as a book comes off the press, the plates are immediately melted down. So more often than not a new printing requires complete resetting.

There are other shortages to consider: the shortages of equipment, of printers, and — most important of all — of paper. A local skirmish has been raging for twenty-six years between the publishing houses and the Commissariat of the Lumber and Paper Industry, and it still flares up with renewed vigor at the end of each fiscal year. The umpire in this annual paper chase is the Propaganda Department of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, headed by 37-year-old Grigori Alexandrov, a leading Soviet philosopher and lecturer.

The Communist Party maintains its authority in

all questions of ideological and cultural significance and lends guidance in literature, particularly through local organizations of the party, the publishing houses, and the Writers' Union. This is done in conformity with the firm conviction of the party that, to quote Stalin, "the printed word is the sharpest and most powerful weapon of the Communist Party."

Control is exerted by a special organization called the Central Administration on Literary and Publishing Matters, commonly known as Glavlit, which censors everything intended for publication.

Joseph Stalin himself keeps an eagle eye on literature and finds time not only to read the major works of Soviet writers, but also to receive the authors for long discussions. I know of at least half a dozen cases where Stalin got in touch with an author, often by telephone in the middle of the night, congratulating him on his new book, and going on to extend detailed encouragement and advice. In this way Stalin approached playwright Leonid Leonov, author of *Invasion*, and Ilya Ehrenburg, Soviet writer and publicist who, so rumor says, has been in hand-to-hand fighting with the Germans. Stalin gave his personal approval to the short-story writer Vadim Kozhevnikov, author of one of the finest stories of the war, *March-April*, and to Antonovskaya, a woman writer whose *Great Mourari*, a historical novel about Georgia, Stalin's birthplace, had been soft-pedaled by the publishers until Stalin telephoned to congratulate the author on the brilliance of her story and to give her pointers on the history of Georgia.

There are hundreds of publishing houses in Russia. The leading one is Ogiz, a word formed from the initials for "Obyedineniye Gosudarstvenikh Izdatelstv," meaning Association of State Publishing Houses. It has seven branches in Moscow and Leningrad, and smaller branches in each of sixteen Soviet Republics. Ogiz brings out books on

ROBERT MAGIDOFF, the Moscow correspondent for NBC, was born in Russia and speaks Russian and English with equal fluency. He was educated in the United States, where he had been brought as a youngster, took his degree at the University of Wisconsin, and then went back to Moscow for graduate work in the course of which he married a Russian girl. He served for several years as a translator for the Associated Press in Russia before turning to the microphone.

every conceivable subject from fiction and poetry to politics and agriculture. It is a huge concern, controlling factories that produce materials and equipment for printshops. It runs printing establishments and special schools for training editors and artists, for designers and illustrators of books, and for proofreaders. The fourteen printing shops which handle the work of Ogiz include "The Model Printery" in Moscow, employing 2000 workers, and "The Printing House" in Leningrad, which before 1941 used to print a total of 24 billion typewritten pages annually. Ogiz runs more than 3000 bookshops and stands throughout Russia, including stores trading in rare books.

The war has had an adverse effect on the production of Ogiz as on that of other publishing houses. It has curtailed the output of paper, printing equipment, and replacement parts. The absorption of labor in war work has limited publishing as it has other civilian industries. Such new men and women as are available have to be speedily trained for jobs which formerly demanded skill and experience.

The drop in book production was very sharp during the first stage of the war, when Leningrad was a besieged city and Moscow itself in mortal danger. Leningrad, which used to do some of the best printing and publishing in the Soviet Union, lost several of its main printing establishments. Others were badly damaged by shell fire or bombs. Nevertheless, the city managed a certain amount of "token" book publishing even during the worst months of the siege, and it never let up on its mass circulation of magazines, posters, and leaflets. In line with the slogan "Be as normal as we can," Leningrad brought out a series of children's books in 1943, including Hans Christian Andersen's *Fairy Tales*. Recovery came with rapidity; in 1943, for example, Ogiz, whose publishing is not limited to departmental subjects, produced 25 per cent more books and magazines than in 1942.

The very day after Hitler attacked Russia, war pamphlets were sold on the streets of Moscow and Leningrad. More than 100 million such pamphlets, involving 700 different titles, appeared in those two cities alone during the three years of war. Soviet publishers regarded it as their duty to equip the army and the people with fighting words.

2

ONE of the best-sellers of Ogiz is a collection of Stalin's war speeches, *On the Great Patriotic War of the Soviet Union*, 5½ million copies of which were

sold in the days immediately following publication. Other wartime best-sellers under this imprint are: Alexey Tolstoy's *Road to Calvary*, Ilya Ehrenburg's *Fall of Paris*, Sergei Sergeyev-Tsensky's *The Harvest of Sevastopol*. But all through the war, no other work of fiction has been so popular as Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, which has been published by a number of houses, including Ogiz.

Ogiz also has to its credit new translations of Shakespeare — and remarkable translations they are — by Boris Pasternak, one of the most original poets in the history of Russian poetry, whose works call to mind John Donne. The works by Charles Darwin and the Russian scientist, Klimenty Timiri-azev, have also appeared during the war along with a mammoth new English-Russian dictionary.

There are four leading publishers in the field of fiction and poetry, headed by Goslitizdat, or the State Literature Publishing House. Having a book accepted by Goslitizdat gives the author considerable standing. The smallest printing of any work of fiction by this house is 25,000 copies, and it recently broke all records by printing half a million copies of *The Unvanquished*, a novel by the comparatively unknown Russian writer Boris Gorbato, who spent most of the last three years at the front as a reporter.

Goslitizdat prints the lion's share of translations and the works of foreign authors. Translations into Russian are made on a staggering scale and still fall short of the demand. The translations, it may be remarked, are excellently done, and one of the most interesting is the Russian version of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* by Ivan Kashkin, which originally appeared in the late thirties and has been reprinted by Goslitizdat during the war.

Just as the United States has captured the imagination of the Russians, so American literature in translation bulks large. Between 1918 and 1943, Russians issued 2102 editions of 201 American authors, the overall figure approaching 40 million copies.

Jack London is undisputed leader in popularity, having 567 editions in 28 languages of the peoples of the U.S.S.R., totaling 10½ million copies. He is followed by Mark Twain with 130 editions in 22 languages, totaling 3 million copies, and by Upton Sinclair with 236 editions in 14 languages, totaling 2.9 million copies. War has cut the number of translations sharply, but thousands of copies of works by Mark Twain, Theodore Dreiser, John Steinbeck, and Ernest Hemingway continue to come out.

Besides Goslitizdat, other leading houses that publish are "Sovietsky Pisatel," meaning Soviet Writer, which has a large branch in Leningrad; "Molodaya Gvardia," meaning Young Guard, con-

trolled by the Central Committee of the Komsomol — Young Communists League; and finally, Detgiz, publishers of books for children. All other publishing houses in Russia are limited to a particular field. Gospolitizdat has printed a total of 120 million books and pamphlets in the last three years, the leading best-seller being *A Short History of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R.*; 19 million copies were issued in 59 languages, making it one of the world's most widely distributed books.

Voyengiz, which we should call a textbook publisher, is run by the Propaganda Department of the Red Army, headed by General Alexander Shcherbakov, alternate member of the Polit-Bureau, and one-time general secretary of the Writers' Union. Voyengiz specializes in military textbooks, army regulations of Russia and foreign countries, military theory (outstanding translations are books by Clausewitz), and manuals for snipers, sappers, infantry, and others. The Soviet Navy has a similar house.

As a side line, Voyengiz regularly publishes fiction and verse that may help in the education of Red Army men as soldiers and citizens of the U.S.S.R. General Shcherbakov — who, like Stalin, closely follows literary developments and practices by direct contact with authors — frequently confers with writers and is quick to recognize books useful for Voyengiz. One of the most recent examples is the historical novel *Bagration* (the name of one of the leading Russian generals in the War of 1812), by Sergei Golubov. This novel first appeared in a magazine, and very soon after that Shcherbakov invited the author to see him, congratulated him, and ordered the novel published in book form.

Voyengiz runs a network of bookshops throughout the country, giving first-class service. The stores are always crowded by youngsters whose knowledge of military literature is striking, as I discovered through numerous conversations with them.

3

THERE are two publishing houses which have grown in scope and importance during the last few years: the State Publishers of Dictionaries and the Institute of Encyclopedias and Reference Books. The first of these has been working in 80 different languages with particular attention to English-Russian and Russian-English dictionaries. Here is a sample of what it published this spring: the new revised and enlarged editions of Professor V. K. Muller's English-Russian Dictionary (60,000 definitions, first imprint 25,000 copies); Russian-English

Dictionary by O. S. Akhmanova, head of the English Section of the Moscow Institute of Foreign Languages (20,000 definitions, 40,000 copies); Anglo-Russian Naval Dictionary by A. M. Taube and V. A. Schmidt (22,000 definitions, 10,000 copies).

I tried hard to purchase a copy of each of these dictionaries without pulling strings as a foreign correspondent, but all I could lay my hands on was the Anglo-Russian Naval Dictionary. I bought one of the last two copies on the shelf of the Military Store. The bulk of the edition went to Naval Unit Libraries and bookshops in seaports. This illustrates the difficulties experienced by any private collector in Russia. The policy is to distribute about 75 per cent of all books published among libraries open to the general public. Scientists, writers, engineers, and political or military leaders have the initial privilege of buying any new books. However, they are limited in purchasing to a sum not exceeding 1000 rubles a month.

The Encyclopedia publishers have been busy since 1925 on the gigantic job of bringing out the Soviet equivalent of the Britannica — the 65-volume Great Soviet Encyclopedia. All but six volumes have already appeared. This house published the 10-volume edition of the Small Soviet Encyclopedia and is now completing printing of the second edition, which has grown to twelve volumes. The house has also launched a series of Reference Libraries.

The enormous and ever growing demand makes nearly every book a potential best-seller in Russia; therefore the size of each edition is established more or less arbitrarily by the publishers. As a rule, editions of fiction range from 10,000 to 100,000 copies, and in exceptional cases up to half a million. The usual run is 25,000; 3000 is the lowest figure and is reserved for editions of poetry by men like Boris Pasternak, a poet's poet. A book of poems by Konstantin Simonov, who has written some of the most moving war verse in Russia, came out in an edition of 50,000 copies and was sold out in a fortnight. Many people would gladly exchange several days' bread ration or a month's vodka ration for a volume of Simonov's verse.

There is one publishing house which does not belong to the state. It is owned and controlled by the Greek Orthodox Church of Russia. It issues each month the *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchy* and will soon begin the printing of textbooks for its seminary training of Orthodox clergy. The publishing ventures of the synod of the Greek Orthodox Church are the result of an increasingly friendly relation between the church and the state, culminating in Stalin's reception of the late Patriarch Sergius in the Kremlin on September 4, 1943. Evi-

dence of the interest in religious literature in Russia is the distribution of the book, *Truth About Religion in Russia*, 50,000 copies of which were issued in August, 1943. This was followed in 1944 by a collection of church documents, *The Russian Orthodox Church in the Great Patriotic War*.

Russian magazines, like ours, consume a tremendous amount of paper and labor. In format and content they are as varied as the books, but I will pause to discuss briefly only the magazines devoted to literature. More often than not, these magazines serve as midwives to the best works of fiction, poetry, and drama. Outstanding are four so-called "thick" magazines. Serious literary magazines have been called "thick" since time immemorial in Russia. They are about three times as thick as the *Atlantic Monthly*, and because of the small type recently reintroduced in Soviet publishing, they contain a wealth of reading material. There are four: "Znamya," meaning Banner; "Novi Mir," meaning New World; "Oktyabr," meaning October; and "Molodaya Gvardia," meaning Young Guard.

4

WARTIME conditions account for the paper covers and the cheap quality of paper used in all mass editions of books, but every effort is made to achieve neatly designed covers and to make the books as easy to read as possible. Illustrations are almost uniformly excellent. The other day I luckily procured one of the most popular historical novels of the year, *Brusilov Breakthrough*, by Sergeyev-Tsensky, depicting the Russian offensive on the eastern front during a critical period of the First World War. Even though bound in a paper cover, it is a handsome volume, attractively illustrated.

The Russians have not entirely given up their famous de luxe editions because of the war. For instance, there recently appeared a thousand-page volume on Mikhail Lermontov on snow-white paper, with a calico cover and leather back. The book has superb illustrations in color in addition to numerous fine engravings, and is encased in an elegant cardboard box. Academia Publishers specialized in de luxe editions but will be able to resume work on a large scale only after the war.

The pride of the Soviet publishing business is *The Great Soviet Atlas* in four volumes, two of which have already appeared, each the size of the *Times* gazetteer. As a work of art and science, the Atlas would do credit to any publisher in the world. The price is 600 rubles a volume, or \$50 at the diplomatic rate of 12 rubles to the dollar. (The official

rate is 5.41 rubles to the dollar.) The price of the average de luxe edition is high, too, but not prohibitive. The Lermontov volume costs 180 rubles. The price of the average novel is 10 rubles.

Soviet publishing seems to be unfamiliar with India paper and thumb indexes. When a Russian bibliophile friend of mine saw my one-volume indexed edition of Shakespeare, he at first thought it could be only a Shakespearean dictionary, but when he was finally convinced that it was a complete edition of Shakespeare, his admiration and excitement were unbounded.

The other evening I compared two dictionaries in my Moscow library — Webster's one-volume Collegiate Dictionary, fifth edition, containing 110,000 entries, and Ushakov's four-volume dictionary of the Russian language, containing 90,000 words. As I looked at those sizable Russian volumes, I realized that the production of modern handy light editions such as Americans use every day remains a distant goal for the Russian publisher.

Authors in the U.S.S.R. are paid for their work according to the length and type of the manuscript, as well as by the size of the editions. Royalties vary with the individual writer, and to some extent with the publishing house, but they are generous, making Soviet authors one of the most prosperous groups in the country. Royalties on original writing start with 800 rubles and jump to 3000 (about \$250) according to the "printed list," and range from 250 to 700 rubles for translations. The "printed list" is simply a yardstick consisting of 40,000 letters, or approximately 3500 words. A writer is paid according to the "printed list" of one edition, usually 25,000 copies. A mass edition of 100,000 copies usually ups royalties to four times the agreed sum. A second printing provides 100 per cent royalties; a third, 80 per cent; and all subsequent printings 60 per cent each. This is the basis of the prosperity of Soviet writers. When the Soviet government floated the last war loan, a number of authors subscribed 40,000 rubles each.

I recall an old poster, one of the first to appear after the revolution of 1917. It showed a little boy struggling with his homework and saying, "Oh, mother, if you could only read and write! I need your help so much." For twenty-six years the Soviets have consistently pushed the battle against illiteracy. Before 1917, hardly one third of the Russians could read and write. Compulsory education for children, and courses for the "liquidation of illiteracy" which "opened the eyes" of more than fifty million men and women, have created a demand for books that for years to come will be far ahead of the supply.

WHERE THE WILD BOARS USED TO DRINK

by ANNE GREEN

1

THE other day I remembered a big wooden door supported by stone posts. It was painted green and opened with a rusty sigh. There are so many green doors in the world that this meant nothing to me until I next saw myself seated at a long kitchen table. I was crying and a hard, fine-featured old woman pushed a terrine towards me saying: "Perhaps you like my pork pâté. But just the same, I'm going."

These uninvited mental snapshots marked the beginning and end of a happy summer. In filling in the gaps I wonder whether life could have been so generous to me in 1934. Perhaps memory, that grand artistic liar, has wiped away unattractive shadows for the sake of presenting peace times in dazzling colors. If this is so, 1934 was a peacock among years.

That May there were great debates concerning the summer. Some of us wanted to travel, others wished to visit friends, I desired a country house. I don't know why it is that strangers' houses are so enticing. Perhaps it is because they give so much scope to dreams. For sitting in unfamiliar rooms, confronting a fresh view, leads to pleasant if inconclusive speculation regarding the habits of the owners, what had happened to them, how they wove the pattern of their days. And above all, what they saw and how they felt, for we are never sure that their perceptions and eyesight are ours. And time allowing, interesting things can be discovered about oneself.

Well, Le Grand Hureau, a small estate on the Loire near Saumur, was found. Just four hours from Paris, with good trains. My brother went down to see it and reported favorably; so all that remained was to pack silver and linen and go there for three months. But first I wanted to see the owners, even though Julian had described the house and scenery

so beautifully. I wanted to know more about the bathrooms and if there were enough blankets, because even in such glorious days these matters meant much to a housekeeper.

The Crèvecoeurs lived near us in Passy. Madame de Crèvecoeur questioned me politely regarding every private and public feature of my life while I answered prudently and listened to a monologue from her husband. The gist of it was that he liked Americans, that a town in America had been named for one of his ancestors. (Sure enough, I know now that he referred to St. Johnsbury in Vermont, which owes its name to Saint John de Crèvecoeur.) He said that Le Grand Hureau, built in 1720, was a hunting lodge and that in olden times it was a place where wild boars used to drink. He also talked of Roman busts, caves, and Canary wine.

"Tut-tut," said his wife, "*soyons pratiques*." While she looked for pencil and paper, I broke in with my questions. They were never answered, for she listened only to what was in her own mind: "Yes, a nice old place but so modest, so plain. I wish the china were better. Now, I repeat, let us be practical. I can remember but one soup tureen and two kitchen bowls. You must be sure to ask Angèle — she is the wife of Achard, the custodian — for the keys to the gilt-trellised bookcase in the hall bedroom. And I don't advise anyone sleeping in that black hole next the kitchen. It's only fit for a butler. Have you a butler?" She drowned me in a sea of vain allusions and deprecation; and when she affirmed that we couldn't possibly live in Le Grand Hureau until the freshly planted salads were up, I left in despair before she could finish telling about the dangerous currents in the river which made bathing impossible.

It was hot in Paris, so my sister and I at once went to Saumur, found a taxi, and drove for two miles along the road which so faithfully follows the river's gentle curves. All along the way were clusters of clean white stone cottages, and flowers every-

A sister of Julian Green and a novelist in her own right, ANNE GREEN reminds us of the living France at a time when our imagination is too often filled with ruins.

where — springing from crannies in walls, sprouting in the dust close to the asphalt, in an extraordinary and self-sown profusion.

At the village of Dampierre the driver hesitated, then pushed up a short slope lined with ancient rustling trees. The man rang at a big green wooden door between stone posts. It swung open and there stood affable, untidy Angèle, flanked as ever by a buff cow and a yellow mongrel. Our luggage deposited in the middle of the drive, we looked around us, gluttonously trying to take in everything at once.

We saw a delicate cream stone pavilion continued by long, low, ivy-covered wings. The maids ran in to see whether they liked the kitchen, but we lingered in the warm summer air. The house backed to a bluff and we were in a large square garden ending in a wrought-iron parapet very high above the road. Unless we peeped over the railing we couldn't see anything but the river, all sand with flashes of water right to a low wooded island. Over the head of the island, so to speak, we saw that the other branch of the Loire was full and green, and beyond it a line of low cliffs stretched for many miles.

The garden lawn caught my eye. It had a scalloped curved baroque edge which was beveled so that the inside of rough grass suggested the bottom of a shallow lake. Perhaps it was there that the wild boars drank. But now, near the center, stood two big voluted Louis XV vases of white ceramic, very fine, quite undamaged, placed there in defiance to reason but not to beauty.

Eleanor was talking to herself: "I wonder what makes this landscape so lovely. After all, it's just a pale river and a tree-fringed horizon. Just a lot of pale beiges, greens, and faded blues. It must be the silvery light that manages to blend it all into a sort of masterpiece. And everything looks so happy."

She was right; but fearing the worst inside the house, I dared not yield to the gay peace and lightness that pervaded the place. I wanted to face the drawbacks. I never found them, because once more in my life I had been misled by the French mania for self-depreciation, that mania which is extended even to country houses which must be rented.

The servants were laughing and talking, a good sign. We entered a marble hall with a fireplace so fine that it should have been asleep in a museum. To the left was a nice enough dining room, to the right a couple of drawing rooms paneled and painted grayish-white in the provincial manner. Both salons were furnished with nice eighteenth-century things, not too comfortable, having been designed at a period when conversation was so good that no one wanted to loll. At the top of the classical staircase two bedrooms smelled a good deal like stables, and

there were six more adequate apartments in the wing.

After a hurried dinner we discovered a long terrace almost concealed by a mall of clipped hornbeams. And sure enough a Roman bust leered over a stone bench at the end of the terrace. Close to the house the ground rose slowly to a flattish dull arrangement of flower beds, groups of gloomy firs, and more terraces. And it all abruptly ended at a large wrought-iron gate. Thrusting our heads through the bars, we distinguished vague vistas all the more attractive for the failing light and the fact that the gate was chained.

"It looks," said Eleanor, "like a long walk full of flowers and," she eased her neck, "beyond it a plunging, rearing jumble of slopes and grass and vines. And oh! I see a little orchard. I wish I could get in to bag some fruit. There never is any in the country and I can't do without it. Do you suppose I'm suffering from a mirage?"

"Yes," I answered, "you are. Or the fruit is green. Peasants always sell everything to big towns and live on grass, as far as I know. Stop shaking the gate. This part of the place doesn't belong to us. Let's go in and play cards."

The inside shutters of the drawing room had been closed; and as the ceilings were paneled as well as the walls, we were enclosed in a beautifully carved box. By the time that we had converted the smaller salon into a sports room by arranging a ping-pong table, chessboard, and cards, it was time to go to bed.

2

THE next morning I rose from an exceptionally downy bed and looked out of the window. Through some freak in perspective due to the bends in the road, the Château of Saumur rose close in the pearly light. It is a round, military affair with moats and grassy earthworks and appeared to me like an enormous cake, the kind to be admired and never ordered from pastry cooks.

The servants seemed singularly jolly — even the taciturn cook who, in a fit of humility, had spent the night in the black hole fit only for butlers. But it seemed that the custodians were most charming, that there was an uninterrupted chain of hamlets along the river, a café, a grocer, and a butcher in Dampierre itself. And many people would come by to offer us commodities — in fact, a most *convenable* place considering it was in the country.

I planted some sweet peas in an empty bed and hurried to join Eleanor, who had at last succeeded in shaking open the chained gate. We sneaked along

a broad walk contained on the right by a neglected but brilliant herbaceous border, flanked at the left by rosebushes and espaliered vines bearing grassy green grapes. On the grape side was a low stone wall, and as I stopped to look at a silvery skin doubtless shed by some snake that warm morning, I could hear my sister: "Too bad we can't do a little gardening. I'm very good at it. I—" Her voice trailed away as she darted forward and turned the corner of the walk where, on a higher level, she had spied a great cherry tree actively courted by birds. "Come back! You know we have no business here," I called, but before I caught up with her there was a thud of hoofs and, pursuing Luneau the cow, Angèle was upon us.

I looked silly and murmured something about being out of bounds. Angèle looked amazed and not suddenly, but circuitously, the glorious truth emerged: the iron gates were closed because Luneau wandered, proof being that she had slipped in behind us. The whole place was ours as far as eye could reach, and more. But the gate must be closed, on account of Luneau and her appetite.

I cannot describe Le Grand Hureau clearly, for there is no way of explaining a place which looked as though many generations had made the best of a gigantic landslide by enclosing the whole thing in a very high wall along the road and then proceeding to turn it into a useful and ornamental estate. It took us weeks to understand something of the plan.

Anyway, in orderly confusion, we found tip-tilted fields, orchards, vineyards, and on flat levels terraces for all manner of mankind. The meditative kind used the mall; the invalids had one with seats burrowed from rock and framed by parasols of creepers. And there was a most piratical one fenced in at the top of the hill, in a cluster of trees where the view was very beautiful. When first we saw it a half-wild black cat sprang at me, grappled to my shoulder with claws of steel, and remained there purring for a while. The terrace was her lookout and home. Later in the day she returned our call with two of her demoiselles, small gray kittens scandalously unlike herself, which she dropped on the drawing-room carpet. A saucer of milk cemented a lasting friendship.

To return to the cherry tree, when Julian arrived later to pander to Eleanor's cravings, he found nothing for her but a few unattractive cherries despised by the birds. Seeing her disappointment, we turned left into a rough field dotted with apple trees. There smoke curled from an upright piece of masonry in the center of the grass. This was strange and we could hear a muffled mutter below us, in the

solid earth. By advancing cautiously to the far end where the ground dropped away and the field became a mere fringe of grasses and clods, and by peering over the edge, we could see people far below hanging out linen and feeding chickens in what looked like a courtyard. It was a great mystery not too easily solved, but we eventually found out that a family had built a conventional façade to their cottage, scooped the rest of it out of the rock, and used an old quarry as a yard. So, from the road, nothing unusual could be seen.

We returned via a dizzy slope full of grass for the Achard rabbits and there it was that our linen, which was taken to the river for a beating of stones, was deposited to dry. Or rather, I should say, the remains of our linen, for our things were not of stout flax which resists pounding. Now, using the cherry tree as a landmark, we mounted some steps and found ourselves in a vast jumble of rocks. And yawning black in the distance was a cleft in the cliff from which the rocks had come. Creepers with delicately interlaced leaves had spread over the cleft and playground so that through this trellis, in an eerie light, we could see trees growing on the ridge above.

There was a great silence as though something were about to begin, but nothing that concerned modern beings. Perhaps—we turned and saw another Roman bust staring on a stone pedestal—it concerned this ancient person. Perhaps he was the first owner of the place and his likeness remained much as a photograph clings crazily to the only upright wall of a bombed house. Perhaps—we advanced cautiously to the cave and wisely decided not to penetrate its inky darkness. To dissipate the stillness, Julian clapped his hands and three little brown owls, close together like a brooch, shot from the cave, straight across our vision, and no amount of clapping ever brought them back. The spell snapped and we never recaptured the feeling of ancient mystery.

Knowing full well that any fruit on the place belonged to the Achards and could be bought from them, we hurried Eleanor past some promising greengages and climbed straight up to the top of the bluff, where we went from Charybdis to Scylla. For on a nice patch of ground, nestling close to the warm chimney stacks of the house, was a huge fig tree, full of prodigious white figs—alas, very ripe. So all we could do was to turn our backs on our sister and keep an eye on the view and the possible appearance of the Achards, who would not understand that a grown woman would prefer to steal figs instead of paying for them and peeling them at table with a silver knife.

Where we stood we saw the whole of the big river, once so deep and so busy. It was easy to imagine it covered with barges. Light barges with musicians at one end, brocade hangings against the sun, and heaps of cushions for traveling courtiers. During the heyday of the Loire, the Renaissance, everybody traveled by water, for roads were few and marauding soldiers plentiful. And on the river floated great heavy boats laden with blocks of white Angevin stone creeping slowly to England. The guide told us that most of London — the great fine houses at least — had been built of these creamy stones.

3

BUT I am anticipating. First, with the help of Julian, Robert, and the guests we set the place in order. Or rather, a little amateurish gardening made everything bloom and prosper. Anjou must have the most fertile soil in the world. Within ten days the Crèvecoeur salads were edible, in five days my sweet peas shot forth. All the roses opened and the herbaceous border provided more flowers than we could use.

But we couldn't live on these. The mayor's wife called, to our surprise. She was English, prodigiously shabby and kind, a real farmer's wife who took me to market every Saturday at 6.00 A.M. By dint of picking up the lame, the halt, and all their bundles as we went, when we reached Saumur the old car bulged like a Christmas stocking. The infirm on the running-board made things lively by exchanging Shakespearian pleasantries with friends who rode to market in plank carts, standing upright in a wine cask.

Here I must relate that we naturally returned the lady's call and found ourselves in a real English drawing room with tiger skins on the floor, elephant tusks on the walls, Indian silver knickknacks everywhere, and a peerage. One of the last times that I have had to cope with what the French call a "mad laugh" was then as I compared the mayor's wife, standing in her realm with an apron full of nettles to feed baby ducklings, with her photograph in a silver frame by the copy of Burke. In the photograph, she carried flowers, not nettles, she wore a satin dress and train, and in her hair were three ostrich tips. Yet the kindly, jolly face was the same even though the contrast was so striking.

Her husband came in. As a stranger — that is, an Alsatian — he was less likely than the native Angevins to take things for granted and as not worthy of explanations. He conceded that we lived in a curious place full of surprises. He talked

about the cave. Did we know about the apparently solid cliffs? Of course we did. All along the right bank of the Loire, wherever possible and from time immemorial, people had hollowed dwellings from the soft stone. All of us knew that. Some of the houses were big apartments to which one mounted by means of ladders and then closed all apertures with big drugget curtains which distance made beautiful as medieval tapestries. The more sophisticated turned the rock into real houses with chimneys and doors and staircases and even shutters which gave the rugged rock a strange appearance.

Well, he said, that wasn't at all what he meant. To begin with, we were on the left bank, where there were few of these dwellings. Here houses just snuggled to the cliffs for warmth. Didn't we know that the inside of the cliff had been hollowed out centuries before and used as a means of communication right to the sea? Unfortunately, we thought, his explanations ended there, for a man came in for some copper sulphate, and the mayor, being a wine-grower, turned to vintages. He was glad we liked the wine — pity it was too delicate to travel. He explained that the grapes were picked late in November when the rains had rotted them; this gave effervescence but little body. The Crèvecoeur wine was delicious — we should buy some from Achard. It was time to go as the talk wandered and we bought from this nice gentleman (for a nominal sum) two cartloads of vine roots and logs to burn in the evenings.

In my disorderly memory it seems to me that we had already sampled all the local wines and found them not in the least light except to the palate. They were, in fact, insidious, but what an asset to make meals gay and paint the world in agreeable and hopeful colors. I wish we had some of that Anjou wine now, but not the cask which I foolishly bought from Achard. It was acid, not at all conducive to conversation, and what's more, I had to bottle it myself. There was no labor to be had, each man working for himself at harvest time. I performed this operation in the narrow alley behind the house, which separated it from the towering cliff.

In the cliff were two doors. One was that of our cellar, the other that of the Crèvecoeurs'. Our cellar was just a shallow black hole, but the other — Well, as I sat there with my bottles, the obliging Achard, after passing the time of day, opened the Crèvecoeur cellar and I, turning, jumped up and followed him in. It was enormous, like Fingal's Cave, all fretted into beetling rocks, but that wouldn't have taken me from my job. Inside the first apartment lay all the litter of country houses — ancient toys, baby

pens, hair trunks, and also barrels. Achard led in a horse and harnessed it to an elegant if moth-eaten victoria as he talked pleasantly. He told me all I wanted to know before leading the equipage away. I felt it indeed a dream to live in a place where peasants used victorias. But it was even more dreamlike to see Achard and Angèle driving off to market in one, under a blue umbrella, and at their feet all the greengages which Eleanor had not bagged.

The next day we kept a tryst with a man in the next village who knew the secret of the cliffs. But it appeared that the system inside was so vast and so complicated that even he, who had always lived here, only knew his way for a few miles. After that the secret was carried on by someone in another village "who knew," and so on for about a hundred miles to the sea.

While he was unlocking the door in the rock behind his dizzily perched cottage, the guide told us terrible tales of people who had lost their lives in the subterranean passages. Recently a man had been found in a bypath. Dead? Of course — all that remained of this traveler who had lost his way was a few tattered rags and a chain with eighteenth-century medals around the skeleton neck. This grisly story in mind, we stepped in, following the guide's torch closely.

It was not at all as I expected. The air was cool, quite fresh and dry. The stone of the cliff (which is soft to quarry and hardens in the air) had been hacked into rough walls and a high ceiling. In fact, as we progressed down what the man called "a highway large enough for a cart of hay and two horses," we realized that we were in a subterranean network of communication, as though a whole town had been mapped out, without the buildings. The highway was carpeted with powdery dry dark-brown humus; it was like walking on velvet. From this curving road branched smaller alleys and at intervals rounded, rude pockets of rock, like cells. And it appeared, as we crept along in the intense silence and paused as the guide flashed his torch, that other alleys branched from the secondary lanes and that there were even crossroads and junctions.

It was only too easy to see that without thorough knowledge anyone could get lost in this deathlike place where no echoes of cries could reach the living — a town without inhabitants, signposts, directions. But in the cubicles hollowed out here and there, we saw shiny iridescent objects on the ground. "Oh," said the guide, "those are oyster shells. Yes, it's a habit in our villages to have suppers here on Saturdays in December." Was it for Christmas? Maybe,

he didn't know, it was an old custom, it had always been so. A learned member of our party guessed that the custom of feasting in a nice warm cave was a relic of Roman days, when the Saturnalias were held around December 17. This is more than probable.

The man went on to talk about how the quarried stone had been sent to England; the passages had been much used *dans le temps* (which could mean any time of trouble in the last two thousand years), when people wanted to conceal themselves, their cattle and goods, from the soldiery.

We never went back to this formidable, silent place. It was frightening to see its great antiquity, the stone white as when it was first tunneled, right under the vineyards, a gigantic secret split up among dozens of amiable, matter-of-fact peasants — a secret which these people were quite ready to discuss but yet would never have mentioned even though we lived in Anjou for years. The people were like that: very friendly, yet volunteering nothing. (I wonder whether, in present times, this mental attitude has not been of great service to them.)

4

It was pleasant to be in the free gentle air again, to climb to the top of the cliff through our garden and, opening a back door, to find ourselves in the vineyards which spread over a prosperous rolling countryside with just enough hamlets to make pauses entertaining. Every village could provide a delicious meal (with many apologies for its simplicity) at the drop of a hat, and as a matter of course a couple of bottles of white wine were always set on the table. There was so much to do that if there were any dull moments I have forgotten them. Food and entertainment being plentiful, the guests were pure pleasure.

We were in the center of an ancient sight-seeing region, excursions were a matter of choice, and some of the best "sights" were within walking distance. Up the road was Saumur and its famous cavalry school with horses of alarming intelligence. That is, they appeared so at their great three-day performance in July. Saumur is a long, long street continuing the Renaissance Loire bridge. Branching from this busy, pretty avenue were very clean, sunny alleys where medieval cottages belched forth ancient smells of wine and pig, where old ladies slept on stiff chairs, with a cat on weary knees and a bit of knitting, held loosely in a hand gnarled like a bit of old wood.

Along the street were two fine churches, curi-

ous modistes, marvelous pastry cooks, and a good *Espagnol*. Every provincial town has an *Espagnol* who keeps a shop of semi-tropical delicacies such as grapefruit, sweet onions, peppers. And for the benefit of foreigners cobs of corn, for true French people refuse to eat it. If the *Espagnol* happens to be a Frenchman he is still called the *Espagnol* because his wares are foreign. A Spaniard he remains, and that's tradition. Just by closing my eyes I can see the handsome cafés worthy of a chic garrison town. And there are the bicycles parked in rows outside and old ladies in black hurrying to vespers, jostling boys and girls meeting "by accident" on the bridge, and the evening papers rushed wet and flaccid from the station.

On the short drive home, you passed a convent where Madame de Montespan lived sometimes in a very reasonably baroque building. Everything was a marvel of cleanliness and politeness and pretty French until there was a momentary averting of heads at the sight of our villainous butcher snoring under his red and white awning, surrounded by strange cuts of meats which resembled nothing so much as his ruddy self.

And then, after a long pause, the cook opened the green door and we were home for dinner. Afterwards we walked in the gardens which seemed so vast and dignified in the moonlight. The yellow mongrel yelped at the kitchen window waiting for the cook to fry crusts of bread in grease for him; the naughty cow lumbered by with Angèle whacking its fat flanks; Achard touched his cap on his way back from the vineyards. He carried a little sickle, and strands of raffia, to say nothing of marks on his pink nose where pebbles had been embedded, gave away the fact that he had been snoring on his face all the afternoon.

We were none too many to keep Eleanor away from the greengages. She lit matches after shaking the trees and, pouncing down on the old resinous fruit, would stuff it down her throat until she made herself ill and we were quite glad.

In the evening we lit big fires in the Louis XV hearth and settled down to spend a few hours in the classical manner. That is, we began by playing foolish games. One is "situations," played by passing bits of paper from hand to hand until a complete story has been written down. The language used was French, but as most of us were foreigners, the risqué turn given these papers by the real French was absent, unfortunately. In bona fide Gallic circles one's grandmother invariably turns up in bed with Napoleon or Achard and their conversation there is extremely spirited. But with us, as Eleanor

remarked, "considering there were four writers present, the dialogue was marvelously flat." However, games led the way to conversation, and the guests told amazing things about their countries — things that are so unreal that they can only be true; things so curious that they would be just silly in a novel.

The only anecdote that I can recollect now is one told by Anthony Butts about his great-aunt's attempt at suicide. She had had an unhappy love affair and determined to put an end to herself. So she drove to the middle of a bridge over the Firth of Forth (not the present bridge), stopped the carriage, and leaped over the parapet. Here a high wind met her crinoline and bore her gently to some inaccessible mudflats; the whalebone structure under her skirt fixed her firmly in the mud, and there she stayed.

The coachman quickly ran for help, but nothing could be done until late in the day when the tide raised the level of the river and she could be disengaged from a dreadful predicament. For although no one could reach her, a large assembly of pleasure craft cruised around the poor woman all day, making a sort of picnic of the event. In the evening she was floated from her bed of slime, and I remember inquiring if she lived happily ever after. The answer was that she had lived to be very old, so she must have had her good moments.

Sometimes we played cards or ping-pong. Eleanor was insatiable for both. True, one day as I sat facing her I disappeared unexpectedly under the table because the front legs of my ancient armchair crumbled to powder under the esoteric influence of termites. And bending to recover a ball under a settee, fortunately stiff and uninviting, I saw that one of the legs rested on the inlaid floor in a pile of fine dust.

5

PEOPLE on their way south stopped in for lunch at Le Grand Hureau, and those within driving distance visited us. And we, many strong, returned the calls by spending the whole day. None of the neighboring *propriétés* had caves so fine as ours. Rochecotte, the Castellane place, is full of attractions such as woods, Talleyrand's confessional, great lawns of ivy instead of grass, but miserable caves. Monet, belonging to the d'Andigné family, is grand, with parterres of box and colored pebbles *à la française*, half a mile of rhododendrons, an outdoor theater of clipped laurel and fine lawn, but no caves at all. I remember that some disused Renaissance stables were opened at Monet for our inspection, and we saw

a strange, sad sight. In the old rooms, heated red hot by the sun, lay hundreds of pale-yellow butterflies which had evidently had strength enough to hatch, struggle from chrysalis, and then lie down in rows along the floor, on old furniture. The folded wings covered everything, like a delicate primrose fabric, and it was impossible to enter without destroying a fantastic death chamber.

The Comtesse de Blacas showed us her Château d'Ussé, where Perrault wrote *The Sleeping Beauty* — and no wonder, considering the dreamy quality of the house built under a bluff with the park high above it, on a level with the tall chimney stacks.

Sometimes, being appeasers, we walked in the open country to find blackberries for the insatiable Eleanor. But on days when she consented to have her mind improved, we could saunter a little way down the road to a small manor house where Dumas's *Lady of Monsoreau* lived in beautifully proportioned Renaissance rooms with encased windows from which she could lean and watch out for plots, excitement, and river traffic. There was no road then, but if what Dumas wrote is true she had plenty of intrigues on her hands. We visited her premises in the company of an old priest with two naughty little boys bedeviling him. Finally the mild old man, ashamed of his charges, said firmly: "Put on your coats and behave. We're about to visit a place that is — ahem — a little historical." He didn't quite trust Dumas.

At a little distance was the Abbey of Fontevrault, almost too well restored, with English Angevin kings sleeping in red and blue sarcophagi with their ladies and little dogs by them. It was a lovely place, but the inhabitants of the town were prouder of a great gaunt prison and talked about it constantly.

By climbing to a green above Candes you could see the meeting of the Loire and Cher and a great soft landscape of rivers and lakes and land blending into a green and blue tapestry, like an embroidered cover thrown over the naked earth. At Candes was a cream-colored church, fine even in a region where beautiful churches abound. Saint Martin used to be buried in the church of Candes, and all went well until a party of men from Tours came and stole the body from its tomb and deposited it in their town, and now the saint is improperly called Martin of Tours. The sexton who told us this trembled with indignation, although the affray had taken place in the Middle Ages.

That is because in this region, at once so old in civilization and so youthfully fertile, time steps back and history spreads contemporaneously over all memories. This is true even of Chinon, where nothing remains of the castle but its enormous ruins. Noth-

ing except two things, perhaps to show the traces of a great spirit. One is a big Gothic mantelpiece standing intact amidst the rubble, all that is left of a vast hall. By that fireplace Joan of Arc saw the King of France for the first time. He had hidden there in a group of courtiers to test her powers, but she knew him at once. And also intact is the smallest chapel in the world, just big enough for a person to spend the night in prayer, as she did before setting out to save her country. And her task successfully performed, for her pains she was delivered to the enemy by the first collaborationists and burned.

One day we explored the island in front of Le Grand Hureau. First we bathed in puddles of clear Loire water, then sat on the sands to eat a childish *gouter* of bread and butter coated with powdered chocolate. Afterwards, all we had to do was to step across a stretch of sand and climb the low bank. There were a few deserted houses near-by, and here and there a few cottages where people seemed to live reasonably by enormous prairies where cattle grazed. But it was such low ground it surely was flooded in winter; these were just summer visitors like ourselves. An unexceptional place, we thought, until suddenly through a patch of brambles we stepped into a most ancient spot, so old that it was comforting to see that it had not been handed down intact since the age of dinosaurs, for this grove of big gnarled willows had been planted in a perfect circle by a man, long ago, near a slimy pool full of water lilies. Some of the willows had fallen and seemed fossilized. Overhead the setting sun slanted in dimly through the trees and the hush was almost unbearable. It was the sleep of slowly rotting vegetation, the peace of nature abandoned by man, who ceases to meddle where he cannot profit.

6

I DREAD to write that the summer was ending. Everything had been so facile, so gay. The big tilted mirror over the bathtub still reflected the happy landscape outside. Eleanor, for want of better things, took to seeing ghosts in purple silk dressing-gowns vanishing down the passage, although this was only Anthony skipping to his room. A superstitious member of the party had already attempted to ruin things by laying the cards and declaring that she saw us surrounded by clouds of mourning; anything might happen to one or all of us at any time. We waited calmly enough, but Chancellor Dollfuss was assassinated the next day; and if we had realized that his end was the finish of our happiness, we should have felt even more distress.

Still it was the happiest of summers in the world we used to know. July finished, August passed like a dream. The roses bloomed riotously, grapes replaced other fruits. Then it rained gently and the landscape turned into a sheet of silver. Young Crèvecoeur came down from Paris. We invited him to dinner. He took one sip of our wine (his wine) and sent for Achard. "Two *fillettes* of the Canary," he ordered. And then we tasted the real, delicious Crèvecoeur wine, grown right there from vines imported from the Canaries. I, too late, understood his father's words, the mayor's advice, and I still have it in for Achard.

One day we rang at our green door and the cook kept us there a long, long time. We expostulated

and she at once "gave us her eight days," as the French say. I begged her to stay; there are no cooks to be had in the country, everybody knows that. Catherine remained firm; she didn't like the country. But didn't she like us, with whom she had lived for five years? Evidently not. I reminded her of the past, of her days in the hospital, of the fact that we were fond of her. She shook her handsome, hard old head. I broke down and cried from disappointment. Whereupon she pushed a terrine across the kitchen table and remarked: "Perhaps you like my pork pâté. But just the same, I'm going."

So we had to go too. And in Paris I found a new cook, and in due course she presented us with two children.

THE KAMPONG

by THOMAS BARBOUR

I

MY FRIEND David Fairchild, for years Chief Agricultural Explorer for the Department of Agriculture, is one of the most romantic figures I have ever known. Thousands of people know of David from having read *Exploring for Plants* and *The World Was My Garden*; thousands more are indebted to him every day of their lives for the foods with which he has enriched this country. This is no exaggeration, for his durum wheat makes our daily bread.

David's life has been a combination of triumphs and disappointments. Triumphs came, among other reasons, because of his discoveries as an explorer of plants — because that very durum wheat crop I have mentioned is now worth some fifty million dollars a year. The Japanese rices, which he introduced, represent another five million. Sudan grass is now a fifteen-million-dollar crop, and the feterita sorghum, which he brought from Egypt to our Southwest, has grown to the worth of several mil-

lions of dollars. The same is true of Peruvian hairy alfalfa. He has been instrumental in the introduction of the numberless varieties of soy beans; still other varieties derived from these by hybridization now promise to be among the most important of all American crops. That soy bean serves a hundred uses, from acidophilus soy bean milk, which David and I both enjoy, to the plastics that are essential to the airplanes of today.

It is difficult to tell of David's accomplishments in brief: he did wonders with sugar canes; the innumerable bamboos, edible and ornamental; the Chinese jujubes and persimmons; tung oil; the Japanese flowering cherries; Chinese cabbage; and the dasheen, one of the elephant ears, which has an edible root better flavored, to my way of thinking, than any potato. He has applied his skill to the introduction of the papaya, the Sarawak bean, the yam bean, to such fruits as the Quetta nectarines which are grown so extensively in California today, and a list of dates, mangoes, persimmons, and alligator pears as long as my arm.

But David is a disappointed man. His disappointment comes from the fact that the American people are the most conservative, unchanging, and completely disinclined to gastronomic adventure of any

For going on half a century, DR. THOMAS BARBOUR has been closely identified with Florida, first as a boy, then as a scientist taking note of this incredibly rich domain. Director of the Agassiz Museum at Harvard University, Dr. Barbour is at the moment building up his strength and adding the finishing touches to his new book, *That Vanishing Eden: The Story of Florida*. This is the last of five chapters which have appeared in the *Atlantic*.

people in the entire world except, perhaps, the Irish.

Every traveler has had this fact brought home to him. Each autumn, I shoot deer and elk, and the meat I bring back is about as welcome at home as rattlesnake meat would be. Some members of my family will not eat veal, I think entirely because it is light in color. They will not eat tripe. "Oh, I wouldn't taste that — it's so disgusting-looking." "Who would eat an eel? It looks like a snake." (Think of the jellied eels of Denmark and Germany in the days past.) "I don't like the consistency of sweetbreads. Besides, they're innards." All heads of calves, swine, or sheep are eschewed, without exploratory tasting, because of their appearance. And so it goes, with even rice being disliked by one, chicken livers by another, or pork, or kidneys — indeed, pretty much everything except the good old Anglo-Saxon stand-bys of beef, lamb, mutton, ham, and domestic poultry.

David has experienced this same difficulty, but many times multiplied. Now he finds the public learning — very, very slowly, but finally learning — that some of his fruits, say the best of the mangoes, and such alligator pears as the Trapp and the Lula, are really something to rave over. I think the thing which David and I, and his wife Marian too, really enjoy most about our visits together is the fact that all three of us are adventurous feeders. We will take a chance on anything, from conch croquettes to the fat, white grubs which are the larvae of the pestiferous weevils that bore into palm trees.

The story of David Fairchild's coming to Florida and his activities there has been well told in his own books. But he has never described his home, so well known as The Kampong. "Kampong" is a Malay word meaning "a little village" or a cluster of houses enclosed by a wall. His place is a strip of about eight acres, running from the shore of Biscayne Bay to the Ingraham Highway in the only old community in Southeastern Florida, one which, for a long time, has attracted writers, scientists, and men of affairs who love the quiet life. Kirk Munroe, Dr. L. H. Baekeland, Arthur Curtiss James, W. J. Matheson, and David himself are representative examples. While many of their neighbors have built formal gardens, David and Marian Fairchild have let their precincts grow up informally; there must be a hundred different types of fruit within the confines of The Kampong. The house looks out over the bay. In the foreground royal palms, coconut palms, and a noble native pine rise from a mat of untouched vegetation extending from the terrace to the mangroves fringing the shore.

The house is rambling, with an outdoor dining room and an open porch on one side. Separating the

victualing part of the house from the rest of it is an arch, serving for what in Florida is called "the breeze-way." The view through this arch as one comes up the drive makes every newcomer pause a moment to drink in the beauty of the scene.

The old, original house stands near-by, silvery gray, of Dade County pine. No timber of that house has ever yet been bored by a termite. Where would you get such wood today?

Farther down, in a bower of jasmine vines, beside a wampee tree, is another little wooden building which was used as a music room by the Fairchilds' daughter, Nancy Bell, before she married and went to live in Albania, then in Egypt, and now in Colombia, where her husband is making far-reaching discoveries concerning the etiology of yellow fever for the Rockefeller Foundation.

South of this little house, which is called The Wamperi, is a small bit of woodland, a cluster of old live oaks, their branches laden with native orchids and bromeliads. Here Roxburgh's strange fig from the Himalayas, shade-loving palms from the Philippines and Guatemala, and heaven knows what else, grow happily together. This section is called The Hammock.

Next to The Hammock stands one of the oldest buildings in all Southern Florida — a potting shed below, and upstairs David's study, his library, his microscopes, his collection of photographs, and a little of everything else. A superficial catalogue of its contents would call for a separate article. The great window of David's study is twenty feet long and looks directly into the branches of a live oak. Right where you could touch them if it were not for the glass are the flowering orchids, the migrating warblers, the squirrels, and the little squabbling lizards, who seize one another with their puny jaws, fall to the leaves on the ground, scamper about, and then climb the tree to do it all over again.

2

THE house in The Kampong where I stay during my visits consists of a room, a bath, and a porch glassed in around two of its sides, with sliding plates on the north and the east. The end of the long north side is set off as a kitchenette, and the balance is occupied by a table and some chairs. It is a pleasant place to sit in the morning when the sun is hot across the east end of the building. The house is level with the ground, the windows look straight into the shrubbery, and the fit of the front door permits some of my small reptilian neighbors to pass in and out at will.

There are a pair of very pretty, brilliantly shiny, striped skink lizards which visit me almost every day. They pick up the odd pill bugs or isopods that are spurned by my giant house spiders, and so serve a useful purpose. About half past eight a beam of light comes through the huge hibiscus bush which shades part of the porch. It comes to rest right in the middle of the seat of a big armchair, and when these two little rascals have finished their morning foraging they frequently creep up and curl up side by side in the spot of sunlight. These skink lizards can't climb, but they police the concrete floors and the cracks in the masonry where the walls join the floors.

Chameleons creep all over the place, too, but are not so intelligent as the skinks at finding their way in and out. The big house spiders are my especial pets. There is not a chance for a cockroach or a water bug to step inside the premises; one of them would have him in a jiffy. I love to see their eyes shine like tiny emeralds when I turn on the light to go to bed. The other morning before daylight, I stepped out to see what the weather prospects were, and felt something cool under my bare toes. I had pinched a little ring-necked snake, which is the most beautiful species in this part of the world to my way of thinking. The back of this little reptile is gun-metal blue with a narrow golden ring about its neck. The belly is golden yellow with black markings prettily and symmetrically arranged. This snake is not only harmless but completely a non-combatant.

Last year I found on my wall a green snake of the Southern variety, with the keeled scales, all of forty inches long. This species is a clear, brilliant, grass green, almost lighter than the green of the young cypress shoots when they first come out. This critter was long and slender and so unusually large that I saved him for the Museum. I took hold of him as he was creeping up the rock wall of the house just inside the front door as I came to open it. He opened his mouth partly in terror and partly in anger, and the inside of his mouth and throat was a most lovely rosy pink.

Only a week ago I was sitting in the little east porch which serves me as library and writing room, when a large black snake emerged from beneath the house. He had something in his mouth and soon I could see that it was a mouse or young rat. The snake moved out about eight feet to where there is a little patch of open grass, and then proceeded to give a most inept and inefficient display of mouse eating. Why black snakes have not learned to coil about their prey, hold it conveniently, and kill it promptly, the way the constricting snakes in this

region do, is a wonder to me. I suppose their musculature and backbone are conditioned and specialized for high-speed locomotion. The constrictors are slow movers. This snake used much clumsy effort in pressing the mouse against a stone with a section of its body and working it around for a long time until finally the victim was held nose on in its jaws. When, at long last, it had the mouse held just as it wished it to be, the snake slipped it down as easily as a child, trying to be funny, will suck in a piece of macaroni.

The motor traffic not far away, gardeners at work on the place, and the fact that there are a good many red-shouldered hawks in the neighborhood, all mean that I have fewer opportunities to watch reptiles than I could wish for. But I have found that it pays to keep my eyes open and to be thankful for small favors. This I was the other day, when one of our neighbors was thoughtful enough to bring me alive a beautiful coral snake which he had taken in his mango grove near Homestead, about thirty miles south of here. It was an interesting find because coral snakes are burrowers, and are rare down here where most of the land is solid rock. Moreover, it was quite typical of the Southern form, which by a curious coincidence bears the name of *Micrurus fulvius barbouri*.

One morning as I was at breakfast (I get up early and cook my own in order to have it just as daylight is coming, so that I can watch the sun rise across the bay from David's front porch), I saw, in addition to the usual pelicans, gulls, and grebes which frequent the mangrove inlet at the bottom of his front yard, a snowy egret perched in the mangrove and a pileated woodpecker on the pine tree directly before me. The only white pelican which I have ever seen in this neighborhood flew by just as I sat down to breakfast.

3

BEHIND my house there is a high stone wall which affords complete privacy in that direction. On the back stoop outside my bathroom door are my ice box and an outdoor shower. While standing under the shower, I can reach out and pick a delicious loquat plum from a tree that shades the southeast corner of the house. In front of the house there is a tiny cleared lawn, with space for a table and a few chairs, where David and I often meet to spin yarns when the day is done and it is not quite time to go to his house for supper. We are shut off from his driveway by a tangled mass of attractive vegetation, an old mulberry tree and a row of *Murraya* bushes

eight or ten feet tall, a garcinia, and a khat plant with metallic, lustrous green leaves, overtopped by *Ficus* trees of several species.

Khat leaves are chewed by the Bedouin of Southern Arabia in much the same way that coca is chewed by the Indians of High Peru and Bolivia. I haven't seen the *Murraya* in bloom. During my visits there, the high shrubs have always been laden with tiny red berries; if you cut one through with your penknife, you see it is actually a minute orange. By April, every one of these has disappeared and the bushes have been the scene of innumerable rows and bickerings as the mockingbirds squabbled over which one had the right to pick fruit. The catbirds arrive in time to help gather the last of the crop. It is rare that a mulberry reaches the stage when it is ripe enough for me to eat.

Just to the right of the doorway, scarcely fifteen feet away, is the only semblance of a boulder that I have ever seen in this vicinity. After hitting it with my shins a few times in the dark, I came to remember its position accurately. It doesn't sit down very tight against the ground, and the two skink lizards who visit my house live beneath it, and the little silver palms which surround it haven't grown an inch since David made The Kampong. They always look to me as if they were fashioned out of some flexible metal. The effect of silver is very real, especially when the sun shines on them.

Other palms are scattered all about, including a beautiful specimen of *Adonidia Merrillii*, named for an old and valued mutual friend, Professor E. D. Merrill, the master of Oriental botany. This always seems to me the most stylish of all palms. There is a spruce, clean-cut look to its stiff, curved fronds. It bears the same relation to the *Dictyosperma* on the other side of my front door that a Shetland pony does to a little hackney. There are coconut trees all about, and the wind rustling their leaves at night often makes me think that it is raining, as many times as I have heard the sound. The coconut is the queen of the palm world if it is grown where it is happy and where the soil is suitable; no specimen is ever unsightly, and no two are ever alike.

Farther away are some spiny thickets composed

of *Carissas*, *pandans*, and the like. They shelter our rabbits during the daytime. At the moment, there are four of these which come out at evening and browse about. One has a special fondness for the occasional leaf which drops from a *Ficus* tree. Two of the rabbits are so tame that I can walk within six feet of them before they hop away, and even then they don't go far. They are still out and about when I finish breakfast in the morning.

The *Carissa* clumps are shared by mockingbirds also, the great long spines giving just the protection which they favor for a nesting place. I wonder sometimes how much birds see through glass or a mosquito screen, for as I sit at my desk with the windows open and nothing but the screen between me and the giant hibiscus bush, the birds frequently sit quietly or scratch in the leaves on the ground beneath it, only a couple of feet from my chair. The ovenbirds scratch like hens, while the jorees or chewinks, as we call them in the North, jump up and scratch, using both feet at the same time.

The thing I like about the hibiscus is that the giant blood-red flowers are not only individually superb, but last only one day. Tomorrow there will be a new set of fresh blooms in a different setting. So there is eternal variety day in and day out through the year. Hibiscus flowers are not especially favored by butterflies, but in sunny weather there are always a lot of insects bumbling about; giant metallic flies which drone noisily occur here in remarkable variety. The butterflies are particularly numerous and are represented by a great many species, from the tiny little blues to an enormous black and yellow *Papilio*, which I suspect is the largest species in North America. The *Heliconius* butterflies, velvet black striped with golden yellow, are always flitting about; they seldom rest, and give the appearance, from the character of their flight, of being always on an important errand.

I only wish that you could sit here beside my front door with me in the shade of the afternoon and hear the great leaves from the Hooker's fig tree clatter as they fall to the ground, hear the mockingbirds sing and the woodpeckers call to one another. Then you would not wonder that I hate to leave this spot.

blue-black curls, warm olive skin, and large melting Italian eyes flushed darkly and turned to frown back at the girls.

"She ain't here," he said. "I'm Telio Gasparini, 'Nunziata's cousin, and I live next door to Zerullio's down at the location. 'Nunziata, she couldn't come to school this morning."

Derisive coughs came from the back of the room, and Telio's ears grew very red.

"I seen 'er 'eadin' for Camplin Pit just as I was startin' for school," volunteered skinny little Davy Ives, grinning maliciously.

Telio broke in excitedly, "I told her to keep away from there. That's sinking ground. That's where—" He stopped in the middle of a word.

"Sinking ground?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

"Condemned," explained Davy importantly. "Been mined under. Might cave in most any time. Part's gone down a'ready—that's the pit. But it's still sinkin' round the edges."

"Why can't she stay away from that pit?" Telio said unhappily. "She'll get hurt maybe."

The bell rang then, and after a while I was left alone. I had first hour free. I was still looking down at the list of names with Annunziata Zerullio's at the bottom when Mr. Steele opened the classroom door and looked in.

Behind him stood a tall miner, his sharp, dark face smudged with the red dust from the ore, though it was obvious he had tried to wash the grime away. He wore cheap, clean work-clothes. Apparently he was fresh from the "dry," where the miners scrubbed and changed clothes before they returned home from the mine.

"This is Guido Zerullio, Miss Conway," Mr. Steele said, "Annunziata's brother. And this is Annunziata."

From behind the tall young Italian a thin, heart-shaped little face appeared. The eyes looked into mine with a queer, unwilling defiance, and I stared at the child, frankly startled. She was very young, surely not fifteen, though the thin body had almost lost its childish awkwardness. I looked at the face, so sullen and so lovely: sharp, clear lines where the incredibly translucent flesh followed the bone; eyes of black flame, darting anger—or something more than anger. The eyebrows above the piercing eyes were dramatically black, their slender, tapering curves sweeping upward toward her temples like delicate strokes of a brush. Her mouth was soft and vulnerable, though the tension of her set chin and clenched jaws made my own jaws tighten.

I don't know what I had expected, but it wasn't this. With something like relief, I thought, "Why,

this is no problem case. This is only a little girl, lonely, lost somehow in the not-so-long-ago transition from babyhood."

Without thinking, I held out my hand to her. "Come in," I said. "I think this is where you belong, Annunziata."

I smiled into her strange eyes, and in the silence the lovely syllables of her name seemed to linger like the echo of a song.

The young miner spoke then, roughly, yet with an honest sincerity that made me pause.

"Don't you be coddling her up," he said sternly. "She won't thank you for it. You just see that she stays in school. I'll see she gets here. You keep her here. There ain't to be no more skipping."

The girl did not come toward me, but the sullenness on her white face had given way to a queer expression I could not define. I let my outstretched hand drop to my side and waited for her to come in.

2

AFTER the brother and Mr. Steele had gone, I made out Annunziata's schedule. She spoke reluctantly, staring at me distrustfully all the while. No, she didn't care what she took. Yes, she liked music all right. Yes, she knew where to go for all her classes.

I handed her the completed schedule, and she took it in silence. I watched her thin little figure in the faded blue dress as she turned toward the door. She carried herself with a proud, unconscious grace that was like music to watch, the little, half-developed figure apparent under the sleazy, too-small dress.

At the door she hesitated, her back still toward me. Curiously I watched her. With a quick movement she turned.

"Thank you," she said shortly and disappeared into the corridor.

The days passed, and Annunziata continued to attend school with some regularity. But with regularity, too, came disturbing reports of her conduct in her classes. "She left in the middle of class without my permission," wrote Miss Nichols, who taught English. "Annunziata is extremely insolent," said the math teacher, Miss Tully, a fiery little pouter-pigeon of a woman. "She will not answer even when I call on her repeatedly. She just sits and stares out the window." The art teacher wrote me a concerned little note: "Annunziata has real talent, but she will work at nothing but dark abstractionist blobs."

I talked to Annunziata, of course, about atten-

tiveness and courtesy, and she listened with stiff, nervous reserve. The reports grew fewer after that, except that Miss Tully was still unsatisfied. "She doesn't look out the window any more," she complained. "She looks straight at me as if I were the window and she could see right through me. She makes me wonder if my slip is showing!"

"Shall I tell her to go back to looking out the window?" I suggested, though I didn't really feel like laughing.

To me it seemed that the child was struggling, in an actually physical way, to control whatever there was within her that made her different. What concerned me was not her occasional failure but why the adjustment was so difficult for her to make.

In spite of everything, I came to believe that she was growing more happy in school, until early one rainy afternoon she left against Mr. Steele's request, walked out while he spoke her name telling her to return. She ran off into the downpour, disappearing behind some sprawling red buildings beside the road.

The next morning Annunziata and I were both asked to come to the office. Mr. Steele was standing at the window, his head bent, his hands clasped behind him. It was still raining. Without turning, he asked us to sit down.

"I'm not going to ask you why you disobeyed me, Annunziata," he said, his usually easy voice stern, "because I know you wouldn't tell me."

Annunziata moved uneasily in her chair.

"I've had faith in you," he went on. "I think you know that. I was always on your side — Miss Conway and I, both — even though you hadn't confided in us."

There was no sound from Annunziata, but her face was white.

"Well," he said, "that faith is gone, Annunziata. You can't go on believing in people when they show you openly that you're wrong."

"Mr. Steele," I protested, "perhaps she can —"

"Explain?" he said, turning. "Can you, Annunziata?" In spite of his stern tone, his eyes were kind.

The knuckles of her hands shone bone-white, so close was her grip on the chair-arms.

"Not so you'd believe me," she said, almost inaudibly. "Would you believe me that I didn't hear you?"

He looked at her, frowning sharply. "Not when I spoke to you in the hall, asking you to see me after school?"

"No."

"And when I called your name twice as you were opening the door?"

"I didn't hear you."

He turned abruptly. "You are right," he said, moving the papers on his desk. "I cannot believe that. But that isn't the point. Will you tell me why you went?"

She looked at him a moment with smoldering eyes, her white lips tight. "No, I won't tell you," she said.

3

WHEN the child was gone, he sat down heavily at his desk, rubbing his hand across his eyes with a tired gesture.

"Was I too harsh?" he said. Without waiting for my answer, he went on, "Too bad the father died. She was straight before. This sort of thing started half a year later. No control. Her brother and his wife are young — and indulgent."

He brought his fist down several times on the desk as if he would pound understanding out of it.

"Well," he said. "Well, there's not much from now on but to be firm with her, firm and watchful."

"Couldn't it be," I asked hesitantly, "that she really didn't hear?"

"No," he said, rising. "No. We'll have to admit it. She heard, and still she went. Well, watch her all you can. No more escapades, or — Well, you'll know what to tell her."

On my way back to the classroom I met Telio. I saw him hesitate as I nodded in passing, and on an impulse I turned.

"Telio," I said, and he paused and faced me, leaning one elbow awkwardly against the shadowed wall, "Telio, she won't speak for herself. Do you know why Annunziata runs away? She must have some reason. Could you tell me?"

He stared down at his hands, shaking his head slowly. "I don't know," he said reluctantly.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I thought we might do something to help, if only we knew."

I moved to go on, but he spoke quickly. "I don't know why she skips, but I've followed her sometimes and seen what she does. Miss Conway, she don't do anything! I mean she — just goes." He swallowed and looked up from his clasped hand, meeting my eyes. "She just walks, to the woods, or up Mary's Hill, or back of the Beacon. She walks fast as if she was going someplace, and then she'll stop, and just stand. Then after a while she'll turn and come back. If it was anybody but Nunziata, I'd say she was nuts. For gosh sakes, skipping in a rainstorm — like yesterday!"

"That's just it," I said quickly. "She doesn't seem to skip for the fun of a day in the open, or for

any of the usual reasons. And if she were ill, all she'd need to do would be to tell me, and I'd excuse her. It can't be that, either. Why do you suppose she does it, Telio?"

"Darned if I know," Telio said helplessly. Then he added, "But I bet she's got a reason. Otherwise she wouldn't get you mad at her. She likes you, Miss Conway."

"I'm not 'mad at her,' Telio," I said, turning. "Just worried — worried."

There was an added tenseness in Annunziata's manner after that, but she seemed pathetically trying to be good, to restore lost faith. Her face, lifted to mine in the homeroom, stood out from the others with sharp clarity. The rosy Cornish faces and the pale, bluish Finnish ones seemed quenched, as if under water, and the clear, ivory oval of Annunziata's face appeared to gather rays of light and to glow.

She seemed unconscious of her loveliness, of the turning eyes and flushing faces of the adolescent boys. They could not look away from her, especially Bruno Riskunen. One day, as he passed her in the aisle, he touched her hair in an awkward caress. Like a flash she had thrust out her foot, and the big lumbering Finnish boy toppled to his knees while his classmates hooted with joyous laughter.

That night after school Annunziata stopped to talk with me, her arms full of books. She stood before my desk a moment, silent.

At last she said accusingly, "Why didn't you bawl me out for tripping Bruno?"

"Do you think I should have?" I asked.

"Why — why, sure." She looked at me uncertainly.

"Why?" I asked.

"Why, teachers always do." She seemed bewildered.

"What would you have me say that you haven't told yourself already?"

She hesitated a moment, and then all at once her face lighted in a smile. "You're a funny teacher, Miss Conway," she said. The eyes that seemed always to be looking into something far-distant grew warm and near, and fun sparkled in them for a moment.

After she had gone, I sat for a long time in thought, trying to see a way to reach her, to help her. Behind her apparently meaningless behavior I felt there was something else. She was, in a way I could not explain, too close within herself, too rapt. It went beyond willfulness, this force that seemed to drive her. Almost, it seemed to me, it was not willfulness at all, but a queer abnegation of will. I could not

put into words the sense I had of her over-alooftness, of her seeming engrossment with sights beyond vision. As I had thought when I first had seen her, so now I thought again, that she was lost — lost and afraid. More than that I could not see.

Between sixth and seventh hours the next day Annunziata disappeared again. Mr. Gresham sent me a cryptic note: "Off again, gone again, Zerullio again!"

"Seventh hours seem always hard on Annunziata's staying powers," he said later, cocking one eyebrow whimsically when I questioned him outside his classroom. "She started last spring. Used to sit there in her seat with her head on one side, her eyes big as saucers, looking as if she were listening to something — 'horns of fair Elfland' sort of thing. Then, let me turn my head just once — no Annunziata!"

She came back the next morning looking white and ashamed, frightened and yet defiant. She brought no excuse from home.

"Does your brother know you left without permission, Annunziata?" I asked, looking up reproachfully at her as she stood in front of my desk, her small pointed chin set stubbornly, her eyes dark with feeling.

"Yes," she said proudly. "I told him. He whipped me." Then she added sharply, "He didn't hurt me, though. Does — does Mr. Steele know?"

I shook my head. "But why did you go?" I asked. "Tell me truly."

Her breathing grew quick and shallow. She looked over my shoulder into nothing, and her eyes shone wildly.

"The bells," she said breathlessly, "like at church, ringing —" She stopped suddenly as if for the first time she realized she had spoken aloud to me.

"I just had to go," she said shortly, retreating into stubborn silence.

I rose and went to her, clasping her arms at the shoulder, holding her slight body at arm's length. She turned her head sharply to one side so that she need not face me, and stood stiff and unresponsive.

"Look at me, Annunziata," I said.

She shook her head in a violent negative and kept her face averted.

"There were no bells, Annunziata," I said. "Can't you tell me what it really was?"

Slowly, unwillingly, her head turned, and she lifted her wild, bright eyes to mine. Without warning she choked queerly, and I found myself holding her shaking little body in my arms while she sobbed out a wordless grief against my shoulder. For a moment her arms clutched at me, holding me in a convulsive grip, and then, as suddenly as she had

come to me she wrenched herself away. Her face was tear-marred and pale.

"You have no right to ask," she cried accusingly. "Oh, can't you leave me alone? There's nothing to tell. Nothing I can tell. Don't you think I'd say if I could — if I knew? Oh, I wish I was dead!"

The stormy tears flooded her eyes, and she ran sobbing from the room.

I did not call to her or go after her.

What if she really did not know the force that drove her, I wondered, any more than the child in the night who sobs, "The dark! The dark!"

I tried to put her out of my mind then, but thought of her was never far from me.

4

LATE one night that November, while I was on my way home from a meeting, my car broke down about two miles from town. I was alone. Since it was the nearest way to get help, I cut across the fields and took the path up the hill past the Beacon mine.

It was moonlight, still and cold, though there was as yet no snow on the ground. My feet made little sound on the red dust path, and as I walked, I listened in the night quiet to the sound I had heard before, the tiny silver sound of elfin hammers beating underground. It made me remember that this solid earth I walked upon under the stars was really honeycombed with shafts, level after level extending down where men worked day and night to break loose the ore that was piled on the rusty hillsides. Deep under the earth were men, sweating, bending under the low ceilings. I pictured them, down, down, tiny as the far-off, muted sounds of their blows.

I shivered a little. Over there to the north was Camplin Pit. That happened, too. Sometimes the levels were cut away too much, and the ground sank down on the empty corridors, down on the dark rails and on the timbers that had not been strong enough to hold up the tremendous earth.

I was passing the mine buildings now, painted red all of them, the color of the ore and of the dusty, unpaved roads of the iron country. To my right was the hoist. Ahead was the "dry," and next to it the offices. In the pale moonlight I caught sight of something moving near the rough walls.

Annunziata! I could not mistake that face, clear in the moonlight.

I called to her and saw her hesitate for a moment as if she had been turned to stone. Then she ran away. I could see her flimsy dress flaring in the wind beneath her short coat.

She was in school the next day, pale and quiet, but she would not look at me, nor would she answer me when I told her I wanted to talk with her after school, though I called her name twice. Perhaps she will not stay, I thought, but she did.

She stood before me, meeting my eyes at last, guardedly, as if she dreaded my asking.

"Why?" I said. "Can't you tell me why, Annunziata?"

"No," she said coldly, turning her face away. That was all.

"I should like to go home with you tonight, Annunziata," I said, "to talk with your brother and his wife."

"If you want to," she said with chill passivity.

It was cold as we started out. Underfoot the ground was frozen, and the lumps of half-crushed ore hurt my feet. There were no sidewalks — only the narrow red path separated from the frozen ruts of the highway by a strip of dead grass, stained a dull red too, from the dust of the road.

In spring there would be a short time when the bright green of the grass, glowing beside the highway, contrasting with its redness, would be lovely beyond telling, but soon the ore dust would be over all. Even the trees were never green for long, but stood tarnished and pale along the roadsides through the brief summer.

Now it was time for the snow that would come down white and clean. For an hour it would lie over the ore piles and the torn hillsides, making us remember how once the world had been young and untouched. Then from somewhere over the hills the wind would blow, and the ore dust would settle down on the whiteness, and the drifts would lie there looking like soiled bandages from which the blood had been partly washed away.

Annunziata walked beside me silently, and the crunch of our footsteps on the frozen rocky path and the whirling sigh of the rising winter wind were the only sounds to break the stillness.

The path from the school to the Beacon location skirted the woven barbed-wire fence which surrounded the sinking ground around the Camplin Pit. We were passing it now. For some reason we both paused.

"The waters are frozen in the pit," I said, glancing to the left. "Could that be why they're so much lower than usual?"

The ugly sides of the sunken area rose jagged and ominous above the dirty ice.

The girl did not speak, but from the corner of my eye I was startled to see that, for no apparent reason, she was making the sign of the cross. In the

windy stillness I heard again the far-off, faery sound of hammers underground.

Annunziata heard it, too, and I was conscious of her heightened nervous breathing.

"They're gathered under the sinking ground," she said in a strangled voice. "Hear them! They're working down there!" She crossed herself again.

"It must be safe," I said practically. "The safety inspectors would not permit —"

She began to run in a frightened way, and I followed as quickly as I could. Once past the pit, she stopped and waited, paths of tears glistening on her cheeks, though she had wiped her eyes dry.

We came to the row of gray painted company houses — the Beacon location. All the houses were identical, and all were ugly now. In summer climbing roses on the gray walls or clumps of bright red and yellow nasturtiums or blue cornflowers in round, stone-bordered beds by the steps would make them less alike, but now everything was dead.

5

BEFORE the fourth house in the row, Annunziata paused and we turned in and climbed the plain board steps to the little unrailed porch. Annunziata threw open the door and motioned for me to go in.

"Guido," she called. "Guido!"

The small front room was very clean and very bare. In the center of the floor was a round table covered by a brightly embroidered doily on which was set a vase of paper roses. Four plain straight chairs stood against the four walls. To the right of the door on a low wooden table a white wax candle burned beneath a gaudy lithograph of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

As Annunziata was calling her brother, a door opened and a young woman came in. She was beautiful in a healthily flamboyant way, full lips crimson with rouge, eyes black and lash-fringed.

"This is Maria," Annunziata said tonelessly, "my brother's wife. — Miss Conway has to see Guido."

Her brother came in then, too, and shook hands, his face very serious. Annunziata stood, framed in the low doorway, still dressed in her coat and scarf, and the look on her white face made me start and almost wish I had not come. She moved as if to flit soundlessly away, but Guido turned.

"Annunziata! You stay," he said with stern affection. Then, turning to me, he asked, "What's she done? Must be plenty bad — you got to come see me, Miss Conway." He laughed nervously, a little defensively.

I began to tell them what I had seen the night before and of how Annunziata had run away from school, disobeying the principal. Even as I began, I felt the man brace himself stubbornly against the criticism he thought was coming. The woman, too, without moving from where she sat, seemed to be between the girl and any judgment against her, protective, jealous.

"These things are true," I said at last, looking from the man to his wife. In her chair Annunziata sat, still and listening, her eyes looking deep into the candle's flame where it flickered upon the gilt picture frame. Little wavering lights burned in her eyes.

"These things are true," I repeated, "but I know surely, and you even more surely, that while they are true they also lie."

All but Annunziata looked at me, startled. She was leaning toward the candle's wavering yellow tongue, her lower lip drawn back from her teeth, the muscles of her pointed chin and her throat knotted and tense. No one spoke for a moment, but the flame of the candle bowed, and the gilt frame enclosing the sacred picture swayed a little on the wall. In the stillness the distant, frightening sound of underground rumbling reached our ears.

"They lie," I went on, "because they do not mean what they seem to mean. What is true, I don't know. I think perhaps you can help me to find out."

No one answered, but the tension of their antagonism seemed to break. I waited expectantly for one of them to speak, to throw some light on my uncertainty. When Guido spoke, however, I knew that his bewilderment was deeper than my own.

"By the Beacon ain't a good place to be, 'Nunziata," he said, turning to her slowly and speaking with blundering candor. "Why do you go there?"

"It is not good to be there," he repeated patiently when she did not answer. "Hear me, 'Nunziata. If you care for me or for our papa who is in Paradise, you will go to school daytimes and stay safe and good with Maria nights when I am in the mine."

The girl's breathing grew more rapid, but still she did not answer or give any other sign that she heard.

He stood up, unnaturally tall in the candlelight. "Listen!" he said. "Listen! What is it you do? What is it you see when you go off alone? Tell me now. Tell me!"

Something in his urgency touched Annunziata, rousing her from the icy paralysis of her silence. She jumped up, trembling, and her words, when they came, were choked and incoherent.

"I can't tell. There's nothing. That's it — there's nothing! And I have to go. Oh, can't you stop asking and asking me? Just let me go!"

He reached out his arm to stop her as she ran for the outer door, but she eluded him. Stopping, poised, the table between them, she said, her voice hardly recognizable in its impotent, angry grief, "And our papa isn't in Paradise! Don't tell lies! He's out there under the rock and water in the pit. And he's dead. He's dead!"

With a shock I remembered how she had made the sign of the cross when we had paused at that place. I had not known her father had died that way.

Her voice rose into a shrill wail, coming back to us through the open door as she fled down the bare board steps, out into the falling night.

Guido started after her, but Maria caught his arm.

"Let her go," she said dully. "In the dark you could not find her. I know. I have tried."

Guido stood looking out the open door into the windy dark. For a long moment he stood there with Maria's hand upon his sleeve and his own hand on the white china knob, before he closed the door and turned to us again. The bewildered agony in his eyes when they met mine made me look away quickly.

He walked to a chair like a man asleep and sat down, resting his forehead in his hands.

"Isn't there something — anything — you can tell me that may help?" I said at last desperately, breaking the silence.

He shrugged without speaking and brushed one thin wrist across his eyes.

"She ain't a bad girl," he said at last, with dogged stubbornness.

It was the one thing of which he was sure, and he repeated it helplessly now, since he had nothing else he could say.

Maria said, "I've seen her out sometimes, not doing a thing. Just walking, or stopping — like to listen." She looked at me hopefully as if she expected me to find in her words a meaning deeper than she herself could find.

"Telio told me so, too," I said. "But — listening? For what does she listen?"

They shook their heads helplessly.

"Once she said something about — bells," I suggested, watching their faces. "Bells — like the bells at Mass —"

I sighed to see the deepening bewilderment in their faces.

"Our father died in the mine," he said hesitantly. "But it wasn't only that — with Annunziata. It

hit us all pretty hard, him getting killed like that. 'Nunziata she cried till she was sick. Well, after a while Sister Vincent came over, and then 'Nunziata seemed to — to not take it so hard. Sister Vincent got her started to going to church more and helping at the hospital."

"So this — this strangeness in her did not follow your father's death?" I asked.

"No," he said. "She seemed to get over that some. This other come a long time after — her acting bad, I mean. Why, from the time Sister Vincent came, 'Nunziata seemed to — to get almost holy."

Maria nodded quickly. "For hours she'd pray in the church," she said, "until her forehead was marked from resting against the pew ahead."

"I used to call her my nun, my Sister," Guido said with a sad pride. "All the time she was with the Sisters, helping at the hospital — with Sister Vincent most of all. I even thought maybe — But she's stopped all that now."

6

THE little sitting room reserved for the Sisters in Saint Luke's seemed dingy and unlovely the next day. Through the small window I could see the dark and sprawling ore piles beside the Beacon. Only the sky above their jagged tops was clear and lovely, and when I drew my gaze back from out-of-doors and looked again at the cracked ceiling with its bluish calcimine, the bare table, the wooden rockers lusterless and old, the memory of the sky's illimitable blue made the little room look even darker and more cheerless.

I roused from my idle contemplation as Sister Vincent entered, her white habit rustling in the corridor outside before she herself appeared. She extended her hand, finely formed but reddened by the work she did.

"I am Sister Vincent de Paul," she said, smiling with gentle warmth. "You wished to speak with me?"

Without quite knowing that I had begun, I found myself telling her my problem, of my nameless fears for the child she knew, Annunziata.

"I blame myself," she said contritely when I had told her of Annunziata's erratic behavior. "She helped here in the hospital when she could, the little Zerullio, and I am at fault that one so young has seen what she has seen."

"Her brother was pleased that you took an interest in her," I said. "He even seemed to think she might —"

The nun sighed. "It is a good life, ours," she said simply. "Hard — but what life is not hard? And we have compensations."

Involuntarily I looked up at the unrelieved ugliness of the dim room. Sister Vincent saw my glance and smiled.

"She was so vulnerable," she said with deep pity, her sweet voice weighing the words earnestly, "so easily touched — the sight of the high altar, the sound of the little bell that rings when the Host is lifted up, a poem by Thompson or Hopkins — they all reached her heart. It is not good to be so quickly moved."

For a moment the nun seemed lost in thought, her head bent so that the stiff headdress shadowed her face.

"Before she came to help us, she had lost her father," she said, looking at me keenly. "You knew?"

I nodded.

"She missed him, and yet his dying — the agony of such a death — was not real to her. Then one night they brought in an injured man from the Palatka. He had been crushed in the mine. Not a cave-in. A timber or section of roof had fallen — I do not remember. The child was just going home. She stood in the hall as they carried him past, and he was dying. He kept screaming through the blood from his lips, saying, 'Mama, mama, mama, help me. Don't let them hurt me, mama,' though he was old, old as her father. She just stood quite still against the wall, looking with those amazing eyes of hers. And then he died, and lay there on the stretcher like some crushed insect, foul and awful."

The nun stopped, her shadowed eyes seeming to see the whole dark scene.

"I had hurried to the child," she said. "She shrank back from me a little when I approached her, and I could see that she was greatly shocked. Her lips were drawn back from her teeth, like a dog that is in terror, and her throat was tight as if she were screaming silently inside herself. 'I heard it, but I didn't know that was it,' she was saying, but not to me. Do you know what she meant?"

"Death, perhaps?" I said, but I was troubled by a shadowy certainty that there was more than I had yet perceived. No one, I thought, has ever heard death.

On the road home I met Guido Zerullio upon the hill above the hospital. He saw me and stopped.

"I go on early shift tomorrow," he said, shaking my hand. "Nights now I can watch over my sister."

"That is good," I said, and we each went our way.

7

It was just two days later that the men of the early shift were trapped in the mine, trapped and drowned when the roof of the sixth level crumbled, and suddenly the water that had been seeping out of Camplin Pit poured into the near-by Beacon. Only one man, who escaped the falling ore, lived to tell about it.

Annunziata went quietly to her seat in the home-room the morning of that day. She looked at me and nodded without smiling but with that flame-like illumination of her face that was so lovely.

During the quiet of the afternoon study period, I happened to glance down the rows to where she sat. She was looking up unseeingly, white and tense, and her whole body was trembling. She was listening to something. The "horns of fair Elf-land," Mr. Gresham had said.

Then I, too, became conscious of an all but inaudible beating, a far-away rhythmic throbbing underground.

Watching Annunziata, I remembered Mrs. Page-ty's words, "Some say 'tisn't good to 'ear the mines."

With Annunziata it was not good. For her, I thought, there seems never to have been the easy peace of the accepted, the customary, that shield against the sharpness of experience. Others might forget the dark world underground, but not Annunziata. Never Annunziata.

She "hears the mines," I thought, like signals from another world, like bells ringing to danger.

Something brought me back from whatever far place my mind had traveled to, and I saw that Annunziata was listening still, her eyes gleaming fearfully. Then, all at once I was aware that the pounding had ceased, and the silence that followed seemed to come like the rushing of a deep and ominous wind to our straining ears. I had an eerie feeling that we were listening, not to silence, but to the ghost of some mighty sound.

The fear in the girl's eyes grew into panic. The sight of her knotted throat muscles made me think that she might scream, but instead she rose unsteadily. Coming down the aisle to me she said, an almost unbearable tension making her voice rasping and harsh, "I'm going. I have to go."

She started to turn away, and then she did a strange and moving thing. She turned back to me, and slowly she stretched out her hand.

Her fearful, haunted eyes held mine for a moment before she turned away. It was as if she had asked a thing of me and been denied.

"Wait," I said sharply. "Wait. I'll go with you, Annunziata."

I had no right to go, to leave my classes and all my work unfinished, but I went nevertheless.

By the dreary Camplin Pit she stopped her headlong flight to listen. I stopped, too. There was no sound of elfin hammers now — only the swish of the cold wind in the dead leaves that blew about the sinking ground.

"They aren't working down there any more," she said, and the smile she turned to me was dreadful to see.

"Annunziata!" I cried. "What do you mean?"

"They try to get out," she said wildly, "the dead men — my father and the others. You can hear them underground, pounding, pounding."

She started to walk then, her thin little body shivering inside the worn coat.

"What you can hear is the sound of the crews working in the Beacon," I said reasonably, keeping pace with her half-running steps. "The sound seems to come from the pit. It doesn't really, of course."

"They're trying to get to where Guido and the rest are," she said breathlessly, going on as if my words had been no more than the wind in the leaves. "They don't know they're dead. They keep working to get out. I hear them. Oh, Guido! Guido!"

When the drowned bodies were recovered from the Beacon, a mass funeral was held in the little cemetery, snow-covered now, for the winter storms had begun at last, and clean white drifts covered all the ground.

Queerly enough, these mining folk buried their dead in the very center of the town, a quiet acre of polished gray stones with the houses of the living close on every side. It was as if they felt that, living, their men had been buried far below the earth, so that, dead, they would want to be brought home within reach of chimney smoke and lighted windows by night, and blue sky and sweet winds by day.

Now at the funeral, all eyes followed the movements of the one survivor, a wizened little Cornishman named Johnny Trevarthan. More even than the widowed women and their children he wept and would not be consoled.

"The roof it came atween us," he kept telling whoever would listen, "an' then was a rushing as o' many waters on t'other side. An', oh, but I wisht I 'adn't 'a lived to coom back."

I had called at the Zerullios' before the funeral, of course. Father Muratti had been there, and I had seen that Annunziata was telling her beads,

kneeling, her pale forehead bowed against the worn red-velvet cloth that hung from the edge of the coffin. She looked up then, her face alight with an inner illumination and a strange, precarious peace.

When a week had gone by after the funeral, I went once more to the bare company house to urge Annunziata to return to school. It would be easier for her there, I knew, than to stay in the house where each creak of the floor would remind her of the living presence of her brother.

The house was empty. No curtains covered the windows and no smoke came from the cold chimney. Strangely chilled, I turned away.

"Telio," I asked the next morning, "where are they?"

He looked unhappy and shook his downcast curly head. "They've gone away," he said. "Just gone away. That's all we know. Maria said she couldn't stand to hear the hammering underground, now that Guido was dead, and the next morning they'd both gone."

That's all, except that the next winter a letter came for me, postmarked from a little town in Kansas. There was no salutation and no signature, but in Annunziata's round, little-girl hand a verse was written.

I read it over twice, with the memory of Guido's voice in my ears. As if he sat before me, I saw his ore-stained hands and heard the sad pride in his voice as he spoke of his sister.

For the poem Annunziata had sent me was Gerard Manley Hopkins's song of the little nun about to take the veil. The whiteness of the robe Sister Vincent had worn seemed to shine before my eyes, but under the stiff white coif it was a child's face I saw, pale, heart-shaped, empty of all fear.

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

I walked to the window. Outside, the snow was falling heavily again, clean and white and chill, covering the ore piles and the raw cuts on the hills, erasing the powdered red dust of the roads and the dark ice on Camplin Pit — falling alike on Saint Luke's and the graves of the dead.

Silently the snow was blotting out unsightly things, making it believable, if only for an hour, that there might really be created another, cleaner earth, innocent and calm and safe.

MARK TWAIN: BUSINESS MAN

Letters and Memoirs

Edited by SAMUEL CHARLES WEBSTER

WHEN Sam Clemens began his training as a river pilot, he made his home with his sister, Pamela Clemens Moffett, in St. Louis. Pamela's daughter Annie, five years old at the time, fell in love with her dashing, chestnut-haired uncle Sam. When Annie grew up, she married Charles L. Webster, who for many years was to be Mark Twain's publisher, man of business, and close friend. Annie's recollections and the hundreds of Mark Twain letters to her husband have been skillfully edited for the *Atlantic* by her son, Samuel Charles Webster. None of this correspondence has been published before. This is the fourth of several installments. — THE EDITOR

1

MARK TWAIN, when absorbed in the preparation of a new book, left the direction of his numerous business affairs in the hands of Charles L. Webster. He would state emphatically that he never wanted to be bothered with business questions again, but Webster probably learned not to take that declaration seriously. In the summer of 1883, Uncle Sam was at Elmira, New York, working on *Huckleberry Finn*, and as usual, he wrote my father that he could not be interrupted.

There followed an eloquent silence of one month — then a peremptory letter. One expects to hear that the masterpiece is finished. But no — something greater than literature had struck Uncle Sam. He had invented a game that entertained his children very much — when he played it with them. Webster was to get busy, patent the game, market it, and make a fortune.

The game swept Uncle Sam off his feet, and his brother Orion, too, in Keokuk. Uncle Sam employed Orion to look up historical data for him, and both households thought of nothing else. *Huckleberry Finn* was quite forgotten. The letters on the history game cover pages, and give all kinds of instructions that Webster was to carry out, and details that he was to look into. For instance: —

Aug. 1, '83

DEAR CHARLEY —

The *implements* of the game, & way to play it — are the patentable features & the *only* patentable features, ain't they?

For instance:

A *playing-board* with pinholes connected with or punched through *dates* in the world's history; & some after each ruler; reigns of kings, presidents or other rulers distinguished by separate colors, or like device, to show length & epoch of rule at a glance.

Chart for Empire. Has dates & color-arrangement corresponding with the playing board. In addition, has *Events* opposite the *dates*; also each ruler's name & length of reign in his proper space or on his color. And possibly the *History-Book*.

There — that's simple, & it's all there *is* that's patentable, isn't it so? I'm not expecting or purposing to change these *implements* even though I had till next centennial.

So, just go ahead & take out patents, for U. S., Canada & England.

As for the book, I suppose it can be mentioned, described & patented as a *part* of this machinery — but if it can't it can be copyrighted.

S. L. CLEMENS

[P.S.] I wanted a long delay, you know, in order mainly, to try the game & satisfy myself that it is *worth* patenting. But I see, without all that bother, that it *is* worth it — so, patent it in the 3 countries. S. L. C.

Aug. 3, '83

DEAR CHARLEY —

Never mind about applying for a patent. I see that the caveat is entirely sufficient, for the present.

I have sent Munn & Co. the required \$25. I have also asked them to examine patent-office records &

see whether my game-idea is old or new, patentable or unpatentable.

Yrs

S. L. C.

[P.S.] I hope you are enjoying your holiday — you needed one.

We send love to Annie & the children.

S. L. C.

Sept. 22

DEAR CHARLEY —

I will write Orion.

Meantime I have arranged a few of the dates myself, since I came home, in order to be ready to practice the game when you send me the board.

Well, I'm very glad to get cheering news about that cursed book¹ — it has been scarce enough.

Yrs

S. L. C.

2

AUNT LIVY CLEMENS and my father both had a love of antiques, and I think my father enjoyed shopping with her or for her. He loved rummaging around New York antique shops, and auctions were always a joy to him. None of Aunt Livy's presents to my mother indicates the conventional Victorian taste she is supposed to have had. They are in line with the discriminating taste of today. The "little table" in the following letter is evidently one of their purchases: —

Saturday

DEAR CHARLEY —

Now by the time you can get the board shipped to me, I shall be ready to use it. I've got all the reigns skeletonized, & shall have them printed & send you a copy.

Livy's little table which you and she bought has not arrived yet, & is a week overdue.

Yrs

S. L. C.

[P.S.] Order 300 envelopes printed, with "return to S. L. C." on them. The one which encloses this letter is nearly the last I've got. S. L. C.

Thursday

DEAR CHARLEY —

The board is excellent, now.

It is this moment received, so I have experimented but little. Thus far I observe but one possi-

¹ *Life on the Mississippi*, which had appeared in the spring.

ble improvement — to-wit: Let us *repeat* the initial dates of the several reigns. . . .

This *emphasizes* the initial years, & will develop other merits, too, I think.

I think that several thicknesses of the commonest, coarsest, cheapest, loose-woven blanketing or similar goods will answer our purpose quite well, when packed together pretty tightly between the boards — especially if we increase the *depth* a mere trifle, so as to give the pin a little deeper hold. I don't believe an increased depth will be necessary, but we can do it *if* necessary.

It's a successful board *now*.

Proof all right. Print a few copies — 25 is a plenty — & keep several for you & Annie to experiment with.

As soon as shall seem wise, come up & we will contract with Bliss for the new book. We will keep pretty quiet about it for the present — Bliss will see the advantage of that, himself. We shall need almost all the time between now & Jan. 7 to print canvassing books, circulars, & etc., & I'd like the canvassing to actually *begin* near that date, so that the book could *issue* May 25, or May 20.

Yrs truly

S. L. C.

The last paragraph refers to *Huckleberry Finn*. Apparently the idea at this time was to have Bliss do the manufacturing.

Sept. 28, '83

MY DEAR BRO —

Kings rec'd. Quite satisfactory. Send balance soon as you can.

O, yes! — go right along with the former labor the minute you get the skeletons done — but don't print till I say.

The news from Ma is first rate. All well here & send love.

SAM

On October 3 or 4 — as he dates it himself — he sent my father some new ideas to add to the history game patent, and instructions for a new experiment-board — to consist of two boards with felt between. By October 10 he has received and approved certain details Webster has introduced and tells him to go ahead and put the whole thing in type. " . . . and mind, don't send me *first* proof; & don't send me *first revise*, either. Send me the *second-revise*. . . . Save me what profanity you can. Orion's MS is infernal. . . . Make a new board, Charley, with all improvements to date and send it to me."

After that a few more improvements are suggested. Meanwhile:—

3

Oct. 6

DEAR CHARLEY —

Did I tell you to buy that Secretary & ship it to me? I meant to, anyway. I shall hide it & bring it forth on Livy's birthday.

Yrs

S. L. C.

Oct. 15, '83

DEAR CHARLEY —

Orion has been sick, but says he will soon send me George II. That will finish the Skeletons, I believe. I enclose his latest skeletons.

Received Am. Pub. Co.'s ck. I'm afraid they've sold as many old books in the last 3 months as Osgood has new ones.

That piece of furniture has arrived.

Ys truly

S. L. CLEMENS

The next letter is to Mrs. Orion Clemens, his sister-in-law:—

DEAR MOLLIE —

It is distressing. It is as pathetic as it can be, the way ma's infirmities affect her. May I never be old with ruined faculties!

I have written ma, as you see. It will be many a long month, I fear, before Livy's health & the heavy requirements of her family and housekeeping will make it safe for her to add to her freightage of care. There has been no time since last spring when it would have done to invite ma.

How is Wm. the Conqueror progressing? I don't care to have him in full perfection yet, but want him in nearly any imperfect shape that will answer for me to *experiment* on. I could build him in such shape myself, in a couple of hours, but I can't spare the couple of hours. If I had him to experiment on, I could soon perfect the game to my liking.

Love to all

SAM

Unfortunately the game, like Kaolatype and the Paige typesetter (described in the July and August issues of the *Atlantic*) defied "full perfection" — it didn't even hit the outer rim of the target. In the end Uncle Sam decided that it was impracticable unless he could explain it to the players in person, and with that the notion blew away. He advised his friend William Dean Howells never to waste his time inventing a history game.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS and Mark Twain now wrote a play, *The American Claimant*. They had a lot of fun over it and thought they had turned out a masterpiece. Uncle Sam had an impression that there would be an awful fight to get the play, and the terms he laid down at first were the kind no actor would touch. He kept modifying the terms, but even so, there was no rush to secure the play. It was too farcical, and though Uncle Sam might change his terms, he wouldn't change his script.

The character of the American Claimant combined Colonel Sellers (Cousin James Lampton) with another and more distant Lampton relative, a Mr. Leathers, who claimed to be the rightful Earl of Durham, because he was the nearest male relative of the original Lampton who had come to this country in the early days. The original Lampton was said to be the older brother of the Lampton who inherited the Durham title. Leathers was a man of some property, and could afford to spend money trying to substantiate his claim. He used to call on Uncle Sam and Aunt Livy, and my mother remembers that they loved to have him come because he was an entertaining character.

I don't know what basis Uncle Sam had for his comments about John T. Raymond, the actor he had selected to play the part, in the next letter. He got the impression that Raymond had overreached him. Whether there was anything to it I don't know.

Nov. 30, '83

DEAR CHARLEY —

Now that you have made your opening, let Raymond do the rest. That is to say, you & Whitford sit still, & let R. come *there* — don't you go to *him*. We can't allow our agents to occupy the position of second fiddle.

Do you think you understand my position toward Raymond as to the play? It is simply this: *I wish to God he would not take it.*

(Read that over, four or five times, till you get it soaked home.)

If he *should* take it, there must be a lot of things put in the contract — a *limit* (of time) for one thing: — say, the first time another piece has to be inserted into the week, this contract to *cease* then. (I bet I know the value of *that* clause from old experience.)

Whenever you & Whitford talk with Raymond, have the conversation taken down in shorthand & preserved. You can do this openly. He would

Jan. 2, '84

stand with his foot on the steps of the throne of God & lie, concerning what was said — so, for your security & mine, you want to preserve a record of what he *did* say. He knows that *I* know, that as a liar he has not his equal, either in hell or out of it.

(Keep this letter for future reference — You'll see.)

Why do I offer him the piece at all? 1. For these reasons: He plays that character well; there are not thirty actors in the country who can do it better; & 2. He has a sort of sentimental right to be *offered* the piece — though no moral or other kind of right.

Therefore, we *do* offer it to him — but only once, not twice. Let us have no humming & hawing — make short sharp work of the business.

Yrs truly

S. L. CLEMENS

[P.S.] I decline to have any correspondence with R. myself, in *any* way. S. L. C.

Dec 19

DR CHARLEY —

It occurs to me that you could have got that information in 24 hours by paying the Sunday Mercury's dramatic Editor \$10 to furnish it to you on a piece of paper. Do it, & let's hurry along.

Yrs

S. L. C.

[P.S.] But we *had* decided on this procedure, hadn't we?

Dec. 27, '83

DEAR CHARLEY —

We will lie low until Raymond has played his new piece in New York, & if it is not a promising success, we will go for him again, with a modified proposition. Lawrence Barrett strongly urges this, & gives good reasons for it.

Meantime, hurry up that Sunday Mercury business, as a part of the preparation. Livy was delighted with the andirons. Merry Xmas to you all.

Yrs

S. L. C.

P. S. Return me the MS copy of the play of "Col. Sellers" if you have it.

S. L. C.

Uncle Sam seems to have changed his mind a little on Raymond. I wonder what became of the actors who might play the part better.

DEAR CHARLEY —

If the book business interferes with the dramatic business, drop the *former* — for it doesn't pay salt; & I want the latter rushed. If you'll pay that Sunday Mercury man \$25 for the information we want, you can probably get it in 10 hours.

I have been talking with Barrett, & he thinks it will be a mistake on Raymond's part if he lets this play go to somebody else, & a mistake on *my* part at the same time. He wanted me to wait till he could talk with Raymond.

Now therefore, step in at 1 East 28th Street, & if Barrett is at home, ask him if he believes Raymond will pay \$400 a week for the use of this play. It may well be that that is more than an actor of R's reputation should be asked to pay; but at the same time it is as low as I can afford.

According to his answer, make Raymond the offer, & let me know the result.

(The reason I say \$400 *per week* is because I wish to let out the play by the week & *not* so much per night. If it is a successful play I want it played *exclusively* while it pays to so play it, & *stop* when it ceases to so pay. This would be no hardship to R., & no injustice to either of us.)

But I expect nothing in this matter, so I want to be on the lookout for another candidate. You were to visit the theatres upon this quest. Have you done it? — & what is the result? I have tried Boston — didn't think much of those comedians.

Ask Wall where Jimmy Lewis is playing (he used to be in Daly's 5th Avenue Company).

And also ask him where N. C. Goodwin is playing. This is a young fellow who made something of a strike as the gravedigger in Hamlet at the Cincinnati festival a year or two ago. Barrett might give you an opinion about him.

Now I want to come down & see somebody *play*, the *minute you can name me a man*.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

The book business, which didn't "pay salt," was practically the only enterprise that Uncle Sam engaged in that paid well. A year after this letter was written, the firm of Charles L. Webster & Company published that enormously successful novel, *Huckleberry Finn*, and the best-selling work of non-fiction that had ever been published in America, Grant's *Memoirs*.

I hope they got that information from the *Mercury* man. The price seems to be going up, and the hours of labor down.

N. C. Goodwin is of course Nat Goodwin.

4

UNCLE SAM had two plays on hand at this time: *The American Claimant*, which he wrote with Howells, and his own dramatization of *Tom Sawyer*.

Jan. 28

DEAR CHARLEY —

No, the actor must play Tom Sawyer till it is down to where it pays him only an average of \$300 or \$400 a month clear & above expenses, for a whole season.

It's important.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

[P.S.] I'm finishing the last act, to-night. S. L. C.

Sunday

DEAR CHARLEY —

Do send me your pen or a carefully selected one like it.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

Sunday

DEAR CHARLEY —

You may drop a note to Mr. Mallory & say I don't think the Sellers play would be sufficiently profitable to any of us with the gains divided into thirds. And say to him, likewise that I am now writing a new play by myself (while Howells & I are kept asunder by Cable's illness), & that if I finish it to my liking maybe we can strike up some terms for it which will be mutually satisfactory. It is a 4-act play, & two acts are nearly done. I think I can finish it in a couple of weeks, but of course I can't tell for sure. I'm kind of boiling with it, & so it gets on paper pretty fast.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

George W. Cable, whom Uncle Sam had met in New Orleans on his Mississippi River trip, visited at the Clemens home and came down with a particularly violent case of measles. Albert Bigelow Paine says, "It required the constant attendance of a trained nurse and two members of the household to pull him through."

Mallory was the owner of the *Churchman*, a religious publication, and he also owned the Madison Square Theatre, a queer combination it seems to me for those days. But perhaps he wanted an anchor to windward. He was eager for a Howells play, and

Howells — being from Boston — thought Mallory would add a religious note to an otherwise profane undertaking. This roused Uncle Sam to righteous indignation: —

HARTFORD, Feb. 8, '84

DEAR CHARLEY —

The thing I had in my mind when I went to see Nat Goodwin play, was, to offer him the play at one-third of the profits, & we keep the two-thirds. You perceive that the ingenious Mallory has been sent the same idea from on high — with this exception: that *he* will take one of our thirds — for what sufficient service, I would like to know? For risking the amount of capital necessary to start the piece on the boards? I don't need his help there — neither do I need any of his peculiar book-keeping.

Hang Mallory. Drop him.

The thing I grieve about, is, that *he* has been seen, when the seeing him was a matter of absolute unimportance, & Lewis has *not* been seen, when the seeing *him* was a matter of the very first importance.

The thing to do, now, is to drop Mallory entirely, as regards this play, until we have some idle time to fool away on him; & see Lewis without delay.

After seeing Lewis, see Nat Goodwin. After you have got Goodwin's terms, he can see the piece (I mean the Sellers piece) & not before. There was not the least sense in Howells' allowing Mallory to see the piece before offering terms for it. If he had first offered *these* brilliant terms of his, that would have spared him the opportunity of examining the play.

Tom Sawyer is *finished*; & it is a *good* play — a good *acting* play. There is nothing in your hands half as important as seeing Lewis — so let's drop everything else until that is attended to.

I am not finding fault with you, for I gave you authority to act upon Howells's suggestion — still, I never meant that this Sellers business should stand for a moment in the way or take precedence of Tom Sawyer.

Thanks, I'm mighty glad to get the pen.

Yrs

S. L. C.

5

I DON'T quite know how the play business was run in those days, and I don't believe Uncle Sam knew either. He seems to want to begin with the actors before he has a producer, and he has an idea that the producer is going to offer a good price for a play he's never seen, and he's not going to let him read it until he gets his terms, and then if the pro-

ducer wants to make anything out of it Uncle Sam will tell him where he gets off.

Feb. 18, '84

DEAR CHARLEY —

See the enclosed, from Mr. Howells (& return it).

You need not show the play to Goodwin. Simply tell him Howells objects to changing Sellers's name; that Howells has thought the thing over & arrived at the conclusion that it could do no real good to change the name, for the *character* would remain Sellers. Say I disagree with Howells, but I bow to the decision of course, for he may be right; & is entitled to have his objection respected by me, anyway.

Now that is all you need say to Goodwin. If he should wish to combat that objection, let him do it himself, by letter to Howells; or do it through *you* to Howells. See? *I'm* entirely out of the fight. The next time I interest myself in the play, it will be when I am armed with *written* authority to do exactly as I please with it.

I have written Howells a letter which will probably make him inextinguishably ashamed of *his* letter; & of the infantile objection which he makes to Goodwin; & of the preposterous idea that the *Mallorys* can make a thing or a man respectable where *our* names couldn't. And doubtless it will also make him ashamed of having placed me in the awkward position of having to stop negotiations with an actor without having any decent explanation to offer *why* I act so.

You see I have offered the only explanation I *could* offer — Howells's objection to change of name. Now it remains for Howells to do the rest of the explaining — & he won't find it any holiday job, if he has to tackle it.

When the copying of the Sellers play is finished, keep the new copy — yes, keep *both* until Howells asks for one.

Yrs

S. L. C.

Feb. 29, '84

DEAR CHARLEY —

Let us canvass Huck Finn & Tom Sawyer both at once, selling both books for \$4.50 where a man orders both, & arranging with the Pub. Co. that I shall have half the profit on all Sawyers so sold, & also upon all that *they* sell while our canvass lasts.

Also, canvass Finn, Sawyer & Prince all at once — a reduced price where a man orders the three.

It's a good idea — *don't forget to arrange for it.*

Yrs

S. L. C.

P.S. I have put in my whole time, yesterday & to-day, (and shall for several more days) writing original matter for Prang's calendar. Besides other stuff, I have written special squibs for 10 of the months & all the national holidays. My time is worth from \$100 to \$500 a day, according to what I am doing.

Now then, it would be unfortunate to do all this work & then have eventual trouble & misunderstanding. So you'd better look very carefully into that contract. If Prang is going to have but one price for the calendar, & that price a dollar, it is all right — 10 cents to me is correct. But don't you think there ought to be a clause saying that *if* he should conclude to charge any higher price for any or all of them, my royalty in that case shall be 10 *per cent*?

It isn't the amount of extra money involved that is bothering me particularly — it is the dread of a loose, unclear contract. Carefully look into the thing & get it just right.

S. L. C.

Prang was the big calendar and greeting card publisher, whose color work was famous. A later letter shows that Uncle Sam was released from this particular job, much to his joy. He warns Webster not to suggest any payment for the work done, evidently wanting to let sleeping dogs lie.

Monday, Mch 3 or 4, '84

DEAR CHARLEY —

If Prang's contract says 10 per cent on the retail prices, it's all right.

I've made my head sore over these dramatic calculations this morning, with the final assistance of the manager of the Opera House, & now I have to give it up. It's too complicated for me. So, let Mallory do the proposing, & we will try to answer. There's one thing that is quite *certain*, however — we won't have a contract for any portion of profits, the Mallorys to boss the expenses & make them what they please. I'd rather have a contract by which my share was a third or a fourth, or a fifth, *after* the deduction of \$300 per night for expenses. That or a stipulated sum *per week*.

In either of these cases, we could generally know how much they robbed us of. So also with your gross proceeds royalty — though it seemed to me that that was hardly enough.

If it is one-third or one-fourth of the play's actual *profit* it is enough; but I can't imagine it to be that.

Great guns, it makes my head ache!

Call the lowest figure per week \$350.

And I think that whenever you & Mallory think you have nearly reached an understanding, you'd

better run up here & *explain* it to me. It will save a world of time.

I've no data to cipher on — I simply befog myself.

Yr truly
S. L. C.

6

MEANWHILE the sale of *Huckleberry Finn* was proceeding by subscription, and it was time to choose an artist to illustrate it: —

Mch 31, '84

DEAR CHARLEY —

Is that artist's name *Kemble*? — I *can* not recall that man's name. Is that it? There *is* a *Kemble* on "Life," but is he the man who illustrated the applying of electrical protectors to door-knobs, door-mats, &c & electrical hurriers to messengers, waiters, &c., 4 or 5 weeks ago. *That* is the man I want to try.

Yr
S. L. C.

[P.S.] Osgood has sent me \$2500.

Is the name *Kimble*? S. L. C.

Kemble is of course the artist who went down to fame as the illustrator of *Huckleberry Finn*. In 1930 he published an article in the *Colophon* describing his joy when he landed the job.

June 11, '84

DEAR CHARLEY —

I have reshipped the pictures to you. I *knew* *Kemble* had it *in* him, if he would only modify his violences & come down to careful, painstaking work. This batch of pictures is most rattling good. They please me exceedingly.

But you must knock out one of them — the lecherous old rascal kissing the girl at the camp-meeting. It is powerful good, but it mustn't go in — don't forget it. Let's not make *any* pictures of the camp-meeting. The subject won't *bear* illustrating. It is a disgusting thing, & pictures are sure to tell the truth about it too plainly.

(To be continued)

Spread your general agencies all around — This book will have a big sale.

Yrs
S. L. C.

I think this picture still survives, but is in storage somewhere. My impression is that I gave it to a cousin who died.

July 5, '84

DEAR CHARLEY —

Yes, let Raymond see copy of play.

When you come to make contract with him, try to leave as few loopholes as possible, or he will be a big annoyance to you. . . .

Yr truly
S. L. CLEMENS

[P.S.] He will report to you, not me. S. L. C.

Uncle Sam is getting soft, letting an actor see the play before he signs the contract.

The next letter records a historical event heretofore unnoticed: —

ELMIRA, July 10

DEAR CHARLEY & ANNIE —

Your aunt Livy & I congratulate you & rejoice with you. There is nothing so valuable in a home as a baby — & no young home is complete *without* a baby — a baby & a cat. Some people scorn a cat & think it not an essential, but the Clemens tribe are not of these. I send my little name-sake love & greeting, and all good wishes — & his mother too.

Yr truly
S. L. CLEMENS

Uncle Sam sent the baby a silver mug and a spoon, and later I was used as the guinea pig for one of his greatest inventions — a bed-clamp to keep children from kicking off the covers. But it didn't work so well in my case, much to his indignation. There couldn't be anything wrong with the bed-clamp — it was either the baby or the way the clamp was hitched on. He probably suggested to my mother that she get another baby.

OUR STEPCCHILD: PUERTO RICO

by RICHARD PATTEE

1

SPEAKING before the subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs, Governor Rexford Guy Tugwell of Puerto Rico made a remarkable statement, one phrase of which caught more attention of the American press than the entire thirty-four printed pages of the testimony. Governor Tugwell declared:—

“It is a matter of doubt whether the mass of the Puerto Rican people face a future more secure than was the case at the time of the American occupation — whether the word is interpreted in the political or the economic sense.”

A minor tempest was the reaction to this very deliberate comparison between the state of affairs in 1898 and that prevailing in 1943. The *New York Times* took occasion to comment caustically on what it deemed an irresponsible utterance. The *Washington Post* cited figures to prove that the Governor was out of his mind in contending that Puerto Rico at the end of the Spanish regime could possibly have been better off than it is today. Commerce has increased; imports and exports have reached most comforting levels; the number of schoolhouses is ten times greater than in 1898. The population itself — and here was the telling figure — had doubled in a mere forty years. How then, it was queried, could it be said, and especially by one in high position, that there was any remote comparison between the situation of the island when it came under American sovereignty and its situation today?

This controversy, a mere flurry which brought no lasting or intelligent concern for Puerto Rican affairs, reveals the state of mind that almost invariably afflicts our thinking about this island. The fact that Governor Tugwell was profoundly

right made no impression. The suggestion that people who enjoy the ineffable blessing of American sovereignty could possibly have been better off under the Spanish flag was simply an outrageous distortion of the truth! Every school child knows that the Spanish regime was tyrannical, obscurantist, and retrograde, incapable of bringing happiness to anyone.

Unfortunately our thinking about Puerto Rico has included neither a concern for its history nor an ability to face the hard and cold realities. It is a sorry commentary that in spite of forty-five years of our rule, of increasing contact and growing interdependence, the human and spiritual problems of the Puerto Rican people are little appreciated by the Congress of the United States. To thumb through the thousands of pages of testimony given on Puerto Rico before diverse Congressional committees is to realize that these hundreds of statements have not contributed to any real understanding of the issues at stake.

The United States entered upon the Spanish-American War with practically no idea of what it was all about. By no remote implication could a war fought to restore law and order in Cuba have included the acquisition of the island of Puerto Rico. Nevertheless, the McKinley administration took upon itself the occupation and possession of this island. Its inhabitants, of course, had nothing to say about it. One morning they awoke to discover an American fleet off San Juan. There occurred what passed for a bombardment. Later, American troops in a slight skirmish near the town of Coamo overcame the perfunctory Spanish resistance and Puerto Rico was American.

On July 25, 1898, General Miles uttered a number of phrases about the “banner of freedom,” “the fostering arm of a free people,” “justice and humanity,” “bringing protection and promoting prosperity,” and the “bestowing of the blessings of liberal institutions.” His remarks were not a

A North American who writes and speaks Spanish, Portuguese, and French, RICHARD PATTEE is thoroughly at home in Puerto Rico. His wife is a Puerto Rican, and for twelve years he served as a member of the faculty of the University of Puerto Rico. After a term as Assistant Chief of the Division of Cultural Relations in our State Department, he has recently been installed as Professor of History at the University of Mexico.

statement of policy, but in the aftermath the Puerto Rican people took them seriously, and Governor Tugwell has spoken of them as a contractual arrangement with the Puerto Rican people, who awaited its fulfillment. They are still waiting.

Puerto Rico is unique in our colonial experience. No other territory under the American flag offers an analogy. The Philippine Islands are a vast and heterogeneous territory, divided in blood, language, and religion. The area is large, the clash of interests profound. Even so, the destiny of the Philippine people was never really in doubt. It was clear that they were ultimately to form a nation.

The Territory of Hawaii is no case in point. The present-day Hawaiian people are a composite of many races, the least important of which is the Hawaiian. The inroads of Asiatic immigration have changed the physiognomy of the islands to such an extent that it would probably be hazardous to speak even of a Hawaiian nationality. There is no common tongue, except in so far as everybody can speak English, and certainly no common cultural tradition. As the crossroads of the Pacific, the Hawaiian Islands partake of a multiplicity of creeds and cultures. Nevertheless there is a fairly clear prospect that ultimately the Hawaiian Islands will form a state in the Union.

Puerto Rico is an island peopled largely by persons of European descent. The African element is strong but in the course of the years has become more and more absorbed into the population. It is the one island of the West Indies, with the possible exception of Cuba, in which the European Spanish racial stock is preponderant. The island is completely homogeneous in its composition and culture. The language is identical in all parts and constitutes a well-preserved form of Spanish. Puerto Rico is, culturally speaking, a tropical outpost of Spain. It has retained the flavor and mark of the Spanish tradition, with those differences which are inevitable in territories remote from the mother country.

Colonizing nations have become great and have succeeded in their enterprises when they have seized lands abroad for the purpose of peopling them, or when they have guided peoples of less experience toward the achievement of a more complete form of social or political expression. Puerto Rico could never be considered our colony in this sense. It offered no place for the American settler. It was the very opposite of the unoccupied frontier. Puerto Rico in 1898 was a fairly densely inhabited island. The people already possessed the essential attributes of nationality. It was not a primitive people with merely rudimentary notions

of government or of politics. On the contrary, with a precocity which astounds the observer, the Puerto Rican people have always had the keenest sense of politics — perhaps almost an exaggerated sense of it. The United States embarked on this original venture in colonialism with no insight into its pitfalls and difficulties.

In 1898 the American government assumed a responsibility for which it was utterly unprepared. It had no colonial office, no personnel equipped to deal with the intricacies of ruling another people, no staff to transfer to the island — nothing, in fact, that is basic in sound colonial administration. But we had an unbounded faith in our own capacity. The program for Puerto Rico was to be that of liberal institutions, democratic government, better standards of living, and participation in the American way of life. It never occurred to us that the Puerto Rican people might not be enthusiastic at the prospect of acquiring the habits, mores, and prejudices of the citizen of Akron or of Ashtabula.

2

FOR three centuries the Puerto Rican people vegetated in a state not far from apathy. The great awakening came after 1808. Puerto Ricans aided in the Cuban rebellion. Abolitionism matured and became a reality. The participation of Puerto Ricans in the deliberations of the Spanish Cortes was active and important. By the end of the century the Spanish government had granted the famous Autonomous Charter which gave Puerto Rico a large number of liberties. Scarcely had it been promulgated when Spain's war with the United States broke out.

Up to 1799 the population did not reach 200,000. In the next hundred years it had grown to a million. The individual Puerto Rican is distinguished by fortitude, endurance, and resignation. He has a stoical fatalism toward whatever destiny may provide. There are few episodes of rebelliousness in the history of the island. Docility has been a more deep-rooted characteristic.

The story of Puerto Rico is that of a permanently frustrated people. It is the long and often moving story of a Spanish colony which gave great promise but which, with the discovery of Peru and Mexico, became a way station on the road to greater realms. It is the story of a people whose existence through the centuries has been placid, uneventful, and unemotional. It is the story of a relationship established by the United States with no serious attempt to appraise its implications.

This tradition has produced among the two million Puerto Ricans a state of mind which for the want of a better term may be called *colonialism*. It is a word used constantly in Puerto Rico itself to explain anything that goes wrong. The colonial mind is a dependent mind. It does not come to grips with realities but refers them to Madrid, as was the case for three centuries, or to Washington, as is the case now. It is a mental state which shifts a problem to the authority overseas, simply because that attitude has become ingrained through generation after generation.

Periodically the subject of political status invades the Puerto Rican press and becomes the burning topic of the day. But beyond minor concessions, little that is constructive has come of this agitation. On several occasions the Organic Act, under which Puerto Rico is governed, has been expanded, so to speak, to make way for a more liberal regime. The most notable step in this direction, and one which probably did more than anything else to complicate the island's future status, was the Jones Act of 1917, making Puerto Ricans citizens of the United States.

This concession immediately posed the fundamental issue of whether or not citizenship was a step toward statehood. The determination last year to allow the election of the governor marks a still further advance in the slow liberalization of the island's institutions. These, however, are administrative changes which do not clarify the ultimate status of the island. This question underlies almost every other aspect of Puerto Rican life. There are those who insist that education, language, economy, land distribution, and the like all demand more immediate attention than political status. It must be emphasized, however, that the determination of political status is basic to almost everything else. No people can be expected to develop a national life if they are totally subject to the whims and decisions of an authority that is far removed from them and is frequently unconscious of their needs and aspirations. This is the situation of Puerto Rico.

Governor Tugwell has said that the Puerto Rican people are somewhere between independence and territoriality. The island is not a territory in the incorporated sense; it is not a state, or even on the way to statehood; it is not independent. Puerto Rico itself can petition admission to the Union from now until the day of final judgment, and unless Congress hearkens to this appeal, nothing will be done. Puerto Rico can desire independence with all the ardor at its command and with the unanimous support of its two million people, and yet it cannot

obtain it unless Congress grants it. And Congress has never expressed itself in tangible terms.

The advocates of statehood insist that the majority of the population want statehood. Perhaps they do. On the other hand, there is an equally respectable sector of the inhabitants who do not see in permanent union with the United States the happiest solution of their difficulties. Puerto Rico itself has never been able to present the united front of the Philippines in this business of independence. Public opinion in terms of political parties has been divided. No plebiscite has ever been held to arrive at any appraisal of the real sentiment of the island, and the question has been allowed to remain as the sore point in public discussion year after year.

3

IF CONFUSION has been rampant because of the inability to define the political status, the chaos in education has been as bad, or worse. There exists in the American mind a peculiar attachment to the idea that culture, advancement, and happiness are in direct proportion to the number of schools set up. The first American administrators in Puerto Rico were aware that the Spanish regime went on a different principle. Our traditional idea that free, public education would wipe out all social ills immediately came to the fore. Schools blossomed forth everywhere in Puerto Rico. In town and in country, in remote rural areas and in the large cities, the public school became an institution. With it came the recruitment of a personnel to transmit the ideas of the American regime. But even the most charitable observer would admit that the result is anything but encouraging.

First of all, what was the new school system supposed to instill? Loyalty to the United States? Well and good, if Puerto Rico was to remain permanently attached to this country. If Puerto Rico was to be independent, was it not more vital to give the school child a grasp of the vernacular language, a sense of civic responsibility, and an appreciation of the geographic and economic factors that surround him? Was it not important above all to give him a cultural background which was the product of the only culture the island has ever known, the Hispanic? Here, right at the start, the political status of Puerto Rico directly affected the system of education.

There has been much loose talk about combining in the Puerto Rican schools the best elements of Spanish and Anglo-American culture; of making the student bilingual and of giving him an outlook

which would fit him equally for a career in the island, in the United States, or in Latin America.

Bilingualism, about which reams of papers have been wasted in Puerto Rico, is merely a theory — and not a very good theory. No people anywhere is bilingual in the complete sense of the word. No nationality has grown up with the knowledge acquired from childhood of two languages. None of the Puerto Ricans speak English habitually or as the mother tongue. English is an alien and foreign thing, with no local roots and no tradition. To bring about its diffusion, it has been necessary to make it the official vehicle of expression and decree its use in the schools.

The partisans of English have tended to use it as the measuring rod of patriotism and loyalty to the United States. Practically every incoming Commissioner of Public Instruction has seen fit to change the system of his predecessor and modify the language organization. There was a time when the use of English began in the lower grades and increased on the way up. There was a time when the child was suddenly thrown into contact with English for the purpose of learning arithmetic, geography, and the like. Like a sliding scale, the year of schooling in which English study began fluctuated, as did the year in which English was the exclusive instrument of expression. One Commissioner, Dr. José Padín, did what should have been done long before and instituted the vernacular as the instrument of instruction in the grade schools. English became an obligatory subject, but not the main language employed in teaching other subjects. This reform, which was logical, intelligent, and within the experience of the country, produced a storm of protest and with it the usual accusations of anti-Americanism.

It is a strange commentary on American rule that the insistence on English as the language of the school system should be taken as evidence of devotion to the United States. The claim that Puerto Ricans cannot be good Americans unless they struggle with English in the second grade is sheer poppycock. Knowledge of the English language, like knowledge of anything else, depends on utility. To the vast majority of Puerto Ricans, English is almost useless. Most of them rarely get beyond the early grades before they return to the fields. English is infinitely less important than hygiene, manual arts, and the like.

Among the more privileged classes, English has never been more than an academic language, save in the few cases of those who have studied in the United States. To many Puerto Ricans English has become the symbol of alien rule, of outside pressure,

and of the institutions of a country with which many do not sympathize. Antagonism to the English language, not as an instrument of culture, but as an instrument of immediate policy, has always been widespread.

4

AMERICAN rule in the field of education has produced some serious and deleterious results. It has developed a wider spread of education, to be sure, but culture has lost immeasurably in depth and profundity. It is significant that one of the first acts of the American administration after the occupation was to cancel all grants by the state for cultural or artistic purposes.

The cultural tradition of a people as expressed in their language, art, music, and folkways is too fundamental a part of their make-up to be tampered with lightly. An authority which seeks to make over an entire people does irreparable injury to their cultural resources. American educational methods have not produced a renaissance of culture or anything like it. I would say that there is probably less actual culture in the best sense of the word in the island today than a hundred years ago. There are now no figures comparable to those Puerto Rico was rightly proud of in the past century: Hostos, Matienzo, Betances, Baldorioty, Ruíz Belvis, and Brau. This crusade for the implantation of English has affected particularly the middle class, which is probably the most disorientated of all.

The mentality that has grown out of this state of affairs is difficult to analyze. Puerto Rico lives in a state of conflict. There is an exuberant pro-Americanism, manifested in numerous curious ways. This was exaggerated, perhaps, in the case of the member of the Puerto Rican Legislature who appeared before a Congressional committee and, in order to affirm his complete devotion to the institutions of the United States, delivered himself of a panegyric of the English language, culminating in the vigorous assertion that he himself, as a man of the world and as a patriot, always made love in the English language. This travesty of Americanism provokes on the other side an intense and vitriolic anti-Americanism. But the truth is that the number of bitter Yankee-baiters is extremely small. The Puerto Rican people possess the redeeming virtue of an excellent sense of humor, and much of this clownishness is passed off for what it is.

Puerto Rico, it must be remembered, is an island and, as an island, suffers from various forms of insularity. The exaggerated pro-Americanism of

some Puerto Ricans is perhaps only an unwitting effort to overcome this isolation by a stronger attachment to the United States. Others seek the renewal of Puerto Rican cultural life in the constant reaffirmation of their Hispanism. Yet among many of these there is a curious reluctance to seek closer attachments with the Spanish-speaking republics of America. I have heard otherwise intelligent Puerto Ricans, whose idea of the world ought to preclude such comment, speak in the most disparaging terms of "turbulent Cuba," "revolutionary Mexico," and "backward Haiti." Instead of expressing that kinship which one would suppose would tie Puerto Rico to her sister nations of Latin America, the island has remained aloof. This, one hopes, is not necessarily the result of the American educational system.

5

FROM the sixteenth century on, Puerto Rico has been subject to the trials and tribulations of an uncertain economy. Her early history was full of hurricanes, earthquakes, and piratical depredations. Her first settlers migrated to the mainland in search of better fortunes. For years the Spanish regime kept Puerto Rico alive with periodic assistance from Mexico.

When the American regime was established, the island was a modest agricultural colony, without great enterprise and without great prospects. The new regime naturally forced Puerto Rico to shift her commerce and trade from Spain to the United States. And, one must confess in all honesty, the laws and regulations governing this trade were inspired by the interests of continental United States rather than by those of Puerto Rico. The island was restricted in relations with the other Caribbean islands by the tariff and coastwise shipping laws of the United States. In other words, Puerto Rico was able to deal only with the American market. No matter what the prices or the availability of goods, artificial as well as natural barriers cut her off completely from the rest of the world.

In an instructive little book published some years ago, entitled *Porto Rico: A Broken Pledge*, Bailey and Josephine Diffie presented the not very pretty picture of the expansion of American capital in this island. They described with abundant detail the character, extent, and results of the capitalistic *razzia* which, in the space of a few years, did away with the small property holder and created the great corporative enterprise which exists today.

It may be true, as some maintain, that from the point of view of the welfare of all the people the

present sugar economy is the best. It may be that the profits from sugar are such that only through its exploitation on a large scale can a small island expect to derive the income necessary for the construction of roads, the building of schools, and the like. The tragedy is that the combined sugar, tobacco, and coffee industries of Puerto Rico are today insufficient to give employment to more than half of the island's workers.

Herein lies the explanation of the enormous sums that have been expended on public works under the various relief administrations which have been set up. It has been argued that the United States cannot continue such an expenditure, that Puerto Rico herself cannot expend unprecedented amounts for straight relief. Governor Tugwell has answered this point. Would the United States prefer to expend lavishly to keep down a hungry, unruly, and rebellious population? Is it not preferable to maintain the island economy rather than to risk a social and economic breakdown in the midst of the war? The answer appears to be obvious.

In the elections of 1940 a new political element in Puerto Rico came into power, under the name of the Popular Party. The leader is an intelligent and audacious Puerto Rican, Luis Muñoz Marín. With no political machinery and little cash, the ingenuity and capacity of Muñoz Marín led to a triumph at the polls and the establishment of the new party as a majority. The social program of this party looks toward numerous drastic changes in the economic structure of the island. The redistribution of lands, the application of the 500-acre law which is in the Organic Act but which was never put into effect, and the increase of state control over industry and enterprise constitute salient features of the program. The cry of state socialism has of course been raised against it. Members of the party reply that private enterprise has thus far failed to solve the pressing problems.

An economic policy of exclusivism; an unconcern for the problem of land, which in all the West Indian islands is a matter of supreme importance; and a steadily mounting dependence on the United States for indispensable imports — all these factors have combined to create a situation which makes the solution of Puerto Rico's purely political problem exceedingly difficult.

There are Americans who urge eventual complete independence — the severing of all ties with the United States and the establishment of the republic. This is unquestionably a very small minority. It is annoying to find in testimony before Congressional hearings, and in the press comment,

constant talk about "preparing" the people of Puerto Rico for something or other. The Puerto Ricans are just as able to manage the apparatus of self-government as are the people of Arkansas, Nevada, or South Carolina — perhaps more so. They certainly have as good a tradition of cohesiveness and a greater community of experience.

Independence, in the sense that some of its partisans understand it, is fast becoming more and more unreal. Partial independence for small peoples is probably the maximum that will be feasible after the holocaust. Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, the nations of Central America, and many others enjoy independence with reference to domestic matters. They do not have the same measure of independence in their international relations — and this is increasingly true the world over. Thanks to the present doctrine of the Good Neighbor, the small nations of this hemisphere have nothing to fear in terms of intervention or occupation; it is equally clear that their international policy must be in line with that of the United States.

A degree of political independence is entirely feasible. Economic independence is less probable, and complete international independence in all probability impossible.

The enormous constructions undertaken by the United States to make Puerto Rico a great and powerful naval and military base preclude, of course, any talk of independence during the war. It is problematical how far the United States will go, after the war, to relinquish these holdings on an island so strategically situated at the entrance of the Caribbean. If the United States insists on maintaining its full military strength on the island, and keeps the bases recently constructed as a permanent source of defense, independence is still less thinkable. Conceivably, of course, the island could become independent and allow American forces to remain in it, as in Guantanamo Bay in Cuba.

It would seem, however, that one can eliminate independence as a solution — unless it be independence along dominion lines with complete self-government at home and the broad direction of international affairs in Washington. Not much has been said of such a status, simply because no one can find a precedent in American practice to follow. It should not be impossible to work out a scheme whereby Puerto Rico could be granted out-

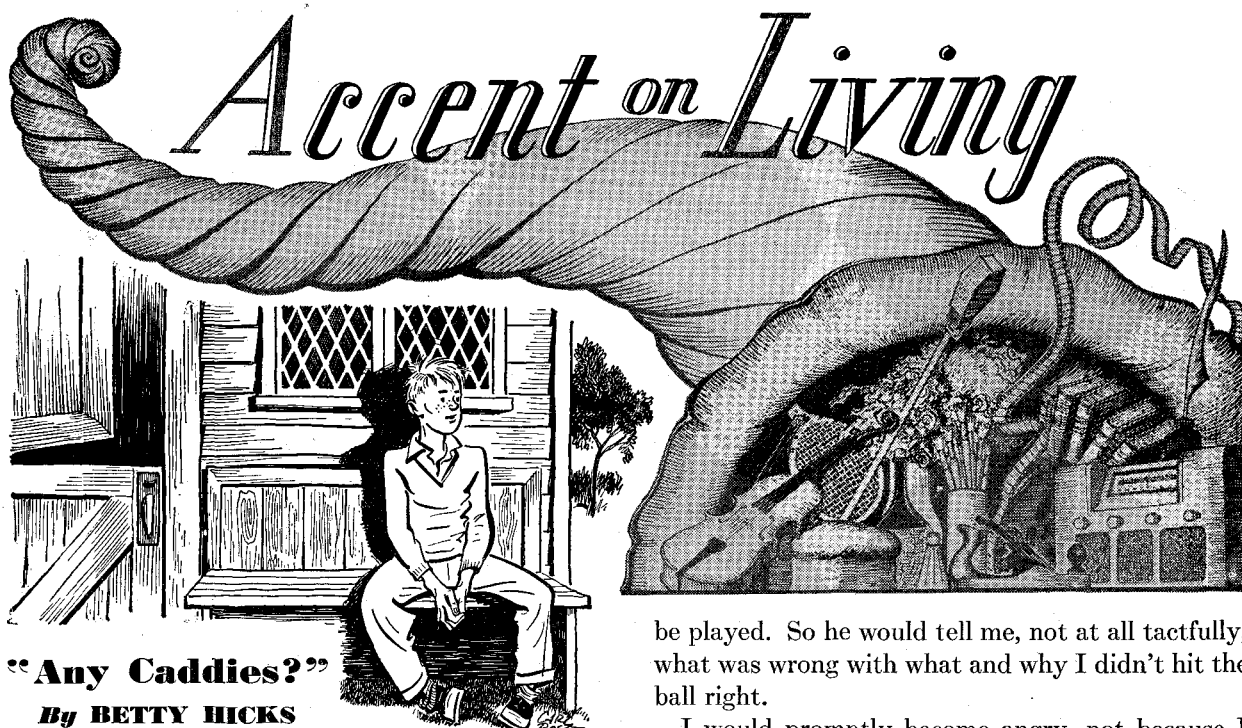
right the fullest control over its internal affairs with a minimum of intervention in its foreign affairs.

The partisans of statehood argue that the island has been under American rule for forty-five years; the English language is fairly well known among the people; they are familiar with American institutions and American political practice; and it is high time to admit Puerto Rico to full fellowship in the Union. Some of the advocates argue further that not to admit Puerto Rico constitutes a serious reflection on American methods and a reluctance to keep faith with a loyal people.

Let us examine the brief on behalf of statehood. There is no evidence whatever that Congress intends or desires to consider the admission of Puerto Rico as a state. Only Congress can take such a step. It has not done so in the case of Hawaii or Alaska. The United States has never admitted a non-contiguous, non-English-speaking territory to the Union. It would be well to consider whether, if Puerto Rico were admitted to the Union, it would be desirable to have one state of the nation in which another culture, another language, and another mode of life predominate. From the point of view of Puerto Rico, the cultural disruption that would ensue might be far more dangerous than that which has taken place to date.

There is no need to argue further the strictly economic factors involved. As a state, Puerto Rico would lose the present income from customs duties, which now go to the insular treasury and would then go to the Federal. One point that does come to mind is whether the Congress of the United States would look with pleasure on the presence of two more Senators and perhaps a dozen Representatives from this newly admitted state. There is the matter of party affiliation, for one thing.

Puerto Rico has lost much confidence in herself. The real problem of the island, aside from the material one, is a moral one: the recapture of a sense of destiny. Puerto Rico must rediscover herself. The long American administration has not done much to aid in this quest. The Puerto Rican people, disheartened, discouraged, and shunted about, have received so much buffeting that their faith in their own potentialities has been shaken to the depths. Are we willing to translate into action what we say we are fighting for in this war? Puerto Rico will be a proving ground of our good faith.



"Any Caddies?"

By BETTY HICKS

CADDIES, I had no reason to doubt in my early golfing days, were boys who carried a player's clubs. Since then I have learned of their amazing versatility.

"Red" was the first to march behind me in a tournament. He impressed himself upon me indelibly by telling me once, when I had just shot a 98, that some day I would be a very fine golfer if I practiced and could only improve my disposition. Red worked for me during the summer of 1938, when I developed a passion for playing thirty-six holes a day. He retired from caddying soon after that. Dad assured me that he, too, would willingly retire on a pension equivalent to what he paid Red for trotting around the course with my clubs on his shoulder.

Fortunately for Red, he was spared the agony that befell his successors. Outside of my efforts in the club championship of 1938, which fell short in the semifinal, he didn't have to suffer through many matches with me. Laurence Yockey did, and I have no doubt his life will be shorter as a consequence.

My swing is even now no symphony of motion. And in '39 it resembled an illustration from one of those "Tied in Knots" liniment ads. It pained me, mentally and physically. It pained Laurence, too, who had been around golf courses for some time and knew just how the Royal and Ancient Game should

be played. So he would tell me, not at all tactfully, what was wrong with what and why I didn't hit the ball right.

I would promptly become angry, not because I was criticized, but because that dearly beloved, if slightly recalcitrant, swing was being dissected before my very eyes. It was all I had in the world. How could he treat it so cruelly?

Then I'd say to Laurence, "O.K., I'll practice," and we would walk solemnly to the practice tee at the foot of the hill, and I would start knocking shots up the valley for him to chase. But Satan would tug at my backswing and I would slice a shot far off in the woods to the right and up the hill. Laurence would scurry after it in a cloud of dust and flying eucalyptus leaves. Then Satan would laugh gayly and I would hook the next one up on the hill to the left, 200 yards from where I had hit the first.

Laurence caddied for me in three tournaments. One of them, my first, was a magnificent success. The other two were pitiful failures, much to the delight of my opponents and the ladies who gathered in the locker room to unlace their shoes and their tongues.

Laurence took the tournaments in stride. After all, I was young and likely to shoot 77's in the second round and 89's in the third round. I still do, sadly enough. I was also likely to win tournaments. He no doubt contributed materially to my first championship by delivering a pep talk just before I was about to putt.

The tournament was the Long Beach city championship, and the gallery was local and therefore impatient with local talent. We had to discontinue the pep talk thereafter. The critics said it was too lengthy. But I thought it was wonderful. It sounded just as though Laurence were playing

One of the best women golfers this country has produced, BETTY HICKS gives these friendly glimpses of the caddies who helped to steer her through many a tournament.

Safe highway home



You're not riding to school or coasting to the grocery these days, Jimmy. You're rocketing over ocean stretches and solid jungle in a high-flying kite with 2,000 horsepower packed into its nose. But New Departure, who made the coaster brakes and bearings in that good old bike, still rides with you, still helps to get you smoothly and safely home.

The bike you pedaled, the car you drove, your roller skates, the refrigerator you owned — all ran on ball bearings of many kinds and sizes. Nothing added so much to smoothness and economy.

The General Motors plants that produce under the name of New Departure were specializing in ball bearings before the motorcar was born. And they built up, year by year, a great

fund of experience. They helped to reduce friction and postpone wear wherever shafts turned.

And then, right out of the blue came December 7, 1941. Engineers in industry and the armed forces wrote specifications for ball bearings into every kind and type of war machine.

What were once busy factories bloomed into enormous plants that made millions of ball bearings for planes, cars, ships and tanks — more ball bearings than produced by all America's enemies put together.

They are serving in props, engines, superchargers, turrets, bomb-sights and fire controls. Some are big. Some are smaller than the head of a pin. Bearings so tiny and exquisite had never been

made in this country before, but General Motors engineers took the job of making them. Years of working for more and better things for more people had given them all the needed knowledge.

They had this knowledge because we live in a land where just rewards have always stimulated men to new accomplishments.

That idea helped provide a rich, full life for prewar America. It has helped production for war in countless ways.

And it promises more and better things for more people in the peaceful years ahead.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

**KEEP
AMERICA STRONG**



Buy More War Bonds



catcher for the Junior College baseball team (which he did).

It went something like this: "Come on, now. You can do it. You're 'way ahead of her. Stroke it easy. Relax. Take three deep breaths. You're the kid can do it now. You've got this one in the bag." Little did the gallery realize the psychological import of those words, as we stood there in solemn conference each time before I putted.

He was a great caddie in all, and I've since regretted those moments when I not only strained his patience but ripped it from its very moorings. He has graduated from the caddie ranks now and has two daughters. He vows neither of them will ever be a golfer.

Bruce of San Francisco was also cruelly frank about my game. Commented Bruce as I vainly attempted to solve the intricacies of putting the greens of the Olympic Club, "You can't putt a nickel's worth!" He said it as though he were shouting to a lowly sinner from the pulpit, his voice charged with all the threats of Hell.

Caddies often prove to be remarkable correspondents as well as conversationalists. One lad in the Middle West, who hadn't even caddied for me, wrote me the following letter after I won the '39 Western Medal Play in Chicago:—

CHARMING MISS E. HICKS:

Congratulations to you of the highest extent. That was swell. Was thinking and hoping you could do it.

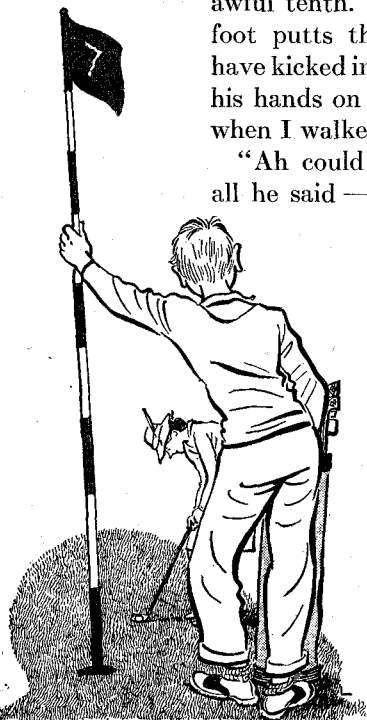
To bad you can't hit the ball. Every time you complain of your game you play well. Well more cup and Nationals to come and I am sure you are the one to watch.

His contribution to my golfing career was a beaded rabbit's foot named "Fuzzy." With the rabbit's foot came this note:—

Also in the mail is a rabbit's foot I got way up in Quebec, Can. It's from an old Indian pro who said it was his putting luck piece. I caddied for him in a tournament and he gave it to me. You can have it if you win either the Western or the National. If not you won't want it I guess so then you got to send it back. That's of course if you ain't to busy. If you are you can throw it away but I would like it back if it don't help out any. Not that you need it but faith plays a big part. A little thing like that may help along. Do take it and keep it near by. And by all mean's putt well.

Yours in waiting hope,

KENNY



Ralph was the spirit of Palm Beach, ebony model. When I first saw him on the first tee at Palm Beach Golf Club, with my bag on his shoulder, he was conservatively attired in a bright green cap, purple satin shirt, yellow pants, and blue shoes. He caddied for me in two Palm Beach championships. I won the first one and he was waiting for me the next year, in faith believing, wagering his purple satin shirt and week's wages that I couldn't be beaten.

As I paid him after the match that provided my quick exit from the championship another caddie yelled from the caddie yard:—

"Did ja win?"

Ralph turned to him and shrieked, "Did we win? Man, you know what happened to the Hindenburg?"

I paid him eight dollars for the tournament and practice rounds. He counted the money laboriously. "Two mo'," he said finally, "and Ah'd have made back what Ah bet on you."

Ralph's appraisal of my game was cruel. I won the '40 tournament at Palm Beach with some golf which I recall with a shudder. I dragged my weary feet through every sand trap on the course, dodged palm trees, and startled sun-bathing Palm Beachers in the privacy of their own back yards with my wandering tee shots. Ralph endured it all silently until the tenth hole of my semifinal match with Betty Jameson.

Any casual onlooker would have suspected that Betty and I were bosom friends, endeavoring to lose as many holes to each other as was possible and still break 100. Ralph's patience wore through on that awful tenth. There Betty and I both missed one-foot putts that any normal three-year-old could have kicked into the hole. Ralph was waiting for me, his hands on his hips, anger trembling on his lips, when I walked off the green.

"Ah could do bettah than that mahse'f!" was all he said—then and for the rest of that nightmarish 23-hole match.

At Ormond Beach I was assigned "Old Frank," and throughout the week of the 1940 South Atlantic championship I was grateful that I had been. Old Frank was stooped and wrinkled. Just what percentage of his years his forty-odd of caddying were I wouldn't know, and that was one bit of information about himself he didn't volunteer. But there were facts Old Frank emphasized like a small boy writing "I shall never say ain't" on the blackboard one hundred times.



My pen stopped in mid-air...

How Andre Kostelanetz Responded to the Glory of the Meissner

Call him a perfectionist, if you will, but Andre Kostelanetz likes to have a recording made of each major rehearsal. Then, before the actual performance, the record is played back while he jots down a variety of comments and suggestions.

Thus, pen in hand, he sat waiting to hear one of his rehearsal recordings played for the first time on the Meissner radio-phonograph. Casually at first... then, *intently*... he watched as this new kind of automatic record-changer gently selected the record from the stack, silently placed it on the turn-table.

"Remarkable," he said, and was about to make note of it, when...

Crescendo on crescendo, the tiny room had become a magnificent sounding board for the unseen orchestra. Here, indeed, was recorded music with all the soul-stirring immensity of the instrumental range.

"There were tones that were com-

pletely superb," reported Andre Kostelanetz. "My pen actually stopped in mid-air at the first note!"

Andre Kostelanetz, one of the world's great conductors, had just heard the only Meissner radio-phonograph in existence—the final laboratory model perfected just before war turned all of Meissner's skill and knowledge to the manufacture of electronic war equipment. This priceless instrument is now on loan "for the duration" to the music department of Mt. Carmel High School, in Meissner's home community.

Many families, however, are now looking forward to the day when luxurious postwar counterparts of the Meissner masterpiece will be obtainable for their own homes. Like you, they've been longing for some way to bring all the brilliant realism of the concert hall into the intimacy of the fireside circle... some way to recapture the "missing elements" for which present-day phonograph listeners so often wait in vain.

And, like you, they'll welcome these other Meissner advantages:

AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER—plays *both* sides of a record in sequence, *one* side only, or *repeats* a record just played... avoids record breakage. Provides 2 hours or more of music without your touching a record.

FREQUENCY MODULATION—plus advanced electronic features for fidelity and tonal range greatly surpassing such qualities in home radio-phonographs now in use.

SUPER SHORTWAVE... DISTINGUISHED CABINETS... NEW IDEAS in a host of other advancements already being engineered into Meissner equipment for our armed forces.

For tomorrow -
A NEW WORLD OF MUSIC AT YOUR FINGER TIPS



MEISSNER
MANUFACTURING COMPANY - MT. CARMEL, ILL.
ADVANCED ELECTRONIC RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURE





First, he had a son studying to be a doctor. This he repeated with increasing sentimentality as the closing day of the tournament approached and with it his pay. Secondly, there wasn't one square inch of Hotel Ormond Golf Course that he didn't know, because he had been there before the course was built. Just what he learned about the layout in its prenatal days is something I never could quite figure out. But Frank was convinced of the importance of that knowledge. And third, there wasn't a thing about the game of golf that Old Frank didn't know. He dispensed without charge as much of that store of information to me as was possible within a space of ten days.

I won the tournament with the best scoring I've ever done in competition. I credit it to Old Frank's infallible knowledge of the course, however, and not to his remarkable theory on the swing. I can't remember anything about his lectures — except that I know that my swing did not answer his dream of perfection, but that wasn't remarkable. My swing never satisfied anyone except my professional, who was reluctant to admit that the silk purse of his teachings had turned into a sow's ear.

In the caddie's opinion the player and he are a team. The feeling varies in intensity with different players, but never with the boys. It's always "we" with them — "we" won today, or "we" parred that tough seventeenth, or "we" sure butched up that putt on the tenth.

One eager Negro was completely carried away in his corporate concern for his player's success in a tournament in Carolina several years ago. The player wasn't exactly championship caliber. She struggled valiantly enough through the tournament, but without much success. (One never gets put completely out of a women's tournament. There are consolation matches for those beaten in the first round, and then consolations for the unconsolated.)

The caddie was courageous and patient. "We'll do better tomorrow," he would tell her.

But tomorrow was never better. Finally, on the last day, the girl walked to the first tee and announced to her caddie that all would be well for that round.

"I had a dream last night," she said gayly, "and now I know just what was wrong with my swing."

But there was no cure. She went from tee to traps to woods to traps to rough and back again in an exhibition of why Hell is paved with golf courses.

On the twelfth hole she beat away frantically at

her ball in a sand trap, with no more obvious results than much flying sand. The ball finally condescended to bounce feebly over the edge of the bunker on the eighth stroke.

The colored lad handed her the putter and shook his head sadly. "That wasn't such a good idea we got in bed last night, was it?" he said sympathetically.

Probably the two best caddies I ever had were a Scotchman named Bryce McCabe and a young Irishman, Dennis O'Leary. My partiality might be colored by the fact that I never lost a tournament with Bryce caddying for me, and that Denny proved a Rock of Gibraltar throughout the national championship at Brookline in '41.

I remember Denny best as I saw him, at the end of that tournament, rushing up to me with a picture in his hand, exuberance of victory bristling in the blondness of his crew haircut. "Would you sign this, Miss Hicks?" he asked, thrusting at me a photograph taken by the Associated Press of himself and me after the second round. I signed it.

I wrote: "To Dennis O'Leary, the better half of a very lucky team." And I meant it. No caddie ever contributed more to any player's win than he.

If he was perturbed at my errors any time through that week, he wisely never let me know it. He knew every hill and bunker and stone and blade of grass and grain of sand on the Country Club course, and his knowledge was my advantage. He knew my game as he would his own — not once during the entire eight rounds of the tournament did he give me the wrong club or inform me incorrectly as to distance. But above all, he had that priceless intuition which so few caddies have — that of knowing when to speak and when to keep quiet, a sixth sense of feeling toward a player's mood.

Bryce was my home-club caddie from the summer of '39 until he went into the Army the last of 1941. He was a slender and wiry boy in his middle twenties, with a profusion of curly black hair and an unsurpassable loyalty. I had the unhappy habit of going East or South and being nothing short of sensational. Then I would return home and promptly get my ears pinned well back by some of the local stars. Unless, that is, Bryce was around to say, "C'mon, this is just like the old days."

He would swing the clubs over his shoulder and we'd go out to practice — eight hours a day, six days a week. Sundays were occasions of relaxation, with only an 18-hole round to



Gerard Krasting, a Swiss-born watch importer, put on a pair of ear-phones in the CBS' Listening Post and for the first time in five years heard his mother speaking from Berne.

She said she had just seen cousin Joggi who hoped Gerard would be godfather to the first child; that Heidi (Gerard's sister) married Hans Fischer; that the goats were milking heavier than in many years; and that she herself was feeling fine, all things considered.

Mrs. Krasting lives in the town of Aarau. Once a week Swiss authorities let 3 Swiss citizens speak via short-wave to relatives in America. When Mrs. Krasting's turn came, the Swiss Consulate in New York notified her son. His wife, Winifred, a CBS secretary, got special permission to hear the 5-minute broadcast of which a recording was made. When it was over, Gerard and Winifred, with the record in tow, went home. They're still playing it. They think radio is a marvelous invention.

★

Radio in general and CBS in particular never stop groping for more and clearer information of the habits of the listener, and for more accurate statements of listeners' likes and dislikes. Some of the groping is pretty fascinating.

In that room yonder a group of women sit around a table listening to a program. Each woman holds in each hand a push button; one button is red, one green. The shepherd of the group has told her to press the red button throughout such fractions of the program as displease her, press the green throughout the parts she likes, press neither if she just feels so-so. Electricity then registers on paper every individual's punches pro, con, and neutral, individually and collectively.

After the program, the shepherd provokes a long discussion of the elements of the program. If the mystery made one woman "feel nervous" the shepherd finds out why...for an hour the talk probes for the sincere (rather than the shy or professed) reaction.

This "Program Analyzer" clinic has so far examined several hundred testing groups to pass judgment on more

than 100 programs. The groups are too small to be conclusive, but out of the chain of thousands who have cheerfully made the tests, certain patterns of like and dislike begin to take convincing form. Not too startling, but encouraging and helpful.

For instance: most people don't seem to like practical jokes or off-color jokes on the air. Most people don't seem to like sound effects of physical violence. Most people don't like a single war news reporter to hop all over the globe; they like him better when he sticks to one theatre. Most people, again, listening to a drama, want the stage clearly set: time, place, scene and action clearly established.

The clinics continue. And if you'd like to test your own radio-reactions, just write CBS (485 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 22) and say, "I'd like to push a button." You'll have fun, and you'll help radio because we'll learn something.

★



One Tuesday noon somebody looked at a script Norman Corwin had written for a radio play about New York and saw that he had written a part for a hurdy gurdy. Here it was a couple of hours from rehearsal and nobody knew where on all the sidewalks of New York—there was a hurdy gurdy. The costumers and prop people had none. Everybody listened out a window; no music. Then Elsa Maxwell said a Theatre Guild director had one, resting, and by five o'clock it had come to CBS, and everything was fine except that it had lung trouble and wouldn't work. Crisis. So off to the Bowery flew the vice-president-in-charge-of-hurdy-gurdies, and up four flights into an Italian home, only to learn that Pop was out hurdy-ing and nobody knew where. This led downstairs and to frantic questioning of passers-by. During the colloquy the v.p.-in-charge-of leaned against a battered door on the street; it opened; there, half concealed in a mound of junk was a hurdy-gurdy. It took 1 minute to test it, 10 minutes to locate the owner, 5 minutes of barter through an interpreter to strike a

rental deal, 30 seconds to load the hurdy-gurdy into a taxi, 17 minutes to reach the Corwin rehearsal. That hurdy-gurdy you heard was the one.

★

Once a month an Army plane drops out of the fog over the Aleutians, rolls to a stop, and discharges from its mail-pouch a copy of the CBS *Mail Bag*, a closely typed letter about the 786 CBS employees now in the service all over the world.

The *Mail Bag* is a collection of letters sent by CBS people to friends in the home office. There, Jack Hoins, veteran of World War I, member of the CBS Press Information staff, compiles, edits, adds news and gossip from the home front; then sends it all back to CBS boys at every battle station and outpost in the world.

Letters come in saying that boys who have no connection with CBS make a grab for the *Mail Bag* as soon as they see the wrapper, proving the slogan it bears: "This nation can provide substitutes for everything except letters from home."

★

Eloquent, realistic, out-of-pocket testimonial to radio's power to make and hold friends:

For the third year in a row America's 100 largest advertisers invested more advertising in network radio than in any other medium. For the 10th straight year the plurality of these 100 companies used CBS. This year they numbered 48, and of this plurality 21 relied on CBS radio alone.

Radio distributes ideas about goods. Goods make jobs.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

keep in the swing of things. He'd toss balls at me on the green and challenge me with: "Bet you a package of peanuts that you can't get these all down in two putts." I'd try, but I wasn't a very good putter. I'd miss on one of the long ones, inevitably.

"Double or nothing?" Bryce gave me every chance.

"Double or nothing!"

I went East in the summer of 1940 owing him 2,097,152 packages of peanuts.

He never gave me the pep talks on the greens during tournaments that Laurence used to. He'd just say, "Gurgle, gurgle!" Perhaps he'd laugh then, if we were just playing a practice round. Or maybe he would say it in deadly seriousness as I was stepping up to an important putt in a tournament. Or maybe he would write it to me when I was in the East playing the big tournaments. "Gurgle, gurgle!" sounds silly, but how else would one describe the delightful noise a ball makes dropping into a hole? It was purely descriptive and designed simply to stimulate my interest in knocking 30-footers into the back of the hole, when I needed them or when I didn't, just for the sheer joy of hearing the ball rattle against the inside of the cup.

"O.K. Knock this one in the back. Gurgle, gurgle!" We never considered ourselves even partially insane. Just enthusiastic.



Young and Old

By JAMES HILTON

High over wintry shires
Young men streak through the rain;
While old men leave their fires
To plod along the lane.

Each with a goal his own
(Beginner's or ender's luck) —
Four hundred miles to Cologne,
Two to the *Dog and Duck*.

Gunning for foes, behold
The young soon down their first;
Grinning to friends, the old
Meanwhile enjoy their thirst.

Hard duties, warm desires
Make hours go slow or fast,
Till young men leave their fires
And old men down their last.

Travel Is Broadening

By LT. COM. NICHOLAS MONSARRAT,
R.N.V.R.



TO BRING a British warship's crew to America and expect them to remain entirely British during the process of taking over a new ship here is perhaps asking too much of human nature. But until one has observed the operation at close quarters, the penetrative power of the American way of life remains unsuspected.

It has recently been my experience to have my whole crew stationed here, at first in barracks ashore and later on board ship, and to observe, with interest and a certain amount of concern, the impact on them of new habits and customs. It's not that I necessarily dislike these new habits: some of them, indeed, are most attractive; but I feel I have a responsibility to the parents and families of my crew, who may reasonably expect to have them back in roughly the same state as when they left home. It has been a losing fight, however: clearly they find America altogether too insidious, and, their resistance weakened by long months in the North Atlantic, they fall an easy prey to the wiles of the New World.

The American accent and idiom, confusing at first, have already made their mark: we have found it necessary to take on a lot of the local color in this respect, simply in order to stay alive. I myself had the greatest difficulty in making myself understood, particularly when ordering meals, during my first week or so, until in self-defense I reorganized my vocabulary and fell into line. Most of us have done the same: it can be justified as an emergency measure, though it may cause some confusion back home when we start asking for things by odd names, in accents which have covered an almost sensational amount of ground during our travels. But there are other attributes, newly developed, which the "war emergency" excuse will not cover.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER NICHOLAS MONSARRAT is an English writer who has been serving in escort ships of the Royal Navy for the past four years. His published work in America includes a novel, *This Is the Schoolroom*, and two war books, *H. M. Corvette* and *East Coast Corvette*.

Chewing gum, for instance. I began by taking a firm stand on chewing gum. Literally. It was on the deck, and I became anchored to it. Forthwith, orders went out that spent chewing gum was to be disposed of over the side, and nowhere else. But I had underestimated the power of this national habit. The first time I found some gum "parked" up on the bridge after this order was issued, I was extremely annoyed. The second time, I was slightly despairing. The third time, it was my own gum.

The American brand of entertainment is another thing which has made its effect felt. Sing-songs in the messdecks, after working hours, used to have a rather staid British air. They might include harmonica solos and a chorus of "Rule, Britannia!" but that was about all. Now it is different. Snatches of cross-talk, lifted wholesale from a current and none too refined vaudeville show, drift up to the wardroom. The tunes which are now popular concern Basin Street, Choo Choo Baby, and mares eating oats, and they seem to have an urban quality which is, to say the least, a long way from the sea-shanty of tradition. An embryo jitterbug class has already given the ship's doctor some extra work, and will probably be in full and acrobatic session by the time we leave.

Cigars are so readily available here, by contrast with England, that they were bound to become popular. At home, they are still sufficiently scarce and expensive to have a millionaire touch about them: here, they seem to be a permanent facial characteristic with fully three quarters of the population. At any rate, their abundance has enabled many of the crew to catch the habit: the atmosphere in the messdecks recalls, agreeably, one of the richer London clubs, and the fact that a seaman, given permission to smoke, may light up the father and mother of all cigars, without batting an eyelid, imparts a distinctly prosperous tone to the ship. Indeed, those of my officers who still smoke mere cigarettes are tending to become quite self-conscious about it.

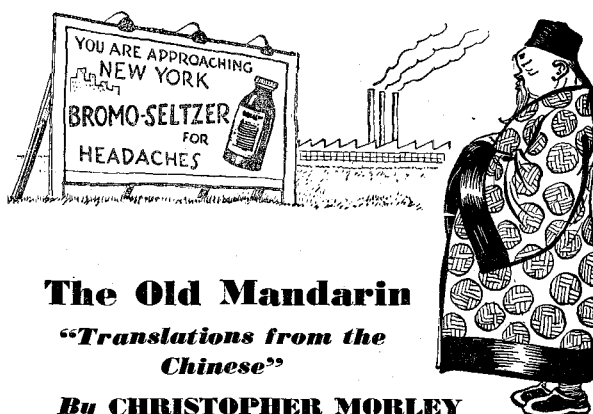
But sometimes the effect of America is more fundamental than this, as this final story, which seems to propound all our problems in one glorious example, will show.

A little while ago, my ship celebrated her commissioning by giving a party. In

charge of the checkroom we placed two men who were "under punishment" — that is, they were due for some hours of extra work each day, and this was one form which it took. It was thought that it would be a sufficiently irksome fatigue.

Owing, however, to the generosity of our American guests, and their misunderstanding of the true position, the men under punishment made just over twenty-two dollars in tips.

As one of them remarked, not quite out of my hearing: "I can take punishment like that any time!"



The Old Mandarin

"Translations from the Chinese"

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

ADVERTISEMENT

The Old Mandarin gave up travel
When they began calling it Transportation.
Now, perhaps for patriot reasons,
He stays put, for the Duration.

But oh, he cries in a nostalgia,
Is there still that noble billboard
On the islet in the marshes
By the Pennsylvania Railroad
Near the Hudson River tunnel?
Word of prophecy or warning,
New York's promise to the visitor:
BROMO SELTZER FOR HEADACHES.

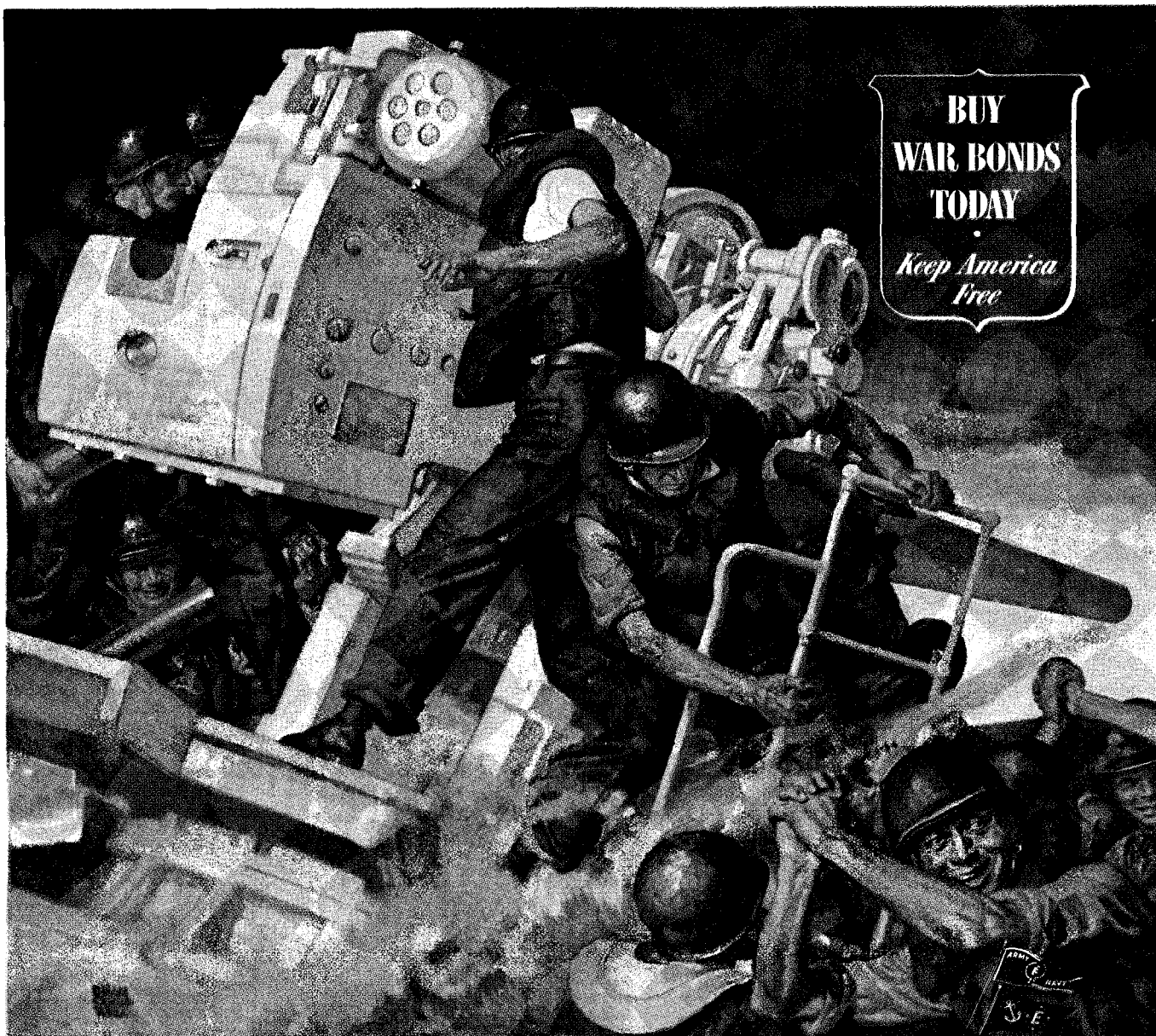
Oh, he exclaims,
Maybe after the Duration
One last well-earned Manhattan Migraine!

DANGER SIGNAL

I'm always disturbed
(Said his proper old butler)
When I hear His Excellency
Alone in his workroom
Cackling to himself.
I know he has thought of
Something deplorable.

The old Mandarin paid his first visit to the *Atlantic* in July. His sage remarks have a refreshing pertinence, thanks to CHRISTOPHER MORLEY's translation.





**BUY
WAR BONDS
TODAY**

*Keep America
Free*

Finish Fight *by Fisher*

IT'S a hard-hitting brute — this dual-purpose 5-inch gun. It's the kind of fighting tool needed to smother enemy fire power, to give our men a life-saving advantage when the going gets tough.

We cannot take credit for *all* of it. This big 5-incher was designed by the U. S. Navy, and its production is a tribute to the co-operation of thousands of workers and several companies.

But as we see it come down the Fisher assembly lines, we get a

thrill of pride out of the work we have done on it. It's proof that Fisher craftsmanship has once more been pointed right, has once more registered a hit on the production target.

Whether it's bombers, fighting planes, anti-aircraft guns, tanks, delicate flight instruments or other armament to be built — Fisher craftsmen are on the job till they get it ironed out. That goes for some very rugged problems put up to us by the men

The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four stars, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.

who do the shooting. And in this fight to the finish, we intend to stay right in the middle of such things until the final bell rings.

Every Sunday Afternoon

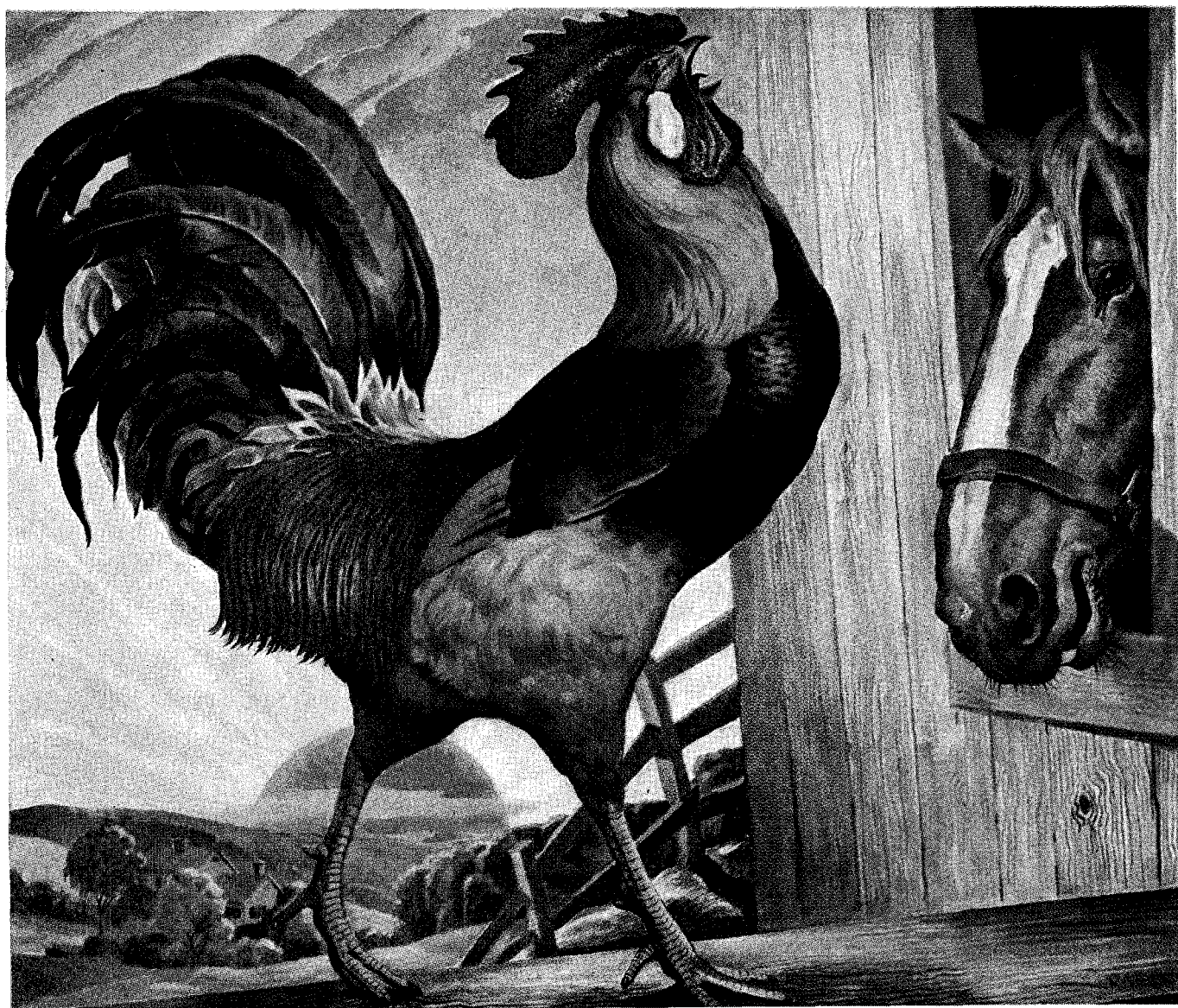
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network



armament
BOX BY

Fisher

D I V I S I O N O F G E N E R A L M O T O R S



Like a Breath of Sunny Morning

THINK back to the most perfect, sparkling-bright morning you ever saw . . . and you'll have some idea how fresh and sunny, how mellow and light is the taste of SCHENLEY Reserve! That pleasant freshness of flavor didn't just happen . . . it's the

result of *genius*—no less—in *blending*! No wonder it's a favorite among America's finer whiskies.

One sip will tell you more about *why* SCHENLEY Reserve is an outstanding favorite than any crowing of ours!



♫
THEY NEED YOUR HELP
DOWN ON THE FARM ♫

You're in the fight, too—when you help to harvest our vital farm crops. See your local U. S. Employment Service . . . and spend your spare time down on the farm—for Victory!

SCHENLEY
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY



Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof—sixty per cent neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO EXERTION

At ten o'clock on a wintry morning
There was already a long line of people
Waiting outside the theatre
To see *Jane Eyre*.

What gives? said Chung Stooze. These otiose
multitudes
Pack Radio City to see a picture
Who would never dream
Of reading the book.

Sheer and blessed indolence,
Suggested the Old Mandarin.
They can sit warm and quiet
And let it flow over them.
They don't even have to
Turn pages.



SOCIOLOGY 4

What is a doctrinaire?
One who has been taught something
Without learning it.

GATE CRASHERS

Every baby vegetable,
Grunted the sweating Victory Gardener,
Is imitated by some damned weed
That grows right alongside it.

POACHED EGGS

Wedding Breakfasts a Specialty
Said the menu card
At a secluded seaside hotel.

A delightful place for a wedding breakfast,
Said the innocent Old Mandarin.

You wouldn't believe,
Replied the manager,
How many couples
Have enjoyed the breakfast
But didn't bother about the wedding.

ENIGMA

And now, after these tragic bombings,
I'll never see again the ancient landmarks,
Those monuments of old renown.

Don't worry, she said,
You always carry
Your own ruins with you.

TEMPEST 1944

For how many young Americans
Was Shakespeare's stage direction true:
A ship at sea,
And afterwards an island.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

With another sharp-tongued mandarin
I was book-hunting far uptown
When we discovered
The Guarantee Truss Company.

Let's go in, said my companion,
And ask for a Vice-president.

What would you ask him, I wonder?
For invisible means of support?

"IL ADMINISTRE SA VERVE"

(G. Lanson, of Voltaire)

He mumbles an old sheaf of notes,
Of hunches, memos, casual quotes.
Perhaps he'll get a poem from it?
Then, self-abashed, he cries, "Why, dammit,
The dog, returning to his vomit!"

EVERY FORTNIGHT

Just trim off the grizzle,
Said the Old Mandarin
When he took his beard to the barber.

Your Excellency, if I take off all the white
There'd be nothing left.

LITERARY NOTE

He admired a huge beautiful spotted dog
That lay at her feet
And wonderfully enhanced
His mistress's pretty shins.
The old commentator remarked:
"Of course the first Harlequin Dane
Was Hamlet."

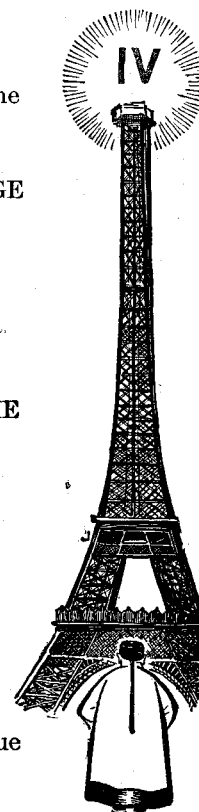
STUDENT OF LANGUAGE

Activate, operational, directive,
And even *currently*
Are still going strong;
But what became of
Autarky?

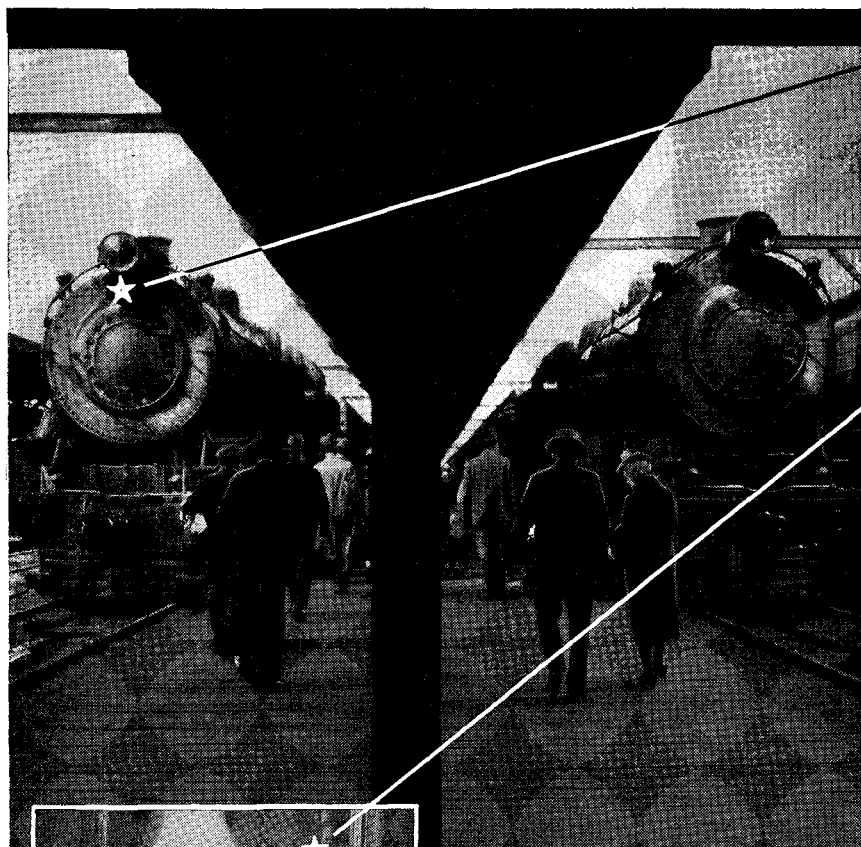
AHEAD OF THEIR TIME

When we were students in Paris
(In the year 1912)
After too many drinks
We cried aloud in mischief:
"Vive la *quatrième* République!"
A most tactless ejaculation
Implying all sorts of trouble,
And the gendarmes hustled us
To the jug.

Yet now, la *Quatrième* République
Is what every lover of France
Waits for.



Imagine your life . . . without Coal!



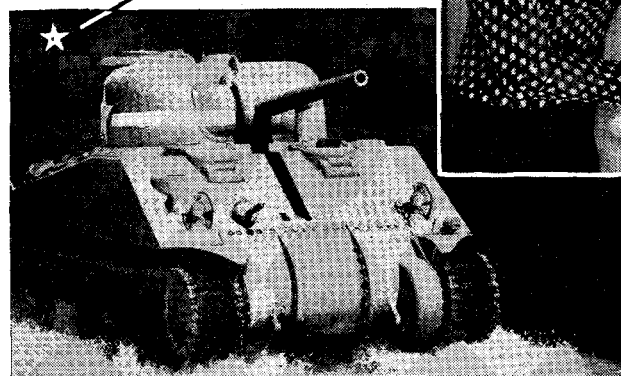
★ You practically couldn't go—anywhere! For Bituminous Coal is the fuel that powers 94 per cent of all America's locomotives. To make the steel in your automobile, Bituminous Coal is essential. Streetcars and elevators, too, would stop. For coal supplies *most* of the electric power we use!

★ Imagine your home for one day, without coal! Probably no electricity for the lights you turn on, the radio you listen to, for your toaster, refrigerator, or washing-machine. Probably no manufactured gas to cook the food for tonight's dinner. Probably no heat!

★ You would be deprived of any relief from an aspirin tablet. Your home medicine chest would be swept almost bare. For Bituminous Coal derivatives are used in making many drugs, laxatives, rubber goods, perfumes—to name only a few necessities of modern living. Coal also makes life-saving sulfa drugs for medical and hospital use.



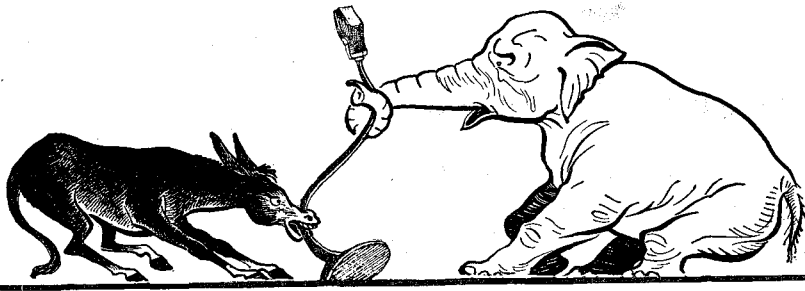
★ America's march to Victory would come to a standstill without Bituminous Coal. For coal makes ammunition. It takes Bituminous Coal to make the steel that makes our ships and tanks and planes; its many by-products make parachutes, plastics, radios, and aviation fuel. Fortunately, America is the richest nation in the world in Bituminous Coal deposits. We have *more* of the best and cheapest fuel than anyone else! We have the finest mine machinery. Merely by continuing the present world's record rate of production, we can get out all the Bituminous Coal our country needs . . . in war and in peace.



BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

BITUMINOUS COAL
Institute

60 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



The Radio and the Election

By "THE LISTENER"

DEMOCRATS are very well satisfied, and Republicans are somewhat annoyed, with the fact that Franklin D. Roosevelt has been on the air as President about 250 times, without charge.

Neither party can tell where the weight of the office leaves off and the weight of the man Roosevelt begins when he tells all four networks he wishes to speak, and they sweep the air clean, and he speaks.

For a few days after Pearl Harbor he was heard by nearly 80 million people. Only 29 million paid attention to his Christmas Tree ceremonies fifteen days later. In August and September of 1942 the best audience he could get for two radio speeches was 20 million. The average of his measured audiences throughout 1943, as compared to those of 1942 and 1941, was roughly this: —

1941 (5 speeches)	60 million
1942 (10 speeches)	43 million
1943 (12 speeches)	38 million

"Another downward trend," cry the Republican partisans.

"Ho, ho, ho!" cry the Democratic partisans. "Since when was 38 million listeners hay? And we can get the time free any time we want it! We can just push any of them off the air — Hope, Fibber, Benny. Ho!"

Subject matter may have a good deal to do with the Roosevelt audience, for on six occasions in the past two years the President has spoken on the air to audiences only one-fourth the size of his greatest of all. But twelve years is a long radio life for any performer, his average is the all-time highest, and we may come back later to subject matter. Let us make our own diagrams on the tablecloth.

The Census Bureau says that next year our population will number about 135 million and that, of them, about 80 million will be 25 years old or more, and therefore potential voters.

Of course they won't all vote, because they never do. But a conservative guess puts the popular vote

this year at 55 million — a full 6 million above 1940 — not counting the mass of the soldiery.

So let us guess that 10 per cent of this increased poll may very well prove the margin of victory.

Put that in numbers. Margin of victory: 5,500,000. Balance of power: 2,750,001. On the basis of that guess, one voter out of twenty

can decide the election. By running up the plank of the seasaw and throwing his weight on the other side, he can turn out the New Deal and replace it with a newer.

The stargazers in both parties know that the problem of getting votes this year is greater in numbers than it has ever been before, and that it may very well be decided by a smaller margin.

And that turns them to radio.

For today there are some 65 million American men and women of voting age at the receiving end of radio. Both parties know they are ready to listen, that they spend something like four hours a day listening. So the party men reason: —

"All the earnest persuasion we can pour on them through the press, as we used to in the calm twenties, won't do the job alone. It's good, and it's essential, because so many voters want an editor to make up their minds in print. But it isn't enough. We've got to make the campaign interesting enough to rouse a safe margin of new voters and chase them out to the polls."

From studies of listening they learn that a crucial margin of 2,750,001, for instance, is no more than the total of those who listen voluntarily to an ordinary daytime serial — a daytime serial which is by no means the most popular. When you realize that there are on the radio each week a hundred or more regular programs which command larger audiences than 2,750,001, you see why the partisans are taking radio seriously, not to say tensely.

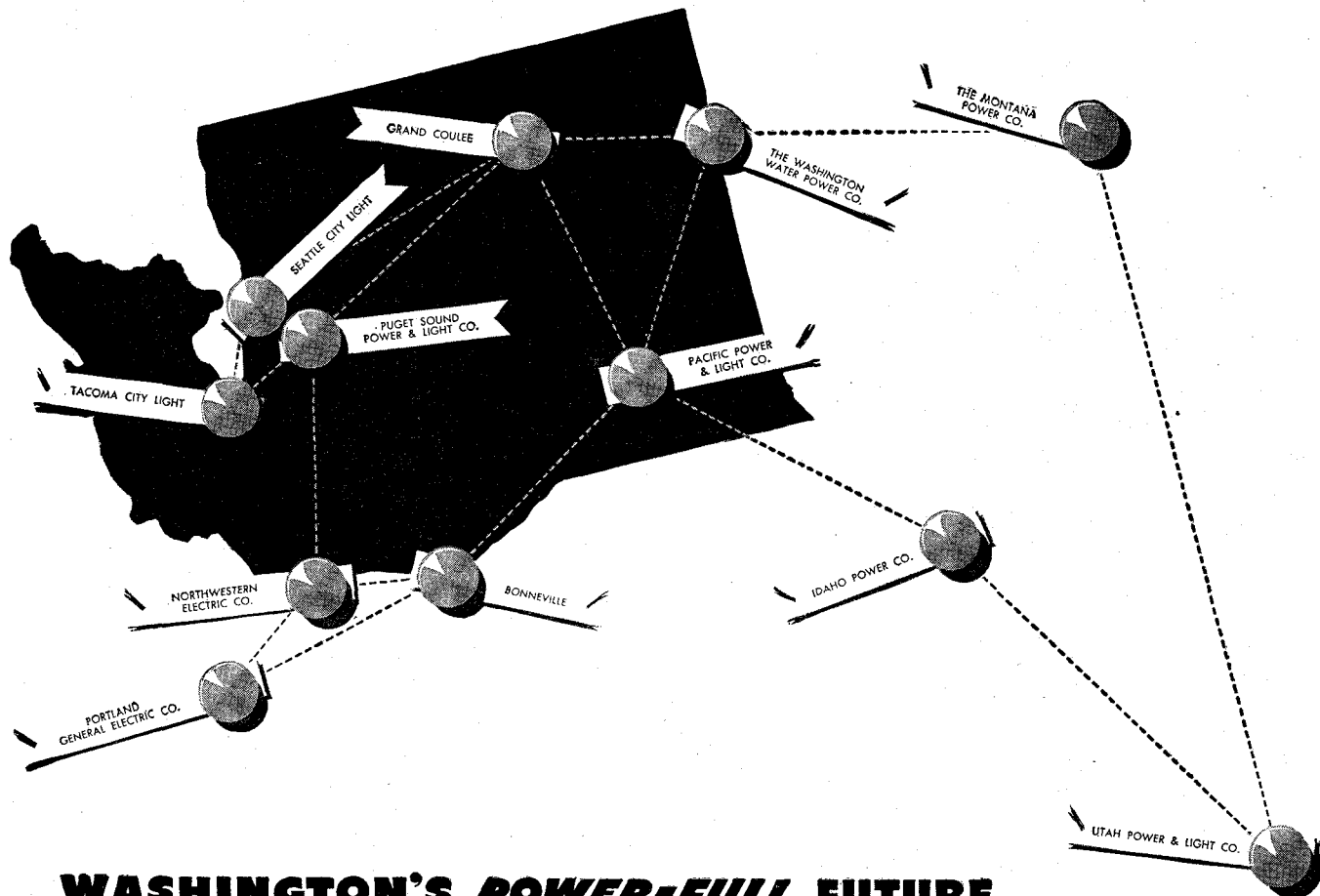
For with a high percentage of our population sitting with its ear cocked, attentive and eager for the contest to begin, now is really the first time when almost all good men could truly come to the aid of their party.

The best *radio* candidate will win the election simply because he will persuade more voters *more emotionally* and *more convincingly*.

Of what is a radio candidate made?

The wise men in both parties look backward for clues. They recall that Al Smith made a strong showing against Herbert Hoover because, despite his handicaps, every time the man spoke he had earnestness, humor, fire, and color. To be sure, in certain areas his accent was anathema, but in others

We shall have more about radio from time to time from "THE LISTENER," behind whose modest pseudonym is a well-known authority in that field.



WASHINGTON'S POWER-FULL FUTURE

...the Northwest Power Pool

The swift waters of Northwest rivers provide the State of Washington with phenomenal amounts of cheap electric power for industry. Potentially this area will produce more and cheaper hydroelectric power than all of the rest of the United States combined! Thanks to the Northwest Power Pool (composed of the principal private, municipal and federal electric systems, all interconnected), power is being delivered now where it is needed most! Great electrochemical and electrometallurgical industries are already operating . . . aluminum, magnesium, special steel alloys, calcium carbide, and wood-products and smelting plants, all requiring large amounts of power. After the war the Northwest Power Pool may well serve the peacetime power needs of thousands of new industries locating plants in the State of Washington. Cheap power beckons industry westward!

WASHINGTON

The New Cornerstone

NORTHWESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
PUGET SOUND POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
PACIFIC POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
THE WASHINGTON WATER POWER COMPANY

Business-Managed Electric Companies, Serving Low Cost Electricity to More Than 370,000 Homes, Farms, Businesses and Industries in the State of Washington.

WASHINGTON—THE STATE—HAS

Everything!



ABUNDANT, CHEAP, HYDROELECTRIC POWER FOR INDUSTRY—vast, interconnected hydroelectric systems.



GATEWAY TO THE GREAT POSTWAR PACIFIC MARKETS—the Orient, Alaska, Russia, Canada, South America.



IMMENSE SOURCES OF RAW MATERIALS—minerals, timber, fuels, water power, etc.



SKILLED LABOR—intelligent, responsible, fair in its dealings with management.



NUMEROUS BASIC INDUSTRIES—provide materials for processing.



PLEASANT LIVING—a temperate, healthful climate, ideal for both working and living.



DIVERSIFIED AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION—fruits, grains, livestock, vegetables, dairy products.



UNEXCELLED TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES—by land, sea and air . . . in all directions . . . deep water harbors.



LOW TAXES AND CONSERVATIVE FISCAL POLICIES—definite, statutory limit on property taxes . . . no state income tax . . . no general obligation debt.



INDUSTRIAL SITES AND HARBOR FACILITIES—abundant industrial building sites on harbors, trackage and highways; available dock, terminal and warehouse facilities, anchorages, etc.

it was music. A naturally gifted speaker, Smith spoke for a seen audience, but he was eavesdropped and endorsed by a surprising part of his wholly new and strange radio audience listening across America. The time was not yet quite ripe for a radio "performer" to become President. Mr. Hoover, on the other hand, as he was heard on the radio, projected a dogged sincerity, but he had the aural attraction of a bulldozer at work on a stone highway.

Looking further for case records in political radio, men remember that in 1936 a favorite son from the grass roots was nominated on a wave of classic inducements as savory as any ever offered to the electors. But from the moment Alf E. Landon went on the air he started to lick himself. His partisans realized it, but instead of taking him off the air, they let him go on doing it, and said: "Yes, but wait till you *meet* the man!" By election day a substantial company of Republicans had decided they just couldn't take him even if he was a Republican. So they took the Golden Voice again: the man who had in bountiful measure the basic essential of any radio program — *attraction*. And in 1940, Mr. Willkie's microphone delivery was not his greatest asset. All he had to do to get his Gallup down was talk.

The farsighted men in both parties know that the radio will play a decisive part in the election, depending on: —

1. The basic common sense and sincerity of the candidate's offer to the voter.
2. The manner of its presentation.

The candidate's offer is of course the platform of his party. Having been written, it must be rewritten for the speaker, into the clearest and most dramatic form for the radio public. The public will tune out an Edward Everett to tune in Sinatra, whether you deplore it or not. No preacher in his right mind talks for more than twenty-five minutes; no candidate has a right to put himself above a preacher. Radio time is limited, like the dimensions of a trunk. If the candidate can pack no more than one platform plank into his allotted radio period, let him engage a series of periods, and let him plan his serial with the utmost skill to be drafted, and talk about one plank per program, in ascending climax, to the eve of the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. The voter would eat up an orderly series like that. Let the candidate study the news reporters who put the shocking report of the world

into fifteen minutes, and let him be as clear as they are, and as informative and moving.

Let him study, too, the artifice of those who produce drama on the air, and if he is talking tolerance let him talk it as well as Columbia's *Open Letter*. If he is offering the plank on foreign policy, let him offer it as movingly as Corwin's *Long Name None Can Spell*. If he wishes to advance his beliefs and promises on home-front duties, let him do so as eloquently as NBC did in *Assignment, U.S.A.*

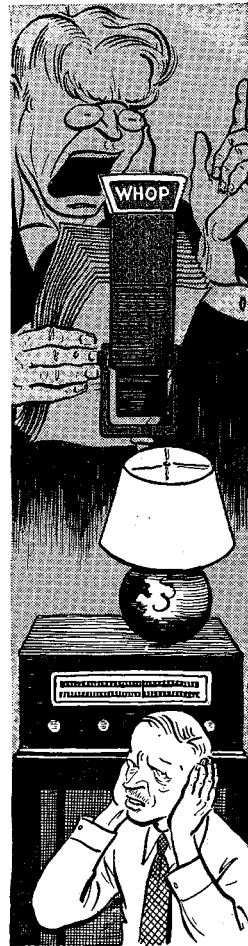
Let him recall that a seasoned playwright has been a major factor in writing sincerity into state papers even before an attractive voice took them to the microphone.

Let him sharply avoid crude and obvious devices which are out of character and insincere (overdone audience-applause is one), but let him manifest his sincerity by using every radio construction-technique which enables him to get the truth straight to the people fast and hard. An audience that will pay out 108 million dollars in one day for War Bonds in answer to the simple radio voice of one woman will subscribe to any equally probable security offered by any candidate. Radio has proved that the American people are at least not so abominably stupid as the speech-writing of most radio politicians in the past would have us believe.

The instant the candidate hits the air he's on his own. He's out of reach of his party managers from then on; he swims or he sinks. His manner on the air will make him or ruin him.

It is conceivable that the American people of a later generation will elect a mute, from sheer relief, but that is not true today. For one reason, we like the personal contact of our humble ear against the voice of our chieftain. For another, we commonly test the honesty of other men by their voices and their mannerisms. The test is, of course, not infallible, but you can't keep the public from making it. The likeliest candidate is the one who will speak most nearly in the voice which we might call Basic American, which is neither Amurr'kn nor Ah-mair-a-con. The unlikeliest candidate is the one who has learned nothing from the professional announcer or the successful actor.

If this analysis and this forecast sound a mite petulant, we might as well confess that we believe that a basic reason why the canny American voter holds politics so cheap is that by and large its





When life depends on a Wire

• Up on the rim of a lonely hill far above the troops below, the scout crouches . . . watching . . . waiting for the first sign of the enemy's maneuver. Suddenly it comes! In a split second the warning hums over the wire to the waiting troops. The enemy's "surprise" attack will fail.

Every day modern radio and communications equipment saves the lives of hundreds of America's fighting men . . .

The New York Trust Company has already aided many electrical and allied firms in the production of such vital materiel. Through the medium of V and VT-Loans, war industry has ready access to credit under favorable terms and conditions.

These and many other banking services, designed to meet the new and varied problems of today, are at the disposal of our clients and friends.



THE NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY

Member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

100 BROADWAY • MADISON AVE. AND 40TH ST. • TEN ROCKEFELLER PLAZA

*Commercial Banking and Loans • Foreign Banking Services • Investment Review Accounts
Custody Accounts • Executor and Trustee Services*

— BUY U. S. WAR BONDS —

speaking mannerism is so wholly and completely phony. If a candidate were to call in person on a voter and pronounce to him, in his living room, the sonorous rubbish of the platform speech, and were to bawl it in his best platform manner, the householder would propel him across the lawn, and there isn't a jury in the land that would convict the propeller. The artificial convention of the political speaker is not much worse than the artificial rumpus raised by the heelers at a rally, but each foment the other, and neither the one nor the other has the slightest bearing on the qualifications of a party or a man to run a nation, state, county, city, township, or ward.

The drab fact of it is that to the nature of the average candidate the howling-ape mannerism of the political platform is uncomfortable and foreign; it is a rigid conventional uniform which they put on with unbecoming awkwardness. Let the quick brown fox of a candidate put it off, just this once. If he does, two things will happen: a good riddance, and he will be elected.

There is no reason to believe that any of these general reforms will be accomplished in the process of the next violent contest. Not even with a war on. The circus must have its bands and its sawdust and without them it would not be the circus — or so we think. The campaign must have its cliques and its free-ride delegates and its drunks, its dull hair-trigger "demonstrations," its convention, and its back-platform nonsense.

But the wise partisans know that the once essential torchlight parade has vanished, too. They know that cotton for bunting is going into uniforms, that back-platforms are carrying troops, that gasoline is scarce, and that most people spend their evenings not down at the Union Depot but over at the movie house or home at the radio. Yesterday's town meeting, once the glory of our democracy, burgeoned into the Presidential convention, but today it is a withered travesty. The wise politicians who are our real leaders know that the real town meeting is the front room of the home.

There a man and a woman sit and listen to a candidate, and then the woman says, "What'd you think of him?" and the man says, "O.K., I'm for him," and the woman says, "When do we register?"

That's how the highest officer in the world is about to be elected. And he may well be elected by the listening that goes on in only one home out of twenty or thirty. If he sounds phony he will get the ticket to obscurity he will richly deserve. For he has been duly warned.



Notions

By HOWARD HAYES

A MECHANICALLY-MINDED person, careless of nature, might easily believe that all plants have round stems — until he is shown a plant with a perfectly square one.

Or he might insist that any living thing that walks on the ground must have bones inside it — a skeleton — to hold it up. He might go so far as to say that it was a law of nature — because he'd never seen anything else, or thought he hadn't. But then he is shown an animal whose body and members are a series of shells joined together — any beetle or crab will do.

The point is that in these matters, and in many others, nature is strictly impartial. It makes no rules. Only man makes rules. It is all the same to nature whether plants have round stems or square ones or flat ones; whether animals hold themselves up with the aid of bones inside their bodies or shells outside.

But this peculiar need that man has for making rules as he goes along — often based on practically no evidence at all — leads him into all kinds of trouble. Every bit of his progress seems to be made at the expense of broken rules — his own rules, let it be said, and therefore of not much consequence.

In the evolution of the automobile, man began with the horse and buggy — without the horse. One by one he broke all the rules he had established for the carriage-building trade. He had to, painful though it was. Even that master builder, Henry Ford, was slow and reluctant in giving up his buggy springs and high seats.

Another typical rule-breaking contest had to do with four-wheel brakes. Do you remember how hotly but briefly it raged? Some of the largest automobile makers ran full page ads telling why they would never use four-wheel brakes. Rules, again, which had somehow got themselves established, had to be broken and were broken.

Even today the modern automobile still has the engine in front, though engineers know it doesn't belong there. Man had become so accustomed to sitting behind a horse while driving that he had to sit behind an engine. He had been "pulled" by his horse and so he had to be "pulled" by the engine in his car, even though the power had to be transmitted underneath the car from front to back through a

A native of Michigan, HOWARD HAYES has worked on newspapers in Detroit and Paris and now lives in New York.

highly unsatisfactory set of shafts, gears, and universal joints.

In regard to the airplane it might be said that man had to try all the wrong ways first. In the beginning there were two classifications of flying machines: "lighter-than-air" and "heavier-than-air." It was thoroughly believed that an airplane simply must be as light as it was possible to make it; so bamboo sticks and silk were used.

Nobody bothered to consider that birds were a whole lot heavier than air and that their weight had nothing to do with their flying abilities. The qualities that made birds fly so well were their aerodynamic perfection and their ability to create and apply plenty of power. Heavy birds with short wings fly just as well as light birds with long wings — and they fly faster.

But man had to try the wrong ways before he got rid of the rules he had laid down for himself in the beginning. The process is almost over. His "heavier-than-air" aircraft have become heavier and heavier, while his "lighter-than-air" aircraft have been abandoned by the wayside for the monstrosities that they were.

For a long time it was thought that a pilot couldn't fly a plane unless he was in an open cockpit with the wind howling in his face — unless, in other words, he was practically outside the plane. Early passenger planes had the passengers snugly tucked away inside while the poor pilot had to sit outside in an open cockpit, half blinded and frozen by wind and weather. And then it was discovered that a man could fly a plane just as well while sitting in the still air of the interior of the plane.

In regard to all mechanical things, nature is full of the most wonderfully radical lessons. She tries everything. There are fish that fly and birds that swim rapidly under water. Man, if he wanted to take the pains to solve the problems, could probably make a submarine that would fly or a plane that could swim under water. There are really no rules against it.

But in regard to the submarine, why hasn't it gills like a fish? Why should it need air from the surface? If a fish can purify its bloodstream by washing its blood in salt water instead of aerating it in the air, man ought to be able to design a "gill" that will do that for the "bloodstream" of a submarine. Or perhaps he has done so, and we shall hear about it after the war. At any rate, there is no law against it.

Perhaps the most easily overlooked of man's inferiorities to nature is his ability to get over the ground. We think we are very clever with our automobiles that ride on rubber and air, and our fast trains that roll on steel rails. But we forget the one

great and dominating handicap of these means of travel.

Both the automobile and the train demand that the ground must be prepared in advance. An automobile off the road is not much good. It can hardly crawl along. A train off its tracks is a wreck. Both the automobile and the train are the abject slaves of those narrow strips of stone or steel that have been carefully prepared for them in advance. Their freedom of action is rigidly limited, as the disruption of war always shows.

Now look at nature. An antelope, a dog, a jack rabbit can hit speeds of from thirty to sixty miles an hour. This may not seem fast to a motorist on a smooth highway. But consider this: those speeds are made without any prepared track, and they are made over rough country, often full of obstacles. Neither man himself nor any of his machines (with the possible exception of some war machines, such as the tank) can ever begin to approach this natural ground-covering ability.

We think the wheel, one of our greatest inventions, is wonderful. But anyone who has seen a greyhound racing cross-country, lightly leaping ditches, fences, bogs, and streams, realizes that no wheel ever made can equal such a performance.

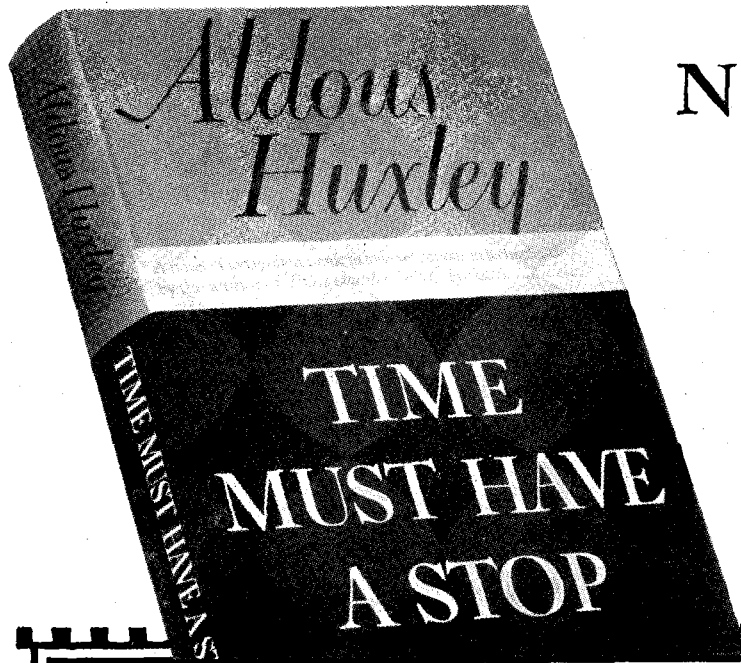
Man is still tied to the wheel. Somehow he got started with it and he has been tied to it ever since. One can only wonder what might have happened if he had concentrated his energies upon jumping instead of rolling. Surely he wouldn't have had to spend quite so much time in dragging the stones from his lumbering path. The wheel, however, is his law, and with the single exception of the pogo stick, it is the only means of ground travel that he has.

But if the whole theory of rolling over the ground instead of stepping or leaping over it is wrong, man now has flying. It is quite possible that he may be able to do better with his wings than with his wheels. At least he won't be hindered by the need for an infinitely extended network of smooth little ribbons of concrete and steel from one end of the earth to the other.

Of one thing he can be sure. Nature never says "No." As far as nature is concerned, man can have wings, he can fly, swim, or walk on the land. He can swim with his wings or walk on his flippers. In fact, there are simply no rules at all. Nothing is impossible. Only man says "No," and then in a moment or two he is reversing himself.



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THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE story is told of President Wilson's arrival at the Union Station in Washington just when a huge hospital train of wounded was being unloaded. The stretchers were laid out in the rotunda, and as his aides urged him down the aisle, expecting perhaps that he would commiserate, so moved was our last war President that he could not trust himself to say a word to the mute youngsters below his knees.

Such a scene would be impossible today, for this is a war without parades and without display. The convoys sail without fanfare, and the hurt men are flown or spirited home on the q.t. This is probably the way the men themselves would have it. Certainly it keeps the emotional pressure down.

The civilian arriving in the caldron of the Union Station this summer sees no stretchers as he threads his way through the con-course of bronzed and sweating servicemen. Bag in hand, he lurches heavily toward the west portico and the taxis, there to stand like a bleating sheep in the craziest cattle yard in North America. They say that misery loves company. The blast of heat which hits you at the Washington tracks withers your impatience; you give in; you grin and perspire with the rest, and, packed five in a cab, you begin comparing notes almost before the wheels roll.

I was the last passenger by the time my taxi turned toward Georgetown, and the driver was talking freely. A big, square-shouldered blond with a Western accent. "You are not from these parts," I said. "No," he said, "my home is Berkeley. This isn't my regular work. I was a C.P.A. before the war. But I was with the Marines in Guadalcanal and I was plenty lucky. Got five bullets in me. One is still here in my shoulder. When they let me out of Walter Reed, I just couldn't settle down to those figures. So the doc, he suggested this." "I should think driving in this traffic would get you down," I said. "No," he said, "I watch myself. Soon as I begin to get tired, I get off the road, go home. Doc says in another ten months or so I should be able to go back to my figures."

The writing on the wall

That boy from Berkeley opened my eyes to some of the sensitive work which is being done by civilians for the hurt men who are coming back. I heard of Henrietta Sharon, who began making sketches of the men in the amputation wards — drawings which were sent home to show the family how the boys were doing, how they looked. She noticed that being sketched would sometimes rouse a melancholy patient from his lethargy. I heard of Eugene Power, of the University of Michigan, a past master of the microfilm, who has devised a mechanical projector which, like a little magic lantern, reflects the pages of a book on the ceiling for those

boys who must lie horizontal.

For the wounded man permanently or temporarily blinded, the talking book is a godsend. A decade ago the Library of Congress began experi-

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Reviewed by James F. Fullington

CARDINAL OF SPAIN · BY SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH
Reviewed by Leo Lerman

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The Red Cock Crows

By Frances Gaither

"Set *The Red Cock Crows* down with *A Bell for Adano* and *Strange Fruit* as ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED NOVELS OF 1944."—*Lewis Gannett, New York Herald Tribune*. "An historical novel of unusual skill and power."—*Orville Prescott, The New York Times* \$2.75



MACMILLAN

menting with the talking book on a generous grant from Congress. Today some 23,000 of these machines have been constructed (largely by blind workmen), which play slow-speed records, each side containing the equivalent of from eight to ten printed pages. *U. S. Foreign Policy* by Walter Lippmann is complete in eight records, Tolstoy's *War and Peace* in 119. The authors themselves and some of the best voices procurable have done the reading. The late Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt read his father's *Letters to His Children*, with side comments of his own. Eva Le Gallienne recorded the poems of Emily Dickinson. Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager took turns reading their volume, *The Growth of the American Republic*. *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* comes in fourteen records and is read by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Norma Chambers. The Iago from Paul Robeson's *Othello* (a Spaniard by the name of José Ferrer) has just finished recording *A Bell for Adano*.

In ten years this library of talking books has grown to more than a thousand titles, with new additions coming in as fast as money will permit. (*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* costs \$2.75 in the bookstore; it costs \$33.50 in the talking book edition.) The books are refreshing both in their tone and substance. Mark Twain, Stephen Crane, and *The Pilot* of James Fenimore Cooper are listed beside E. B. White's *One Man's Meat* and *Under a Thatched Roof* by James Norman Hall. *Tristram Shandy* (in forty records), *Candide* (in six), Wodehouse, the King James version (sponsored by the American Bible Society), Virginia Woolf, *Little Women*, Rupert Brooke, Charles Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*, Alfred North Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World*, G. K. Chesterton's *Dickens* (read by Alexander Woollcott and John Knight), W. H. Hudson, and the *Just So Stories* — these are books to light up the darkness.

Wilson's Washington

A shop like Brentano's reflects the book taste of the Capital. The display shelves immediately to the left of the door, like the front left-hand column of a newspaper, are today devoted exclusively to books on Latin America. Those to the right hold books on aviation. There is a center display of atlases and dictionaries. After Latin America come India, China, and Japan — not novels, but diverse and solid books of non-fiction.

"You'd never have arranged your books that way in 1939," I grinned to Mr. Avery, the manager at Brentano's. "Not much," he said. "The novelists and the foreign correspondents were getting the play then." So we began to compare notes. Mr.

Avery has been selling books in Washington on and off since 1912. I was curious to know which of the Presidents was his best patron. "Oh, Wilson, without question. He'd come in any time of the day, stand in front of a shelf, — stand just where you are, — pulling out books, reading a little, building up a pile. Soon he'd be surrounded by four or five Secret Service men, and then all business would stop until he left. Now Harding was different," he said. "He bought books once a year." "Christmas?" "Right. His aide would telephone ahead and say, 'Mr. Avery, can you have the shop cleared for the President at 6.15?' And at 6.16, there he'd be, with two Secret Service men. He'd wander all over the place — juveniles, mysteries, gift books." "How many would he buy?" I asked. "Ten? Fifteen?" "Ten nothing. Two or three hundred dollars' worth."

The look and echo of Wilson's Washington comes to mind as one turns the pages of a new kind of hybrid, 80 per cent pictures, 20 per cent text and captions, *Woodrow Wilson: The Unforgettable Figure Who Has Returned to Haunt Us*. In a terse and admiring Foreword, Gerald Johnson traces Wilson's Presbyterian heritage. He shows what the boy must have learned of dirty politics in South Carolina in the 1870's. He shows us the young scholar at Davidson College and at Princeton, the law student who was the best speaker at the University of Virginia. He carries Wilson through his teaching, his writing, and his marriage until he reaches the presidency of Princeton in 1902. Then the pictures, which have been arranged by the editors of *Look*, begin. They have quaintness and veracity; they have an exhilaration as Wilson climbs towards his European triumph, and they have a tragic suspense as he barnstorms the country in 1920, pleading fruitlessly for his big idea, with Admiral Grayson and the shadow of death at his elbow.

These photographs are revealing and edifying. The occasional cartoons hold the ridicule and emphasis of the moment. Wilson's ovation as he rode with Poincaré, the implacable picture of Senator Reed, the President's ghastly visage in the Union Station after his breakdown, are scenes you don't forget. The deficiency, it seems to me, is in the captions. They are oversimplified. One cannot explain such contending forces in a few sentences. See, for instance, the obscurity in such telescoped phrases as: "Against the advice of professional soldiers, even Theodore Roosevelt couldn't get a commission. He blamed Wilson, but the objection came from the Army." This attempt to convey so much in so few words becomes confused: what emerges is uncritical and, in its extreme, hero wor-

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—OTTO ZAUSMER, *Boston Globe*

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stayed in bed all day,
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Shipped off to
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estate, to escape the
probability of being
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ship. One looks for, but cannot find, the truth of how much humanity failed Wilson, and how much Wilson failed humanity.

The picture book

When you have a veteran reporter like **Lt. Max Miller, U.S.N.R.** (author of *I Cover the Water Front*), teamed up with an official Navy photographer like **Lt. Charles E. Kerlee, U.S.N.R.**, and better still when the division between prose and photographs is three to one, the result will be a book as graphic, as masculine, and as valuable as *Daybreak for Our Carrier*.

Here is what it looks like to work on one of our carriers in the Pacific; here is the never ceasing daylight ballet on a steel stage which can move at thirty knots; here is the scuttlebutt and here are the letters home; here are the sensitive relations between crew and pilots; here is the Old Man; here are the unexpected humor and the tragedy of the rubber boat. There are forty-one magnificent pictures, and they carry no captions, for they speak for themselves. The Navy will have a special lien on this book. My only complaint — and I do not press it — is that this is a rather anonymous chronicle. The carrier is the queen bee, but the men aboard her have little more individuality than the drones.

Black hatred

I respect **Howard Fast** as one of the ablest and most patriotic of our novelists, and I see in his new book, *Freedom Road*, a valiant effort to inform us of a period when, in the aftermath of the Civil War, blind emotionalism and black hatred defeated the very ideals for which our ablest men had been fighting. This story concerns the South Carolina which Woodrow Wilson knew as a boy — the Charleston and the back country of 1867–1877 when a motley collection of poor whites, Negro delegates, and suspicious aristocrats began to rewrite the state constitution and, if you please, to re-educate one of the proudest states in the Confederacy. Gideon Jackson was one of the 200,000 Negroes who served in the Federal Army. Honest, uneducated, and a natural leader, he is put forward as their representative by the freed slaves of the vast Carwell Plantation. We follow him on his long walk to Charleston, feel the humiliation with which he finally presents his credentials, and watch with a kind of Horatio Alger awe his incredibly rapid education during the ninety days of the Convention.

In the writing of *Freedom Road*, Mr. Fast the historian has sometimes been outmaneuvered by Mr. Fast the moralist. The latter has pretty surely whitewashed the picture of the Convention in

Charleston. It is hard to believe that there was so little unscrupulousness among the delegates — and that little voted down. Vindictiveness I am sure there was in plenty, but I think it would have been only human to have found it more evenly divided. The moralist in Mr. Fast reminds me at times of John Bunyan. His Gideon is a paragon whose integrity and courage are spotless white; his anti-Christ, the planter Stephan Holms and Jason Hugar, are blacker than hell. What redeems this book is the sure narrative skill of the novelist when at last the forces of darkness, the Klan, are closing in.

Men on their own

Harry Brown was contributing poems to the *Atlantic* before he left Harvard in 1938. After a trial run on the *New Yorker*, he became Acting Managing Editor of *Yank* and in 1943 crossed to England to help publish the British edition. Here he must have heard the firsthand, unembellished accounts of our invasion of Italy which were fused by his imagination in his short, stirring novel, *A Walk in the Sun*.

The story begins in the early dawn, as the landing barge, with its platoon of infantry, comes within range of the shore batteries. The lieutenant and the "top" are rubbed out almost before the men have taken cover, and the command passes down the line from sergeant to sergeant, and finally to a corporal, each of whom has only a dim notion of how to reach the objective, a fortified farmhouse some five miles inland. Here, then, is the story of men who are lost and bewildered, who press forward under sporadic fire, and who have to improvise their leadership as they go. These are veterans of the Sicilian campaign. They respect but have no panicky fear of the Germans. They depend on each other, and their dependence takes the form of kidding and, when the going gets tough, of a suppressed affection.

The meandering of this steadily dwindling company is told partly in dialogue, partly in a lean, powerful prose which catches a man in action or in speech with complete authenticity. The author passes you down the line, from man to man; momentarily you catch the features, the character. Some are wounded, some are killed, but the survivors form that little knot in whom your sympathies are centered. What give this story its racy, American flavor are the snatches of talk, the evanescent bull sessions which never cease. Here is the main-spring of this remarkable little book: —

The funny thing was that they were not very much concerned with what was facing them ahead. Each had his own problems, his own desires and wishes.

BY BEN JAMES WILLIAMS

Leave Her to Heaven

In a discussion of his book Mr. Williams writes: "As a younger man I had thought that stark drama rarely touched normal lives; as I grew older I discovered my mistake. So in this novel, basically a psychological study of jealousy, the most extreme dramatic situations found place."

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Noel Busch travelled from Buenos Aires to Baghdad via Jan Smuts and Anthony Eden, Arthur Tedder and Ibn Saud. He sought out the by-ways and head waters of history and the shadowy shape of the postwar world as it appeared in the talk of the men who will make it. Where Willkie found one world, Noel Busch found a hundred; and all of them bizarre, and some of them ridiculous.

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They kept these personal things uppermost in their minds, as they had always done ever since they came into the Army. The war was incidental to a man's thoughts. It entered into them, of course, but it did not take them over bodily. There had been too many years of life, too many memories, before the war had come along. A man could exist on these memories, he could withdraw into them, he could construct them into an unpierceable shell. They were his defense against the violence of the world. Every man in the platoon had his own thoughts as he walked along, and they hovered unseen over the little group, an indefinable armor, a protection against fate, an indestructible essence.

Time Must Have a Stop

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

+ + +



A. HUXLEY

READERS of Aldous Huxley's last two novels will not be greatly surprised by this one; to borrow a phrase from Somerset Maugham, it is "the mixture as before." There is the familiar Huxley hero, who, in the words of Ovid, sees and understands the better, but follows the worse; there are the epicurean sensualist and the disillusioned siren, the background of a superficially cultured but futile society, the hatred and irony expended on lust and old age; and — most important of all for Mr. Huxley — there is the sage, the man with a vision of universal truth, to whose precepts the previously weak hero is converted at the end.

The hero this time is younger than usual, a shy and cherub-like poet named Sebastian Barnack, who, when the story opens in 1928, is only seventeen. The victim of a rigorously high-principled father and of his own fantasy-life, he is taken under the wing of his Uncle Eustace and transported to an exquisitely furnished villa in Florence. But on the night of his arrival his uncle dies of angina pectoris in a W.C. Shortly afterwards Sebastian is seduced by the unscrupulous and fascinating Mrs. Thwale, is caught in a tissue of lies and falseness, and is directly responsible for sending his relative Bruno (the sage) to a Fascist prison.

We next see him on New Year's Day, 1944, turning over the leaves of his notebook, a record of the leaves he has turned over in his life. He is now a successful playwright, but he has lost an arm in the war, his wife — of whom we hear for the first time — has died in bitterness and despair, and he has been through agonies of self-loathing for the damage he has done to Bruno.

No more than in *Eyeless in Gaza* and in *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan* has Mr. Huxley in this book discovered how to fuse the form of the novel with the material of the didactic essay. The narrative, to be sure, is never dull: some of the characters, especially Uncle Eustace, are very well done, and the sequence of events concerning Sebastian is cleverly manipulated; but for the most part

the people move on strings, against a backdrop we can hardly believe in.

The major weakness of the book, as a novel, is that Mr. Huxley has neglected to write the essential part of it. If we are to be convinced that the maimed and reformed Sebastian of 1944 is the same person as the self-centered adolescent of 1928, and that the change from the one to the other is inevitable, we need a great deal more than the brief flash-backs over those sixteen years which are all that Mr. Huxley gives us. Mr. Huxley has never seriously attempted the novelist's most difficult task, the presentation of a slow development in a chief character; his people have nearly always been fixed types, almost "humors" in the Jonsonian sense. Here we feel that his solution of his problem is perfunctory — as perfunctory as his use, three times in the course of the story, of the rubber arm of coincidence stretched to the limit.

The exposition of Mr. Huxley's religious philosophy, presented in Sebastian's notebooks but insufficiently related to his character, thus comes as a postscript to the novel, not as part of the novel itself. But earlier in the story Mr. Huxley does try to relate his philosophy to character, and what he does is the most original and ambitious thing in the book. When the self-indulgent Uncle Eustace dies in the W.C. we have a description of his state of mind after death. But even this part of the book lacks intensity, and the apparent hell of Uncle Eustace — which is not very hellish after all, since he does not seem to be unhappy in it — is in the long run no more convincing than the conversion of Sebastian to his vision of heaven.

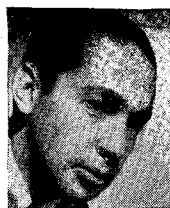
It would appear from this book that the world he now sees about him is unavailable to Mr. Huxley as a novelist; the placing of his main action in 1928 is as significant as his refusal to deal with events of more recent date. Indeed his philosophic emphasis on eternity, which allows him to look at the human level of "time and craving" only as something to flee from, makes an impossible basis for novel-writing; and as long as he insists upon it — as his conviction tells him he must — his novels, like this one, can only describe a set of futile mechanisms writhing on sand. *Harper, \$2.75.*

THEODORE SPENCER

Argentine Diary

By RAY JOSEPHS

+ + +



RAY JOSEPHS

THIS is a day-by-day account of almost eight months of revolution in the Argentine Republic — from June 4, 1943, when a junta of Fascist-minded colonels marched their troops into Buenos Aires and took over the government, to that moment late in January when the junta was forced by its political embarrassments to make a phony diplomatic break with the Axis powers.

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Of all the hundreds of revolutions in Latin America, no other has been quite like this one. Most of its predecessors have grown out of personal struggles for power among local *caudillos*, or, more rarely, out of deep-seated domestic issues like the epic social and agrarian wars which began in Mexico in 1911.

The Argentine trouble was sparked by foreign ideas and influences — ideas borrowed from German militarism, from Nazi and Italian Fascist and especially from Spanish Falangist political philosophy, from reactionary clericalism, and from the labor-baiting wings of big industry and big agriculture, all adapted to the Argentine local scene.

As a result, the government which rules Argentina today is, to a more dangerous degree than any other in the history of the Western Hemisphere, non-American and, in the broad sense, anti-American. It is openly and by its actions against all the freedoms inherent in democracy — freedom of speech, of assembly, of popular legislation, and of political organization. It is against collaboration with the other American republics in seeking any of the aims or benefits of democracy. Hence, except in a few matters where its own immediate economic interests are concerned, it is against collaboration with the inter-American policies of the United States. In its own foreign policy, in fact, Aim Number One of the Buenos Aires militarists' junta seems to be to defeat Washington's inter-American program by aligning the largest possible bloc of Latin American states against it.

Other dictatorial regimes in Latin America have been equally ruthless in the suppression of popular liberties in their home bailiwicks. But now for the first time since the American peoples began teaming together in a Pan-American movement more than half a century ago, a government has seized power in the Western Hemisphere opposed by its Old World political alignments and its active policy to everything that Pan-Americanism stands for. For the first time, the issue had been joined in the Hemisphere between Democracy and Fascism in its showiest uniform.

Argentina is an immensely powerful country, and the men now in control there know what they want and where they propose to go. The outcome of this basic conflict will affect the people of the United States and those of the friendly republics to the south.

Ray Josephs's book is the liveliest, the fullest, the most accurate coverage of those issues we have had yet. *Argentine Diary*, with its amazingly rounded entries, gives one a chance to live through the dodges and changes of Latin America's most dangerously significant revolution, to watch with daily intimacy the processes by which military demagoguery follows the Hitler pattern. There are occasional errors of judgment in it, since this is not one of those diaries in which the prophetic skill is perfected by post-editing. But here is your ringside seat for a close-up of American Fascism.

Mr. Josephs is a staff writer for *PM*. In carrying out this assignment he has placed himself in the top flight of American political correspondents. *Random House*, \$3.00.

DUNCAN AIKMAN

Keep the Peace Through Air Power

By ALLAN MICHIE

+ + +



ALLAN MICHIE

MUCH discussion of the peace to come after the war is theoretical almost to the point of vacuousness. And this is probably unavoidable, if one considers that the wisest and best-informed human being could scarcely foresee accurately all the conditions which will arise when the European and Asiatic sectors of the mightiest conflict in human history return from war to peace.

Mr. Michie's work possesses the advantage of concentrating on a single technical aspect of the future peace: how to keep Germany and Japan disarmed after they are defeated. A war correspondent with considerable experience on various fronts, the author feels deeply and thinks clearly. He makes out a very persuasive case for the proposition that air policing would be the simplest and the surest method of preventing the aggressor nations of the present war from conjuring up new delusions of grandeur.

Because the disarmament of Germany failed after the last war, there is a tendency in some quarters to lapse into a fatalistic pessimism, or to propose methods of fantastic ruthlessness, such as the destruction of all German and Japanese industry. Mr. Michie is on solid historical ground when he argues that there was no insuperable inherent difficulty in enforcing the disarmament provisions of the Versailles Treaty. Contrary to general belief, German evasions of these restrictions were accurately reported and established. What was lacking in England and France until the late thirties was not the power to keep Germany disarmed, but the will to do so.

His recipe for Germany and for Japan is much the same: unconditional surrender, all-out temporary military occupation, to be followed by a transitional period, when the responsibility of government is to be left in the hands of the democratic or moderate elements that may emerge after the downfall of Hitler and the Japanese militarists. In the background, as insurance against the revival of militarism, is the threat of punitive air bombing. He looks forward to a time when this formidable weapon can be placed in the hands of an international police force.

For the period immediately after the end of the war, he sees the hope for world peace and order in a close association of the major victorious powers. Naturally the prospect of any scheme of peace and disarmament depends on whether this association proves feasible. But if one grants this assumption, it is difficult to see any serious flaw in Mr. Michie's contention that the terms of the disarmament settlement can be enforced on Germany and Japan, two urban and industrialized countries, by the potential shattering impact of the blockbuster bombs. *Holt*, \$2.00.

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FURLOUGH

Joseph the Provider

By THOMAS MANN

+ + +



THOMAS MANN

With *Joseph the Provider*, Thomas Mann concludes the great Joseph cycle which has taken us through *Joseph and His Brothers*, *Young Joseph*, and *Joseph in Egypt*. In the final volume he resumes the story of the Biblical patriarch at the moment of his imprisonment for the affair of Potiphar's wife,

follows Joseph's rise to power as Minister of Food, and closes, as does the author of Genesis, with the death of Joseph's father, Jacob.

In the meantime he weaves the previously dangling threads of narrative, symbol, and idea into a single and elaborately meaningful strand. The earlier background of religious ideas from the Hebrew, Babylonian, and Egyptian cultures is now enriched by the tender monotheistic concepts of the Pharaoh Ikhnaton, who seeks to merge himself in the love of the Father. And the developing ideal of civilized man, for which Joseph is the archetype, is enlarged as Joseph extends his sense of moral responsibility beyond the individual to include the world. Joseph at last reaches full stature as a man when, as Egypt's administrator, he becomes the "provider," the preserver of life, the benefactor of mankind.

The reader who approaches the volume as an independent novel may find it considerably less satisfactory than he would its predecessor, *Joseph in Egypt*, which derived both unity and drama from the splendidly characterized wife of Potiphar. Nevertheless, Mann's comic sense delightfully informs his narration of incidents which are but lightly sketched in the Biblical account, especially in the diverting tales of the two fine gentlemen, Pharaoh's chief baker and chief butler, of the darkly determined woman, Tamar, and of Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dream, with its fine contrast of the royal discoverer of sentimental monotheism and the Hebrew realist.

But *Joseph the Provider* is after all not a separate novel; it is the concluding book of a vast and leisurely fable on the nature, state, and destiny of man. The whole constitutes a work which in encyclopedic scholarship, imaginative power, and magnitude of conception can hardly be approached by any other literary product of our time. Its theme is that man, the world, and God — soul, matter, and spirit — are one. Its central concept is of a divine order and purpose which can be darkly perceived in the myths men have created and which are expressions of both man's and God's moral nature.

Through the deep and dimly remembered past, men's responses to life situations have become set in a comparatively few stylized patterns which continually repeat themselves, not because of accident and inertia, but because of men's vague sense of the appropriateness of the pattern to their natures. Yet man is not entirely bound; within the rigid form of tradition he is free to compose variations. So man's life is at once a repetition and a

creation of myth, through which he is dignified by his identification with the past and the eternal. Thus also, in Mann's fable, Joseph, who appears in the Biblical tradition as the first complete man in the great world, both lives and creates the perfect myth, the pattern for civilized man. Knopf, \$3.00.

JAMES F. FULLINGTON

Cardinal of Spain

By SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

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"AN eminent English historian of the last century once suggested," writes Simon Harcourt-Smith, British journalist and diplomat, in his introduction to *Cardinal of Spain: The Life and Strange Career of Alberoni*, "that had England not spurned the offer of Alberoni's friendship, the American colonies might never have been lost." Mr. Harcourt-Smith continues, "I do believe that if we had not thwarted his [Alberoni's] precocious Italian nationalism and ruined his enterprise against Sicily in 1719, the Mussolini family would still be bound to their anvil and bellows, and our tragic onslaught on Italy in 1943, to free it once more of the loathed Germans, would have been unnecessary." It is this historically integrated approach, plus a witty, Guedallasque juxtaposition of period trivia and climactic event, which makes *Cardinal of Spain* an extremely fascinating book.

Alberoni, born in 1664 of most humble Italian parents, died at eighty-eight, having become Spain's "absolute ruler." He disrupted the international political scene, received ten votes in the conclave called to choose Pope Innocent XIII's successor, and generally played marionettes with the crowned heads of Spain, France, and England. Alberoni manipulated his strings with tact, intuition, and good Italian olive oil, Parmesan cheese, and exotic noodles. His was an excessively venal day, and truffles, marzolini, and ravioli — prepared by his own hands in between fighting wars and signing bills for the redemption of Spain — were his currency.

In "The Art of Biography," Virginia Woolf says, "In order that the light of personality may shine through, facts must be manipulated; some must be brightened; others shaded; yet in the process, they must never lose their integrity." Simon Harcourt-Smith does not inflate his hero, and his material is so rich, so amusingly apposite, that he has had very little manipulating to do. Alberoni's time was one of amazing personal eccentricity, frequently involving world-shaking results. Mr. Harcourt-Smith, fortunately, has a flair for such eccentricity and knows how to make the most of it. Some two hundred years ago Alberoni said, "The character of the Germans is to be insolent and unbearable when things are going well for them; they would do well to reflect that Fortune by her very nature is capricious, and that there's nothing fixed under the moon." Both the observation and the warning are still pertinent. Knopf, \$3.50.

LEO LERMAN



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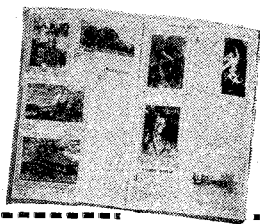
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FOREWORD. — Against the background of an eager, adolescent nation, Van Wyck Brooks shows us the American authors of the early 1800's, the statesmen they admired, the artists who painted them, the scientists, native or immigrant, who brought wonder to a society that was already outgrowing its provincialism. The world of Washington Irving was far wider than the thirteen colonies, and those who peopled it were, many of them, citizens of the world.

In the opening chapters we met that traveling bookseller and shrewd, gossip biographer, Parson Weems; William Bartram, the naturalist who saw Florida in its untouched beauty; William Dunlap, who made the New York stage cosmopolitan; young Washington Irving, a collector of stories at home and abroad, who sought out the dwindling Dutch settlers; James Fenimore Cooper, who had talked with survivors of the American Revolution, and whose knowledge of the forest and the sea was to yield the material for his novels; and William Cullen Bryant, the poet who broke away from European models and sounded an authentic American note.

26

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER and his wife and daughters spent seven years largely in Paris, though they wintered in Florence, Rome, and Dresden, and Cooper stayed in Switzerland too and lived for some months in Sorrento, where he rented the supposed birthplace of the poet Tasso. Its terrace was his quarterdeck, where he paced up and down, and there, between visits to Capri, Pompeii, and Paestum, he composed the greater part of *The Water-Witch*. He traveled in the grand style, as he kept his own horses and carriage in Paris, for, with all his political democracy, which was sincere and consistent, he retained the pride and the way of living of an old-school American gentleman.

Moreover, while he detested courtiers quite as much as demagogues, he was glad to be received by kings and reigning grand dukes, and he was on all but intimate terms with the Bonaparte family in Rome, which still included the ancient Madame Mère. His fame was already vast and universal, and as early as 1833 every new novel by Cooper was published simultaneously in thirty-four cities of Europe. His books were translated into Turkish and Persian, and they were on sale at Jerusalem, Constantinople, and Ispahan. The "American novels" rivaled the Waverley novels. Their renown was far greater on the Continent than it was in England; and Cooper found that his name was known at custom-houses and post-offices, in government bureaus, and even in country inns. He had castles placed at his disposal, while his books were not only praised by the greatest novelists and critics in Europe but had begun to influence generations of writers.¹

¹ Balzac remarked, perhaps truly, "Cooper's renown is not due to his countrymen nor to the English; he owes it mainly to the ardent appreciation of France." Balzac spoke of *The Pathfinder*

Meanwhile, with his pleasure in composition and his incessant industry, he turned out novel after novel, wherever he was, at Sorrento, Saint-Ouen, Paris, in Dresden, in Berne, keeping voluminous journals from which he drew in time no fewer than ten volumes about his travels. He had several of his books printed in English in Italy and Germany, and this naturally resulted in many typographical errors, largely in consequence of which Cooper was called a careless writer by critics who repeated one another.

He fell in love with Italy, alone of the countries he traveled through — its people, its climate, its memories, and its natural scenes, for he delighted in the grandeur of the Apennines and the Alps. Rome also stirred him deeply, although he described as "toosey-woosey" the raptures over ivied ruins that were dear to so many Americans. He was at home in Italy, which was so humane in its decay, and he indulged his passion for sailing there,

as "the school of study for literary landscape-painters," observing further, "If Cooper had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in the painting of the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art." On the other hand, Sainte-Beuve praised Cooper immensely and specifically for his invention of new characters.

Longfellow found in Scandinavia in 1835 that Cooper was read by everybody, even the peasants, in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. As for his influence in Russia, Tolstoy paraphrased whole pages of Cooper in *The Cossacks*. He was one of the influences that went into the making of Arthur Rimbaud's *Bateau Ivre*.

But perhaps the most touching tribute to Cooper occurs in the last letter of Franz Schubert, November 12, 1828: "Please be so good as to come to my aid in this desperate condition with something to read. I have read Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*, *The Spy*, *The Pilot* and *The Pioneers*. If by any chance you have anything else of his, I beg you to leave it for me at the coffee-house of Frau von Bogner. My brother, who is conscientiousness itself, will bring it over to me without fail."

hiring a felucca and crew at Leghorn for a cruise along the coast that left its traces later in *The Wing-and-Wing*.²

On the other hand, he quarreled with England as only perhaps an American could who had grown up in a circle that idolized it. He could never quite forgive the English for impressing American seamen, as he had seen them do in his own youth, and, proud and sensitive as he was, he visited on England the resentment he felt against Englishmen who vilified his country. Nine out of ten Europeans knew nothing of America, — they supposed that all Americans were red or black, — and Cooper met a Frenchman who thought that America was a province of Turkey, and a German who believed it was a part of Africa or Asia. Many supposed it was wholly settled by convicts.³

All this was natural enough, and Cooper was not disposed to quarrel with anyone who disliked America and its lack of order, tone, and finish. What he could not forgive was the vindictive ill-will that led so many Englishmen to abuse the country, for, aside from the books they wrote about it, they went out of their way to affront Americans. Cooper found twenty-three insults in Continental hotel registers written by Englishmen after American names. It also annoyed him to find that Americans who became well-known were usually reported as having been born in England,⁴ while he regretted another fact, for which the English were not to blame, that American authors who attracted foreign comment held their reputation at home at the mercy of Great Britain.

The remnants of the old subserviency were still so strong that American opinion could not carry the day in America in the face of a single English critic. But Cooper's personal encounters were pleasant enough. In Paris he met Scott, who was writing his *Life of Napoleon* and with whom he dined in London in company with Coleridge — "a barrel to which every other man's tongue acted as a spigot, for no sooner did the latter move than it set his own contents in a flow." William Godwin came to see him, the quiet little old white-headed man who had had so much in common with Brockden Brown. Cooper was impressed by his sincerity and his obviously honest desire to benefit mankind. It amused Cooper to note the ways in which the American type had diverged in a few generations from the English.

Partly perhaps from his contact with England, Cooper became, in these years abroad, an ardent and embattled defender of republican ideas. Instinctively patriotic, he had always lived in political circles, taking his politics

more or less for granted. But, like S. F. B. Morse and Horatio Greenough, he realized in Europe how profoundly he believed in republics, and he involved himself deeply in the great European struggle between the aristocratic past and the democratic future. He was in Germany when the July Revolution broke out and the Bourbons were expelled from France in 1830, and he hastened from Dresden to Paris, to be followed soon after by Heine, who had been drawn thither for the same reason. For Paris had at once become the Mecca of lovers of liberty, and when the revolt in Poland followed, Cooper presided at mass-meetings in order to raise funds for the Polish troops.

At that very moment, Bryant was doing the same thing, raising money for the Poles at dinners in New York, and Morse was as eager as Cooper to help the Polish patriots and was passionately concerned for the freedom of Poland. For the Poles of 1831 were for American writers and artists what the Spanish Loyalists were in 1837, and when Poe said he was going to Paris to join the Polish army he was acting in the spirit of later Americans who joined the Lincoln Brigade in Spain. Morse rejoiced that America had "no titles of nobility, no ribbons, and garters, and crosses, and other geegaws that please the great babies of Europe"; and, along with Cooper and Bryant, he backed revolutionists everywhere — in Poland, in South America, in Italy, in France. For in those days Americans believed in republics: they were convinced that God was tired of kings.

Cooper had been intimate with Mickiewicz in Rome and had ridden with him every day on his white horse Chingi; and his house in Paris, as a correspondent said, was the hospice of St. Bernard of the Polish refugees. Cooper welcomed republicans of every nation. He knew Béranger well and the sculptor David d'Angers, who made a famous bust of him, while his greatest friend was Lafayette, beloved by Morse as well, whom he had met in New York in 1824. He had been active in getting up the ball in honor of Lafayette at Castle Garden, where he supervised the hanging of the lanterns and the gayly colored bunting, and he saw much of the old statesman in Paris when he was finishing *The Prairie*.⁵ Thrice Cooper visited La Grange, galloping through the woods and fields, walking with Lafayette on his farm, and talking in his library, and he met two other officers in Paris who had fought in the American Revolution.

The royalists were determined to discredit Lafayette, who was laboring for a French republic on the American model, and in order to do so they hired a writer to prove

⁵ Several American writers came in contact with Lafayette during his visit to America in 1824. Cooper saw much of him, while Audubon painted his portrait in Pittsburgh. Lafayette had known Audubon's father, as well as the grandfather of Poe, at whose grave in Baltimore he was supposed to have said, "Ici repose un coeur noble." Poe, who was fifteen when Lafayette visited Richmond, was lieutenant in the Richmond Junior Volunteers, which acted as a bodyguard for this guest of the nation. Whitman was another of the writers who cherished recollections of Lafayette. It is related that the old patriot, who was laying a cornerstone in Brooklyn, lifted the five-year-old Walt over a heap of rough stones, pressed him to his breast, and gave him a kiss.

² Cooper remarked that Washington Allston described the sirocco as a "Boston east wind boiled."

³ Georgia, of course, was partially settled by debtors released from English jails. It was also true that plans were considered for using the colonies as penal settlements. In reply to these proposals, which were never carried out, Franklin published a plan of his own for returning the compliment. In exchange for the human serpents that England proposed to send America, he said the Americans should transport rattlesnakes to England. These might be distributed in Saint James's Park, for instance, and especially in the gardens of the Prime Minister, the lords of trade, and members of Parliament, "for to them we are most particularly obliged."

⁴ He found himself described in an English book of reference as a son of the Isle of Man, and he observed that Irving was called a native of Devonshire in English biographical dictionaries.

that the American experiment had failed, that Americans paid more for the benefits of government than the French paid under the king. The pamphlet had a great effect, for, to make a fool of Lafayette, who was always preaching Americanism in France, what better way could have been devised than to show that he knew nothing about it and that freedom was more costly to the people than despotism? Lafayette asked Cooper to reply to the pamphlet, and Cooper, who knew it was erroneous, proved it to be so, though instead of being thanked at home for defending the ways of America, he was loudly accused of attacking a friendly foreign country.

Cooper, in fact, was treated shabbily at home, and the more he praised America, — in *Notions of the Americans*, for instance, — the less his countrymen seemed to like it. He had hoped in this book to correct, in the eyes of Europeans, the errors which their own travelers had spread about it, and American readers, as Mathew Carey the publisher said, appeared to prefer the sneers of Basil Hall. But Cooper loved America, though he saw and regretted its weaknesses, and, shocked by the low view of his country that prevailed in Europe, he found that republicanism was a cause to defend there. He could no longer take it for granted when American ministers and consuls praised monarchism and derided the customs of their country;⁶ for lovers of the old privileged order abounded in American diplomacy from the days of Gouverneur Morris to the days of Franco and Mussolini.

In their hatred of the rights of the masses they were virtually traitors, and it always mortified Cooper to fall in with a fellow American who professed illiberal opinions. Personally and socially aristocratic in all his tastes and instincts, he was a democrat politically against all comers, and he even disliked the toryism in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, its deference to hereditary rank and conventional laws. Had not these laws originated in force, and force alone, and had they not been continued by prejudice and wrong? Cooper, an aristocrat in temper, was a stickler for his social rights, the right to consideration, privacy, respect, and he was often at war with himself, for his tastes and prejudices were by no means in harmony with his conscience and convictions. But he did not believe in privilege or hereditary rank, and as for the principle of equal political rights, he would have fought to the death, most certainly, to defend it. He was all for confiding political power to the body of the people, however their tastes and manners offended him, and three of the novels he wrote in Europe — *The Bravo*, *The Headsman*, *The Heidenmauer* — were intended to demonstrate the virtue of American institutions.

His plan, like Mark Twain's in *A Connecticut Yankee*, was to exhibit American ways in the light of European history, and the three novels were pictures of late medieval society in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, as a democrat saw it. Entering the feudal world of Scott, Cooper intended no doubt to break the spell that Scott had woven about it, and these novels defended the rule of the people

⁶ "Whenever I felt in the mood to hear high monarchical and aristocratical doctrines blindly promulgated, I used to go to the nearest American legation." — Cooper, *Home as Found*.

against irresponsible oligarchies who questioned the capacity of men to govern themselves. They showed the evil of institutions that throve on the ignorance of the masses and had no proper base in the will of the nation.

27

WHILE Cooper and Irving were living abroad, Edgar Allan Poe, who had spent five years of his childhood at school in England, had grown up in Richmond as a ward of John Allan, the merchant, whose wife was the daughter of one of the Virginia planters. Edgar, petted and rather spoiled, with his air of a Little Lord Fauntleroy, graceful, exceptionally handsome, winning in manner, had become an imperious older boy, a capital horseman, fencer, and shot, and a leader of the other boys at his school in Richmond. He swam in the river James one day six miles against the tide. Devoted to music, he played a flute, he wrote good Latin verses, he even had more than a little talent for drawing. He made a charming sketch of one of the young girls in Richmond, and his friends later remembered the skill with which he drew fanciful pictures in charcoal on the ceiling and walls of his room at Charlottesville. These drawings were suggested by a number of illustrations for Byron, the favorite poet of all the Virginia young men. Thomas Sully, a friend of the Allans, painted a portrait of Poe in a cloak in one of the romantic postures associated with Byron.

By 1826, when Poe was sent to the university, he was erect, pale, slender, and seventeen, with large, gray, luminous, liquid eyes, a brow of the sort that was often called noble, and the manners of a well-brought-up young man. One might have taken him for the type of the *jeunesse dorée* of Virginia, surrounded with tutors, servants, horses, and dogs, with clothes of the best that the tailors of Richmond afforded, and he was regarded in fact as the heir of one of the richest men in the state, for Allan, who had no legitimate children, had recently inherited a fortune of something round three quarters of a million dollars. The large, new, luxurious house of the Allans, with its Empire furniture and busts by Canova and the spacious octagonal parlor on the second floor, left traces in some of the writings of Poe, who thought of it as home long after he had lost the right to live there.

Along with the Medici Venus and the Etruscan vases, there was a niche on the stairs with an agate lamp, and a telescope stood on the balcony, through which Poe gazed at the constellations whose beautiful names were scattered through his poems. Later he studied astronomy, as one might have guessed from reading his tales, but he knew the Pleiades as a boy in Richmond, "Astarte's bediamonded crescent," and the mountains of the moon. For the rest, he had always been thrown with the sons of the cultivated lawyers and planters who rode about the streets on their blooded horses. Most of the larger Richmond houses, with porticoes and pillars, reflected the classical feeling that prevailed in the town, where the clerk of the House of Delegates was translating the *Iliad* during these

years and lawyers often carried in their pockets a Cicero or a Horace.

On Sundays, at the Episcopal church, Poe sat behind Chief Justice Marshall, and he must have seen Madison too on a visit to town, while John Randolph sold some of his tobacco through Mr. Allan's agency and all but certainly appeared occasionally at the warehouse.⁷ One evening, as a little boy, Poe romped with General Winfield Scott at a party in the house of the Allans. Taken twice to the Virginia springs, he visited his foster-mother's plantation as well as the Allan plantation at Lower Byrd's, where he heard weird tales in the slave quarters, whither his mammy took him, about graveyards, apparitions, corpses, and spooks.

His childhood was bathed indeed in the grotesquerie of the Negroes, which also certainly left traces in some of his tales, while he heard other stories of exploits at sea and adventures in the West, related by merchants and mariners who dined with the Allans. For the firm supplied some of the Western settlements with blankets, rum, and powder and imported a variety of goods from England and Europe—the docks were crowded with barques and square-riggers, and Poe knew ships and the ways of sailors, as one soon saw in his *Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*. This was the tale that might have been written, in part at least, by Fenimore Cooper and that placed Poe also in the age of *Moby Dick*. He had crossed the ocean twice, besides sailing from Scotland to London, and he soon took several voyages on army transports. If, throughout his later life, Poe thought of Richmond as his home, it was because of the happiness he had known there as a child.

For, on the whole, he appeared to be a normal, healthy, lively boy, orderly in his way of living, punctilious in dress, and the professors at Charlottesville, as long as he was permitted to stay there, regarded him as well-behaved and a model student. The university had been opened only the previous year; the rotunda, the serpentine walls, and the terraces were new. As Jefferson was still alive, Poe must have seen him often—indeed, he probably dined at Monticello, for all the students were invited in rotation on Sundays. He certainly heard the bell toll for the death of the "American Confucius," whose wisdom, for the rest, meant nothing to Poe; for this brilliant young man, who cared little for politics,⁸ shared none of Jefferson's beliefs and even considered democracy a delusion and an evil.⁹ His writings were to bristle with allusions to the "rabble" and the "canaille," to democracy as an "admirable form of government—for dogs," to voting as "meddling" with public affairs, and republican gov-

⁷ The lower limbs of Poe's M. Valdemar were described as resembling John Randolph's.

⁸ One might rather say that he despised them. See his *Some Words with a Mummy*: "Mr. Gliddon . . . could not make the Egyptian comprehend the term 'politics,' until he sketched upon the wall, with a bit of charcoal, a little carbuncle-nosed gentleman, out at elbows, standing upon a stump, with his left leg drawn back, his right arm thrown forward, with his fist shut, the eyes rolled up towards Heaven, and the mouth open at an angle of ninety degrees."

⁹ "I am beginning to think with Horsley—that 'the People have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.'"—Poe, *Fifty Suggestions*.

ernment as "rascally," while they also expressed the contempt of the writer for "reform cranks" and "progress mongers."

Poe had no faith, as he often said, in human perfectibility or the general notions of equality, progress, and improvement that characterized the Jeffersonian vision; and if he had been politically-minded, one might have thought of him as a type of the anti-Jeffersonian Southern reaction of the moment. Temperamentally, indeed, Poe was a type of this reaction. He had something in common with Beverley Tucker, who was deeply interested in him and remembered his mother as a charming young actress in Richmond.

Meanwhile, he acquired at Charlottesville a good part of the store of learning that marked his tales and his criticism in after years. In those days, and later, Poe was accused of all manner of dodges in the way of pretending to a learning he did not possess, and critics took pleasure in pointing out the absurd mistakes that he had made and that proved him "two-fifths sheer fudge," an impostor, and what not. It was true that he made these mistakes,¹⁰ and he sometimes seemed to lug in his learning, like his own Signora Psyche Zenobia in *How to Write a Blackwood Article*—the editor himself instructed this aspiring young lady to cultivate an air of erudition, to sprinkle her pages with piquant expressions from Schiller, Cervantes, and Lucan and never miss a chance to use a botanical phrase or a little Greek.

Poe often made learned allusions for the sake of their effect, but were they not occasionally admirable for just this reason? Much of the wondrous atmosphere of tales like *The Fall of the House of Usher* was a result of these allusions to strange and exotic books and authors. Moreover, Poe was a well-read man, especially in English, French, and Latin, and he was prodigious in the breadth of his general knowledge. He knew the language, as his writing revealed, of astronomy, chemistry, and physics, of conchology, botany, medicine, and mathematics, and no one could have written *Hans Pfaall* and *Maelzel's Chess-Player* without a considerable knowledge of mechanics as well. As for the other modern tongues, he read a little Italian and German, though he probably picked up his knowledge of Novalis, Tieck, and Hoffmann from the papers of Carlyle and others in the British reviews. He was always a constant reader of the current magazines, and he had formed the habit of reading the foreign periodicals as a boy in the book-loft of Allan's warehouse.

Inevitably Poe was steeped in Coleridge, Shelley, Moore, and Byron, but how, in his hurried, anxious life, could he have stowed away such a mass of erudition and information? Obviously, this was because as a boy he "felt with the energy of a man," as he remarked of the hero of *William Wilson*, while he had, in a rudimentary form, a universal mind, together with astonishing powers of concentration. Poe, in the range of his curiosity, resembled Jefferson, after all, and for him a single manual of ancient history or natural science went further than

¹⁰ For instance, when he referred to "Suard and André," a misreading of the German *Suard und andere*. It was Poe's air of knowingness that made these errors irritating.

hundreds of volumes in the minds of others. But this meant assiduity, too, — he was always immensely industrious,¹¹ — and a few months at West Point were all the additional time that Poe was ever to have for his education. He was complimented at Charlottesville for a translation from Tasso, and he wrote "Tamerlane" there and other poems.

28

WHILE outwardly the attractive Poe was a clever young man of the ruling class, with all the advantages and prospects of a Cabell or a Lee, his life was built on quicksand really, as he had always known perhaps and certainly knew when he was withdrawn from college. John Allan had never adopted him and may have turned against him because Poe happened to know too much about his private life; but long before this, when the two fell out, Allan had called him a charity boy and threatened more than once to turn him adrift. Like some of the boys at school, he had sneered at Poe as the child of actors, and he refused to pay Poe's expenses at college, as afterwards, at West Point, he would not pay even for the necessary textbooks and Poe did not have money enough for soap and writing-paper. Of course, he played cards for money, not for fun but to pay his way, — another humiliation, — and he usually lost, so that he was followed by duns and warrants when he left Charlottesville and had to leave Richmond under a borrowed name.

An outsider among the young Virginians, and constantly reminded of it, with a natural and lifelong craving for the sympathy of women, he was desolated as a boy by the death of the mother of one of his friends, the beautiful Mrs. Stanard of the poem "To Helen." Then Mrs. Allan also died, the radiant foster-mother who had stood between Poe and the feelingless caprices of her husband; and a young man who was an orphan too might well have felt that the "conqueror worm" was the hero of his tragedy already. For Poe the death of a beautiful woman was always the great theme of verse, — he might almost have remembered the death of his mother also, as he was to watch the long dying of his young wife, — and no man was ever more alone against the world than this "Henri Le Renet" who fled from his creditors in Richmond.

Long before Poe came of age he knew the *splendeurs et misères*, the sorrowful juxtapositions of luxury and squalor, that were to make him a pre-eminent type of the romantic; and who could ever have been surprised that he often seemed nervously strained as a boy, with an ominous look in his eyes of anxiety and sadness? He began to be haunted by nightmares at about the age of

¹¹ A passage in his comic sketch, *The Literary Life of Thingum Bob, Esq.*, really reflects Poe's own habit as a writer and a student: "How I laboured — how I toiled — how I wrote! Ye gods, did I *not* write? I knew not the word 'ease.' By day I adhered to my desk, and at night, a pale student, I consumed the midnight oil. You should have seen me — you *should*. I leaned to the right, I leaned to the left. I sat forward. I sat backward . . . and, through all, I *wrote*. Through joy and through sorrow, I — *wrote*. Through hunger and through thirst, I — *wrote*. Through good report and through ill report, I — *wrote*. Through sunshine and through moonshine, I — *wrote*."

fifteen; and, if he broke down a few years later and showed many of the signs of insanity, was this not partially owing to his heredity as well? His sister Rosalie was underwitted, his brother died of consumption and drink, in the manner no doubt of the gay, weak, feckless father who had long since faded out of the family picture; and Poe's disorders might all have been traced to the desperate existence of his poor little mother, dragging him with her from theater to theater as she played her wildly emotional parts. Two or three years of such a life might well have deranged the nerves of an infant, even before he was born.

This complex insecurity — physical, social, financial alike — explained in large measure the life and the character of Poe, as it also accounted for the nature of much of his writing. He had begun to drink in part because it gave him confidence, as he liked to display his prowess too by assuming the role of the man of the world whose head was full of esoteric knowledge. If he was not, he might have been the schoolboy in *The Purloined Letter* who won the marbles of all the other boys by observing and measuring the astuteness of his opponents; for having, of course, a mind in a million, he also liked to use it because it gave him power over others. For this reason, very largely, he longed to establish a magazine that would make him an intellectual dictator,¹² an assertion of his superiority that was also in a measure the result of this insecurity of his earlier years.

He liked to play for a similar reason the part of a solver of cryptograms, a reader of riddles and ciphers whom no one could baffle, a successful finder of buried treasure and a peerless detector of crimes for whom the official police were mere idiots and infants. For Poe projected a side of himself in Auguste Dupin and Mr. Legrand, the hero of *The Gold Bug* who unraveled the formidable cipher. His analytical faculty was undoubtedly astonishing, and Dickens asked him in later years if he had had dealings with the devil when he outlined in advance the plot of *Barnaby Rudge*. But, much as he loved these exercises,¹³ he liked to be known as a wizard too, partly because of the feeling of power it gave him; and this tendency also passed into his tales and appeared in the character of many of his heroes who were persons of ancient lineage and recondite tastes, of vaguely splendid antecedents, strange and profound in their learning and in some way disconnected from the rest of the race.¹⁴ This tendency

¹² "Would it not be glorious, darling, to establish in America the sole, unquestionable aristocracy — that of intellect — to secure its supremacy — to lead and to control it?" — Letter of Poe to Sarah Helen Whitman, at a time when he still had hopes for his magazine, *The Stylus*.

¹³ "As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which *disentangles*. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of *acumen* which appears to the ordinary apprehension *præternatural*." — *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*.

¹⁴ See, for instance, among many of Poe's tales, the opening lines of *Manuscript Found in a Bottle*: "Of my country and of my family I have little to say. Ill usage and length of years have driven me from the one, and estranged me from the other. Hereditary wealth afforded me an education of no common order," etc.

appeared in the legend that Poe created about his life, in the need that he felt for being a romantic hero, suggested partly by the image of Byron and partly to bolster his self-esteem in the sad and ambiguous position in which as a boy he found himself.

Already, at college, he talked of going, after the manner of Byron, to Greece, and presently he talked of having been there, and he spoke of his adventures in the Mediterranean and Arabia, which he had penetrated, and the trouble he had had with his passport at St. Petersburg as well. He really disappeared for a while, but the explanation was simple enough. He had enlisted in the army as "Edgar A. Perry," a fact that he wished to conceal at West Point, where enlisted men were looked down upon, while he also wished to account for his withdrawal from college. He had left Charlottesville, of course, to see the world. Poe was a lover of hoaxes, as anyone knew who read his tales, — he was like his own Hungarian baron who made "mystification" the study and business of his life, — and he had appropriated some of the adventures of his brother. William Henry Leonard Poe, who appropriated Edgar's poems in turn, had seen something of the world as a midshipman in the navy. This brother had been to Montevideo, probably to the Near East, and quite possibly to Russia.

For the rest, there was much of the actor in Poe, and perhaps he inherited from his mother and father his faculty of impersonation as of elocution, for which he had won a prize at school and which made him a capital public reader: his recitals, for instance, of "The Raven" towards the end of his life were all but as famous as the acting of Junius Brutus Booth. He had sometimes the air of a stage Virginian, who exaggerated the part a little, because it was not really his by right, and his tales and his poems were full of the imagery of the theater, mimes and mummers and masquerades, shifting scenery, phantom forms, and the "gala night," for example, of "The Conqueror Worm."

29

POE, dismissed from West Point in 1831, informed the superintendent of his next adventure. He was about to start for Paris to obtain through Lafayette an appointment in the army of the Poles for their struggle with Russia. In fact, he went to Baltimore and joined his father's family there, for, having lost favor with the Allans, he had sought out the Poes. He was wearing the black military cloak that made him look like a Spanish brigand, the cloak he continued to wear for the rest of his life; and in Baltimore, where he had published already his second small volume of poems, — the first had appeared in Boston in 1827, — he began his career as a writer of stories also.

The Revolutionary quartermaster, his grandfather General Poe, had won the admiration of Lafayette, and his father had once been a member of the Thespian Club, but the family had fallen on evil days and Poe's aunt Mrs. Clemm, the sister of his father, supported it as a Baltimore seamstress. She had a young daughter,

Virginia, the cousin who later married Poe and who, like his sister Rosalie, remained a child; and she valiantly fought for her sad little household, her bed-ridden mother, her stonecutter son, and Henry Poe, who was drinking himself to death. She went the rounds with a market-basket, picking up a child's dress, a loaf of bread, a chicken or a turnip from her friends, as later in the Fordham cottage, with Poe and Virginia under her wing, she scoured the fields for dandelions and turnips at night. Poe shared the garret of the wretched little house with his drunken, dying brother, and there he wrote some of his tales. The *Manuscript Found in a Bottle* was one of the first.

In Baltimore, he fell in with the writers John P. Kennedy and William Wirt, to whom he showed the manuscript of his poem, "Al Aaraaf." He had written this poem on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, for he had been stationed at Fort Moultrie there, and he had listened to the "sounding sea" that one heard in his poems and stories later and observed the palmetto and the myrtle that appeared in *The Gold Bug*. The tulip trees of Carolina and the live oaks with their streaming moss and Charleston too appeared in some of these tales, and even the "house of Usher" might have been suggested by the ruinous old moldering mansions in the Carolina woods.

Poe's imagination was peculiarly Southern in flavor and hue,¹⁵ while his loyalty and faith were always bound up in the South,¹⁶ and he respected the judgment of the Southerners Philip Pendleton Cooke, the poet, and the novelist Beverley Tucker above all others. He went out of his way in after years to defend Southern men of letters,¹⁷ against the self-sufficiency of the New Englanders, for example, and in general the Southern writers appreciated him and did their best to afford him practical assistance. William Wirt, protesting his "ignorance of modern poetry and modern tastes," — for his mind had been formed in the post-Revolutionary decades, — was yet most courteous and helpful to this brilliant beginner, and so were John H. B. Latrobe and "Horse-Shoe Robinson" Kennedy, who awarded him a prize for his *Tales of the Folio Club*.

Somewhat later, the Georgia poet, Thomas Holley Chivers, offered to support Poe altogether. This hero-

¹⁵ How Southern anyone can see who spends an hour, for instance, in the Bonaventure Cemetery at Savannah. Who could forget an alley there, flanked by ancient live-oak trees, with streamers of gray moss overhanging the path, leading down to the moss-covered tomb of a long-dead Senator and his daughter, with the waves of the sounding sea breaking behind it? The scene, so quintessentially Southern, is a speaking image of the quality of Poe, as, for that matter, are similar scenes in the Magnolia Cemetery, which Poe might well have visited at Charleston.

¹⁶ Later, for instance, Poe wrote: "I knew from personal experience that lying perdue among the innumerable plantations in our vast Southern and Western countries were a host of well-educated men, singularly devoid of prejudice, who would gladly lend their influence to a really vigorous journal." Hoping as he was to establish *The Stylus*, a non-sectional magazine, intended to be national and even international in scope, he expected to find his support mainly in the South.

"It is high time," he wrote in *Marginalia*, "that the literary South took its own interests into its own charge."

¹⁷ As when he called Beverley Tucker's *George Balcombe* "the best American novel."

worshipping Southern physician, the son of a rich plantation-owner, had been publishing poems of his own since 1829, with no "discoverable taint" of Byron or Wordsworth or Coleridge or Shelley, as Poe remarked when he had read and met him. In fact, the "wild Mazeppa of letters," — Simms's phrase for Chivers, — had a curiously original mind, without taste or discretion, a singular gift of verbal music for which he sacrificed everything else, while achieving remarkable effects with alliteration and rhythm. He "jumbled, tumbled, rumbled, raged and raved," as the euphuist Sylvester said of the furies, coining exotic, sonorous words like the "scoriac" and "Aidenn" of Poe, from whom he borrowed freely in his later poems. But Chivers influenced Poe in turn, as he interested Rossetti and Swinburne and left traces in the poems of Kipling and Vachel Lindsay. He wrote a number of plays as well, one on the Sharp-Beauchamp murder, the notorious "Kentucky tragedy" of 1825, the theme of Poe's *Politian* and other plays, novels, and ballads, the most popular literary theme in America in the thirties.¹⁸

Chivers was ready to help Poe, as Kennedy and Latrobe had been; for, in spite of the legend that later arose through a natural reaction against the false witness of Griswold, who attacked his honor, Poe found the world in general well-disposed. There were always two persons who defended for one who attacked him. It was his nature, moreover, to struggle, to fight every inch of the way, for he was proud, laborious, and devoted. He had had a good name as a student at college, as a soldier he was called "prompt and faithful," and later, as an assistant editor, he was described by N. P. Willis as invariably industrious, punctual, and patient. He was never by choice a bohemian, he was far from irresponsible, he made every effort to be practical, in point of fact; and as he never blamed others for the "unmerciful disaster" that followed him "faster and faster" as he sped through life, so neither was he to blame, though its cause was within him.

A neurotic, for various obvious reasons, who was later disordered mentally, when a definite lesion seems to have developed in his brain, he had a heart affection too that appeared in this early Baltimore time, perhaps as a result of the nervous exhaustion of his youth. He began to break down physically about 1832. There was more of the tragic in the life of Poe than any sensitive man could bear, and he took opiates occasionally and drank too much.

Was he not, besides, a victim of the "Imp of the Perverse," like the hero of the tale that bore this name? When Poe described perverseness as a primitive, radical sentiment, as one of the *prima mobilia* of the human soul, he was picturing a trait of his own personality — common enough but neurotic, no doubt — that would in any case have wrecked his life. The man who tells the story

¹⁸ The solicitor-general of Kentucky, Sharp, was murdered by Beauchamp at Frankfort, and the story involved seduction, love, and revenge. Among other writings that were based on this theme were Charles Fenno Hoffman's *Greyslaer* and two novels of William Gilmore Simms. In his poetic play, *Politian*, Poe changed the scene to Rome. Hoffman changed the scene in his novel also.

has committed a wondrously skillful crime, and he has no conscience or feeling of guilt about it, and yet from sheer perversity he is driven to confess the crime precisely *because* the confession involves his undoing. Just so, the victim of the imp of the perverse feels drawn to the brink of the precipice *because* his reason violently holds him back — because, instead of the natural desire for well-being, a strongly antagonistical feeling grips him.

One saw this wayward motive at work again and again in the life of Poe — for example, in his various connections with magazines. To be a great editor, he said, was the dream of his life, and he had at one time or another in his hands a number of the most important magazines. He might easily have become and remained the greatest editor in the country had it not been for this imp of the perverse. Poe's nervous and mental organization would have made havoc of his life in any society, at any moment of time.

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SICK or well, he possessed; meanwhile, a literary genius that had had no parallel as yet on the American scene. This genius, moreover, was supremely artistic, as Cooper's, for instance, never was, or even the noble talent of the admirable Bryant, who was also a lover of perfection; for Poe was a craftsman of exquisite skill in prose and verse alike, a conscious master of his methods as well as his effects. Even as a reviewer of books, he affirmed that reviews should be works of art, a point that no writer had thought of in America before, and Hawthorne alone was to rival him in the eighteen-thirties in the art of prose composition and the writing of tales.

Irving, of course, was a natural artist, but he had little of the cunning of Poe, while Cooper, a man of genius, was nothing as a craftsman, and Poe was an innovator in verse, a creator of "novel forms of beauty," who influenced poets elsewhere for an age to come. A lover, as he said, of severe precision, "profoundly excited by music,"¹⁹ a seeker of the perfect who constantly revised his work, while disdaining all recourse to "poetic licence,"²⁰ he had taken to heart the remark of Bacon that "there is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." He had developed variations from the usual metrical patterns, notes that were subtly discordant and wholly unexpected, and, feeling that "the indefinite is an element of the true poesis," he sought "the unknown — the vague — the uncomprehended."

His images, instead of creating specific pictures in the mind, evoked a world of sorrowful associations, remote, dim, sinister, melancholy, majestic; his refrains suggested echoes from bottomless gulfs, and when he repeated a word in a rhyme the sound seemed magically altered by the new collocation. One heard in a few of these brief poems a kind of ethereal music like Tennyson's horns of

¹⁹ "I am profoundly excited by music and by some poems — those of Tennyson especially — whom, with Keats, Shelley, Coleridge (occasionally), and a few others of like thought and expression, I regard as the *sole* poets." — Letter to Lowell.

²⁰ "The true artist will avail himself of no 'licence' whatever." — *Marginalia*.

Elfland faintly blowing, though the dream-world of Poe was a wild, weird clime indeed. It was haunted by ill angels, vast and formless, "flapping" from their condor wings invisible woe.

Already by 1831, when the third of his little collections was published, Poe had written "To Helen," "The City in the Sea," "Israfel," "The Lake," and others of more than a dozen poems in which he emerged as a new voice in the language. In the end he wrote two score and ten, and perhaps fifteen of these were to bear the stamp that eternity knew as Poe's, the poems in which he had outgrown the spell of Byron, Keats, Coleridge, and Shelley and appeared as another member of their family of minds. These poems were as pure as they were unique; and were they not fixed as a constellation in the sky of the human imagination for ever? A hundred years later, at least, they were certainly to seem so. Meanwhile, the tales that Poe was writing had much in common with them, — they were sometimes even as musical in the beauty of their prose,²¹ — and there one also found dim tarns, wild and dreary landscapes, and phantom figures flitting to and fro. Evil things in robes of sorrow presided over some of these tales, with their strange effects of horror, the macabre, and the grotesque, a world of the phantasmagoric, suggesting the dreams of an opium-eater and reverberant with Thomas De Quincey's "everlasting farewells."

The note of Poe was truly his own — his tales, like his poems, were original, but they too sprang from a literary mood of the time, and Poe belonged to a family of minds as marked in this other sphere of prose as the family to which he belonged in the sphere of verse. He had something in common with De Quincey, with the German writers Hoffmann and Tieck, with all the contemporary strains of the bizarre and the Gothic (as well as the stately classical strain of Landor), and even with Charles Brockden Brown, the early American story-teller, the lover of melancholy, mystery, the horrible, and the dire. Some of his properties, so to speak, were the ordinary properties of the Gothic romance — decaying castles, trances, cataleptic attacks; while *Blackwood's Magazine* abounded with stories of a sensational kind that resembled in certain ways the tales of Poe — stories of a man entombed alive, a man who is baked in an oven, a man who goes to sleep under a church-bell, a manuscript allegedly found in a madhouse, tales of men who are drowned or hanged and telling how they feel before they die.

American authors wrote similar stories in various American magazines, and several of Poe's were conventional tales of the time, such as Simms and Willis, for example, were also writing, with settings in Hungary or Venice or Spain, in sumptuous palaces and vague châteaux, with the usual romantic literary bric-a-brac. If

²¹ E.g.: "Then I came suddenly into still noonday solitudes, where no wind of heaven ever intruded, and where vast meadows of poppies, and slender, lily-looking flowers spread themselves out a weary distance, all silent and motionless forever." — *Adventure of One Hans Pfaall*.

See also any part of *The Fall of the House of Usher* or *The Colloquy of Monos and Una*, for another example, which might have been written by Landor in his rarest moments.

The Cask of Amontillado had been less intense, it might easily have been mistaken for the work of Willis, as *The Assignment* might have been written by Simms — that is to say, if Poe had omitted the poem in this tale, the miraculous lines "To One in Paradise." A few of his more trifling pieces were drawn from French originals, while he borrowed from Bulwer, Disraeli's *Vivian Grey*, and Macaulay's description of Benares.

For Poe was bathed in the air of his time, and he was a man of a time when people were living "Gothically" all about him, when they were building Gothic houses that recalled the school of his childhood in England, with its gates and its pointed windows and ceilings of oak. Only a step from Baltimore, at Bel Air in Maryland, where the merry Parson Weems had lived with his wife, the actor Junius Brutus Booth built a Gothic manor-house, with mullioned windows, dark passages, gables, and recesses. Booth, the Rosicrucian, might have stepped out of the pages of Poe, who was very much more, however, than a man of his time and who made something unique of these forms of the moment. In prose as well as in verse, moreover, he gave the measure of his genius during these early years in Baltimore. Before he returned for a while to Richmond in 1835, he had written *Morella* and the *Manuscript Found in a Bottle*, the *Unparalleled Adventure of One Hans Pfaall*, *Silence* — a *Fable*, and other pieces that revealed the full range of his quality as a teller of tales. Most of the greater stories he wrote in the fourteen years before he died were amplifications and variations of these.

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Now, if one could believe the assertions of Poe, he consciously chose the impressions that formed the substance of his tales and poems, for he appeared to like to think that the essence of his work as well as its form was a fruit of the coldest artifice and the skill of the craftsman. No one could question his skill, indeed, and of course he chose some of his themes; but others, and the most characteristic, rose out of his unconscious mind as naturally and uncontrollably as nightmares, and the personality they revealed apparently offered a clue to Poe's insistence on the power of his conscious thinking. For was it not singular, after all, that he wished to range himself with the fabricators of most of the *Blackwood* tales, whose writing was done in cold blood and wholly produced by the conscious mind because they had no such depths as his to work from? Was he trying to convince himself in all this show of reasoning that his own mind was *not* "tottering upon her throne," like the mind of the neurasthenic Roderick Usher, that his intellect was not only great but master of his moods as well, that Edgar Allan Poe was the captain of his soul? For there was no doubt of the presence of incipient madness in the marvelous imagination that conceived these tales, an imagination all compact of gloom, despair, sepulchral thoughts, grim fantasies, and the fear of impending mental decay.

There was scarcely even a glimmer of sunlight in this world of sorrow and desolation, of shadow, disaster,

horror, revenge, and crime, a world overhung with the sable wings of lunacy, perversity, hysteria, of sickness, hypochondria, ruin, dissolution, and death. The typical heroes of these tales were victims of neuroses who shared no relationships or interests with the rest of the race, who had forgotten, if they ever possessed, any ties with humankind, and whose habits and surroundings reflected and partook of their disorder.²² They suffered from a morbid acuteness of the senses, they found even the odors of flowers oppressive, while their eyes were tortured by the faintest light: they lived in dark rooms with massive shutters by the gleam of perfumed tapers that threw out only the feeblest and ghastliest of rays. They trembled at the sound of their own voices, they were enamored of the night, and they liked rooms that were closely shrouded in somber velvet draperies that fell in heavy folds to an ebony floor.

They were marked by a nervous irritability, they were unsettled in intellect, and their minds were haunted by obsessions, or they meditated crimes, or they were completely possessed by the crimes of others, while they were filled with every kind of abnormal or moonstruck sensation, with affections that were semi-incestuous and vertiginous fears. They were ridden, for example, by a conviction that they were destined to be buried alive, and they doubted the fidelity of their closest friends; they spent their days planning a coffin with levers for admitting air and light, and with springs and ropes to open the coffin and the vault. Or, as if to escape from all touch of reality, they involved their minds in abstruse studies, fantastic speculations, and intricate dreams. Meanwhile, the women of these tales, Madeline, Berenice, Ligeia, Morella, and Eleanora were mysteriously stricken and wasted away with maladies that were obscure and fatal.

There were no mornings in the world of Poe, there were only winter afternoons or dull, dark, soundless days in the autumn of the year, and one sometimes had glimpses of a river or a lake that was saffron or sickly in hue or sullen or livid in the light of a setting sun. Some of the tales were humorous, and these were perhaps the most sinister of all, for one seldom felt any warmth in the humor of Poe, although Dickens was one of his favorite writers and he was genial now and then, as, for instance, in his name for the mummy, "Allamistakeo." There was certainly something engaging in his reference to an Arabian book that was "scarcely known at all, even in Europe," the "Tell-menow Isitsoörnot," and his waddling Dutchmen in *Hans Pfaall* were quite in the manner of Washington Irving, who wrote to Poe sympathetically about his stories.

Then his mimicry of the Irish brogue in the sketch of "Sir Pathrick O'Grandison" was no less good-natured than clever, while he was probably right in thinking that his sense of the grotesque was an unmistakable evidence of the artist in him.²³ But his humor was mainly of the

²² Even Poe's explorer Julius Rodman was a "victim of hereditary hypochondria," while the naturalist Mr. Legrand in *The Gold Bug* was "subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy."

²³ "An artist is an artist only by dint of his exquisite sense of Beauty, a sense affording him rapturous enjoyment, but at the same time implying or involving an equally exquisite sense of Deformity — of disproportion." — *Fifty Suggestions*.

sort that makes one shiver, the kind of macabre facetiousness for which nothing is so funny as the horrible and which takes delight in tweaking the nose of a corpse. There was something frightful in the nonchalance with which the characters in these comic tales were flung from the gallery of a theater into the pit or thrown about until their skulls were broken, while their ears were cut off or their arms were smashed or their sanguinary heads rolled from the tops of steeples into the gutter. They went home in high glee with dislocated necks or they placed corpses in boxes that were supposed to contain champagne, with springs to make the corpse rise when the box was opened.

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THIS was the icy facetiousness that goes with the neurotic type, and the tales of Poe were impressive precisely because they were *not* fabrications but involuntary ebullitions of his own sick mind. He shaped his effects with the utmost skill, but these effects had causes over which Poe had very little control indeed, and, while other writers played with the macabre and the grotesque, he lisped his horrors because the horrors came. The unkindness of an unkind fate, death, disease, and danger had left their marks in his unconscious mind, along with prenatal injuries, perhaps, and drugs; and the "indefinite sense of wrong" that Longfellow noted in Poe was a whiff of the devil's brew at the bottom of the barrel.

Of what nature were the "nightmares" Poe was having at fifteen? And what were those wild dreams of his later life, dreams so sad and shocking that he could not bear to be left alone and besought Mrs. Clemm to sit near him and stroke his forehead? In all probability were they not those dreams "of a most terrific description" that racked the soul of Arthur Gordon Pym as he lay buried, as it were, in the hold of the ship, in which every species of calamity and horror befell him? Ghastly and ferocious demons smothered him to death between huge pillows, colossal serpents embraced him with shining eyes, and presently limitless deserts spread themselves out, forlorn, before him, and ranks of tall trees with their roots concealed in morasses. The trees waved to and fro their skeleton arms and piercingly cried to the black, still waters for mercy.

If, indeed, the dreams of Poe were not these actual dreams of Pym, they were certainly similar in kind, as were most of his stories: the story of the dungeon of the Inquisition, of the man who is walled in the vault, of the old man who is murdered for his glittering eye and the madman who gouges out the eye of the cat. The vengeful dwarf burning alive the monarch who had wronged him was an image of some deep desire in the mind of Poe, and the cold lips of the rats that writhed on the throat of the man in the pit had probably sought Poe's lips in one of these nightmares. Had he not shared the sensations, moreover, of the man who was conscious of all the movements of those who bore him to the grave and lowered him within it and left him to his sad and solemn slumbers with the worm?

Who can doubt that "wild visions, opium-engendered, flitted, shadow-like," before his eyes, as before the eyes of the narrator of *Ligeia*, visions and images of shrouded bodies, cats with a gallows outlined on them, voices issuing from "distended and motionless jaws," and the tottering figures of pallid tenants of tombs? He had heard the strains of the mad waltzes that echoed in his poems and his stories and seen the wind-blown arras, tattered and dark, fitfully swaying on the walls of some house of the dead. This child, like De Quincey, had "been in hell," and it was just his personal note, the stamp of actuality, of experience, in fact, that gave the tales of Poe their authority and uniqueness.

"To dream," said the lover in *The Assignment*, "has been the business of my life." So it was with Poe, who wrote the story, and in some of his dreams he carried out the dearest wishes of his heart: he had moments of happiness there that life denied him. He could indulge in the lives of his heroes the kind of material beauty-worship that was beyond his world of shabby lodgings, and his Epicurean imagination found a fulfillment in them that poverty rendered impossible in his own life. There he could be of ancient family, the child of time-honored hereditary halls, descended from a race that was famous for its mysterious powers, whose parents had provided him at college with an "outfit and annual establishment" that enabled him to gratify all his tastes. He could "vie in profuseness of expenditure with the haughtiest heirs of the wealthiest earldoms" and live in a regal magnificence and a gloomy splendor which the author of *Vathek* scarcely surpassed at Fonthill; he could be as fabulously rich, in fact, as Ellison in *The Domain of Arnheim*, with tentimes the treasure and the jewels in the chest of *The Gold Bug*.

He could always have a valet, of course, like the hero of *The Oval Portrait*, and a personal physician, like Mr. Bedloe's, devoted solely to his care, and he could be "skillful in Italian vintages," like the man in *The Cask of Amontillado*, and a gourmet as famous as Bon-Bon. He could dine as they dined in the *Maison de Santé* of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether, on veal à la Ste. Ménéhould and cauliflowers in *velouté* sauce, with bottles and baskets and cases of *Clos Vougeot*, and his cloak could be, like William Wilson's, "extravagantly costly," of an inexpressibly "rare description of fur." Then he could live in a sumptuous house, with windows of crimson-tinted glass, in drawing-rooms with curtains of crimson and cloth of gold, and his books could be superbly bound and his pictures²⁴ framed in arabesques, and his antique

²⁴ If Poe's taste in painting was like Roderick Usher's it was singularly "modern": "One of the phantasmagoric conceptions

lamps could be filled with perfumed oil. (For the author of the *Philosophy of Composition* was the author of the *Philosophy of Furniture* as well.) If this seemed rather too much in the style of some of the parvenus of 1840, one had to remember that Poe was a reader of Beckford, that his parents had been actors, and that he possessed a patrician mind that longed to out-gentleman the gentlemen of Charlottesville and Richmond. Besides, there was something infantile in Poe, as in all the Symbolists who followed him in France and elsewhere.

But, along with this childish materialism, Poe was a lover of spiritual beauty and especially classical beauty and the "glory that was Greece," and occasionally, in his prose and verse, his love and genius crystallized and formed a gem of purest ray serene. The beauty of the little poem "To Helen" was all but matched in a few of the tales by such bits, for example, as the picture of Aphrodite, suggesting a Tanagra figure, in *The Assignment*;²⁵ while his fantastic realism, as Dostoevsky called it, worked like the spell of a wizard over the mind. One absolutely believed the impossible when the art of Poe presented it, so great were the force of his imagination and the skill with which he introduced the trivial and precise details that imparted to the whole effect an air of truth. The behavior of the cat and kittens in the basket of Hans Pfaall's balloon convinced one that the moon was actually near, especially as the feathers dropped like bullets from the car when the atmosphere had become too rare to sustain them. It was this power of the factual detail that carried one, helpless with terror, to the bottom of the hideous gulf in the *Descent into the Maelstrom* and roped one down with the rats in the Spanish pit. One shared Poe's nightmares more vividly than one felt one's own.

of my friend . . . may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch or other artificial source of light was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendour." — *The Fall of the House of Usher*.

One seems to remember seeing this picture at many an exhibition after about 1910.

In *The Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherazade*, Poe has a blue rat, a sky-blue cow, and a pink horse with green wings, after the fashion of other modern painters.

²⁵ Poe was translated into Russian and read in Russia long before he was taken up in France. He began to appear in Russian magazines in the late eighteen-thirties. Later Konstantin Balmont translated both Poe and Walt Whitman. Rachmaninoff's symphony "The Bells" was based on Balmont's translation of Poe's poem.

(To be concluded)

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



European Front

NO NEW mystery weapons can save Germany — nor can the thousands of ill-prepared boys, women, and elderly civilian conscripts rounded up as last-minute substitutes for the battle lines. Shrunk more than two thirds, the once mighty Wehrmacht lacks sufficient troops to man the three great war fronts in the eastern, western, and southern parts of Germany.

Every major source of essential war materials outside the borders of the Reich has been lost. Every industrial auxiliary to the German war machine — in France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Italy, and the Baltic and Balkan states — has been recaptured by the triumphant Allies, or destroyed, or stands isolated beyond Hitler's reach. Contact with Spain is ended. On September 15 the last Swedish ship serving Germany's Baltic supply line was tied up in its home port by orders of the Swedish government.

Fortress without roof — or walls?

The Siegfried Line offers no more of an obstacle to air-borne forces than did the Atlantic Wall, where the approaches were infinitely more difficult. Its greatest weaknesses are not in its military works: These, though partly outmoded, are still among the stoutest in Europe. But the lack of sufficient planes opens every mile of this 340-mile defense system to heavy assault from above. Allied air power, freed from the necessity of dispersing operations over a target as wide as Europe, now concentrates over the shrinking target of the Fortress. The scale of attack is 300 per cent more intensive than last spring.

A worse defect results from the disaster that has erased Germany's five armies in the West this summer. The Siegfried Line lacks sufficient trained personnel to man it properly. The German High Command did not envisage so complete a rout. They

expected their forces in France to fight an orderly withdrawal back to this defense system, if that became necessary. Loss of seven eighths of the 700,000 men mustered to defend Western Europe upsets this plan completely.

The record of Germany's "lines," "walls," and "bastions" in this war is one of unvarying failure. To overwhelming mechanized might, manpower, and air supremacy, fixed defense systems offer no answer yet in modern war. Air power, as Alexander de Seversky points out, has forever ended the epoch of fortresses.

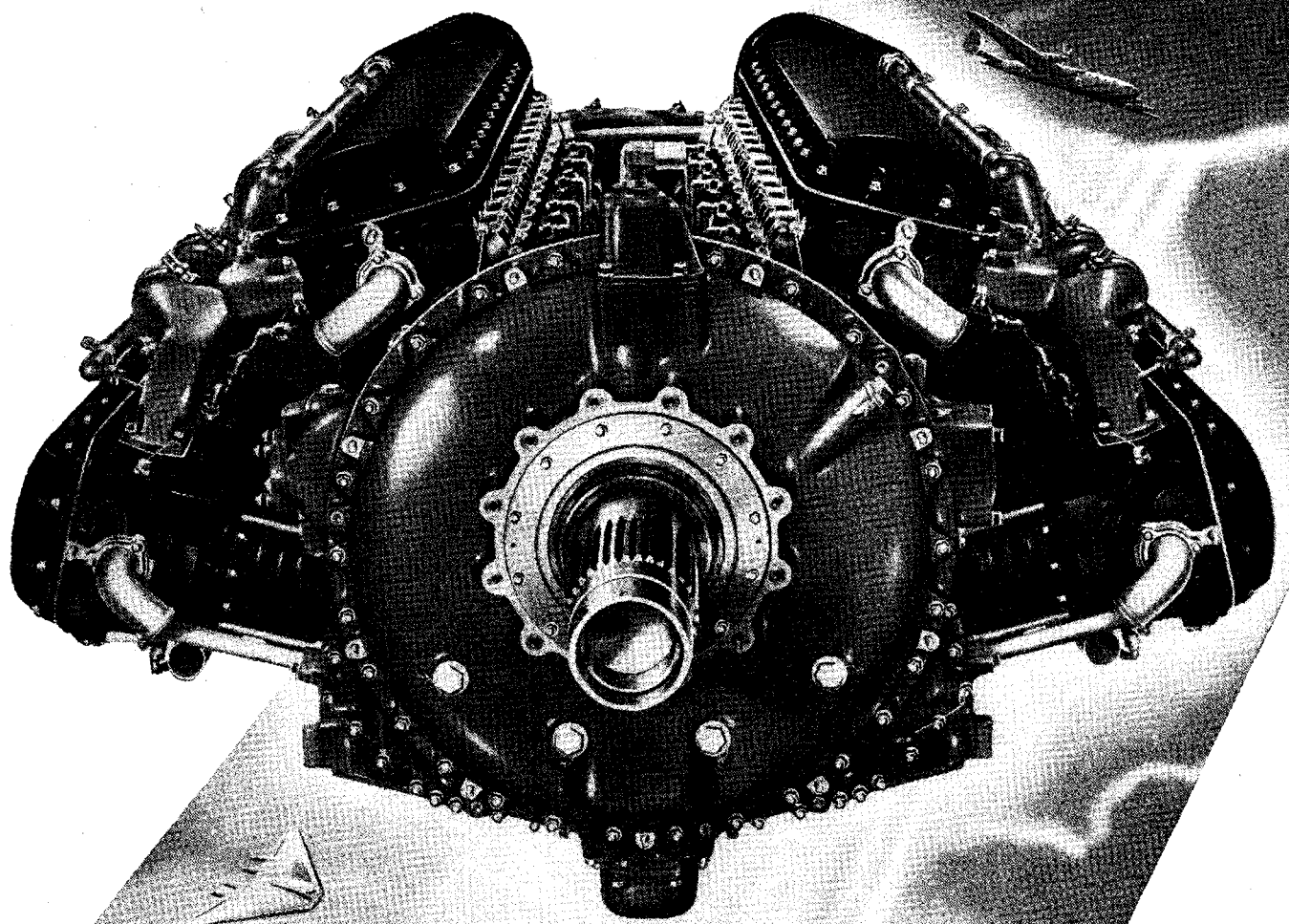
The dynamite of revolution

The Europe emerging from the long nightmare of Axis tyranny is crammed with revolutionary dynamite. Parallels between this situation and the state of affairs following the armistice of 1918 are visible; but it would be dangerous to assume that they are exact.

Then, the governments of France and Italy came through intact. The Belgian regime, having survived in the field, was ready to assume its tasks with unquestioned authority. The Netherlands had escaped the war through neutrality. Norway was likewise immune. The political systems of Greece and Serbia, however shaky, benefited by the presence of powerful and triumphant Allied armies in the Balkans. Thanks to this structure of power on the spot, the shock of the collapse of the Hapsburg Empire was absorbed.

Moreover, though revolutionary in tendency, the defeated Germany of that day remained a manageable unit, retained coherence, and swiftly achieved a makeshift regime based upon the surviving strength of the great Social Democratic Party, to which, however reluctantly, the discredited Junkers gave sup-

3



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port lest worse befall them. In the East, social revolution overturned the existing order. But the specter of Bolshevism in Russia served to fortify pressure for order elsewhere.

Today the contrast is striking. West of the U.S.S.R. this war leaves Europe almost entirely denuded of unchallenged, established, continuing governments on the Continent. Where they exist, it is by sufferance of circumstances which threaten to prove temporary. How long the Savoy dynasty will survive departure of the Allied armies from Italy is a question. However tender may be the solicitude of British Conservatism for Spanish Fascism, a revived Republican France will feel otherwise.

The Greeks are politically explosive; Yugoslavia strives to advance a revolutionary revision of rule with the full support at last of King Peter and his Cabinet, only to find the Serbian reaction determined on stubborn resistance. Over every state along the northern shore of the Mediterranean fall two shadows. One is thrown by resurgent British imperial policy, the other by bitter class warfare. In Eastern Europe, only Czechoslovakia seems immune from the threat of the class struggle.

Cleansing France

Every experienced foreign correspondent in France posts warnings of the revolutionary trend of French opinion as that battered, impoverished nation struggles slowly to her feet. Under guidance of General de Gaulle and the Provisional Government of the Republic, great efforts are being made to speed creation of a new political structure to anticipate the trouble that lies ahead. A shake-up of the Cabinet brings powerful representatives of the Army of the Interior into office.

The task of cleansing France of traitors, and her local and regional offices of collaborationists, proceeds pellmell. But the tug of war between forces representing the discredited past and those determined to create a new future has begun, as the first signs of political factionalism attest.

The basic program framed at Algiers for the Fourth Republic portends socialization of the heavy industries and a profound revision of the whole structure of French government. Expulsion from office of every official of the Bank of France is the opening gun of this fight. The liaison officer between German heavy industry, French heavy industry, and French finance, the notorious Pierre Flandin, meantime cools his heels in jail awaiting a trial postponed in response to pressure from London and Washington. Given the mood and temper of the French people, here are the makings of an explosion. It will not be long in coming.

Whatever the great powers devise as a peace system for Europe, unless they proceed with clear understanding of the fact that the peoples of the Continent — some 300 million strong outside Germany and European Russia — have taken their destinies into their own hands, that system will face trouble. In 1918, Russia was an outlaw; in 1944 it is a powerful, victorious ally. The lessons in the need for social and political change taught by this war have been conned by millions in the bitterness of defeat, exploitive tyranny, and suffering.

The Dutch tide rises

"We have not heard anyone suggest," says a conservative Dutch editor, "a shift towards the right or a return to the status quo ante. . . . Who knows whether we, bubbling plans for a post-war Europe, may find upon liberation that the Europeans, their conceptions of life purified by martyrdom, have set up a design for living for us?"

The Dutch provide useful insight into the rising tide of demands for social reconstruction on the Continent. Historically they are among Europe's most cautious and moderate peoples. With an empire to govern, they have a tradition of conservatism. Of their loyalty to their queen there is no question whatever. Practically every group in the Dutch underground has voluntarily pledged it again and again.

Yet the joint manifesto lately issued by the Dutch underground groups of the extreme right and those of the socialist "center" make it clear that the revolutionary ferments working elsewhere in Europe are present in Holland also. The first evidence of this is the fact that the ultra-conservative Dutch political right finds itself able to unite with the socialists in setting forth a program of reform. That evidence is reinforced by blunt demands.

Accepting as inevitable a transitional period of "state of siege" during which order shall be restored and the government re-established under direction of the throne, the Dutch conservatives and their socialist partners insist that this period be limited to the "time strictly needed for those purposes." Both frown on lawless reprisals, and both demand that there be no delay in bringing war criminals to trial.

Looking into the future, Dutch conservatives and socialists insist that it is not enough to restore Holland "as it existed before May 10, 1940." With liberation, they declare, the historic moment will have arrived for radical rejuvenation of the nation's life.

They demand a parliamentary democratic regime in the fullest sense of those words, and representation of the workers and consumers in industrial management; and they announce that "liberal, capi-



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talistic production methods do not guarantee people social security and should, therefore, be replaced by a system of national and international management, abolishing production for profit."

The manifesto demands full recognition of minority rights; freedom of the press, religion, and association; state assistance in illness and old age; equal educational chances; equalization of the status of agricultural and industrial workers. It proposes also that the benefits of a thoroughgoing liberal reform be extended to every part of the Dutch Empire.

It is important to keep in mind that this document emanates from the sections of the Dutch public traditionally associated with conservative and moderate reformist politics and social policy. As such it serves warning that the tides sweeping Europe today are neither localized nor subject to special control.

Britain seems more aware of all this than Washington. Geoffrey Crowther, the able editor of the London *Economist*, emphasizes that fact when he suggests, in the most noted financial organ published in "the City," that great areas of Britain's economy must be socialized.

Hunger walks abroad

Hunger is a notorious revolutionary. One powerful instrument in the hands of the Allies which might be employed to guide and help coming social and political changes in Europe is the instrument of relief. Will they succeed in using it wisely and with the necessary speed?

Evidently not, unless there is drastic change in methods which have now been operating for almost a year in Italy, and since shortly after D Day in France.

While the crop situation in much of Europe this fall is good, it must not be forgotten that in many countries, such as Poland, Italy, and the Balkan States, great areas have been desolated, populations have been rendered destitute, and long years of undernourishment have left masses of the people on the verge of starvation.

Thousands of acres of the richest agricultural land in the Netherlands and Northern Belgium have been deliberately ruined by the Germans, who have flooded the sea in over them through broken dikes. The transportation system of Western Europe is largely ruined and denuded of rolling stock. Industries have been wrecked, mines have been blown up, factories have been burned, bombed, and looted of machinery.

Ten and one-half months after the Allied capture of Naples it was possible for Pietro Nenni, Italian Socialist editor, to charge that three fourths of the

population of that city live in "beggary, prostitution, and black marketing." Their lot has improved but little since he wrote.

Though food is being brought into Rome steadily by the occupying authorities, there is not enough to meet requirements. Allotments daily as late as August averaged one third of the number of calories essential for minimum existence needs. Conditions in Northern Italy are terrifyingly worse because of the destruction of industries there and the density of population.

Where is UNRRA?

The Allied armies, moving into France, estimated that military control over immediate relief would continue for six months. Yet in Italy the Army is still running relief programs after a year. Meantime, after eleven months of existence, the laboriously constructed and ably staffed UNRRA, under direction of former Governor Lehmann of New York, was still without a distinct field of service and a time schedule for operations. It has been elbowed aside by the military, under claim of Army priorities, and tangled in restrictive red tape spun by a State Department jealously anxious lest its prerogatives be infringed.

Relief cannot wait. The Army, despite its abundant energies, its desire to be helpful, and the obvious good sense which concedes it control over relief problems so long as any area lies within the field of immediate military operations, cannot possibly conduct a successful war and at the same time run an adequate social relief program for millions of people in a dozen different nations scattered from Denmark to the Balkans.

According to the most careful estimates, nearly a third of the population of continental Europe outside Germany are already close to starvation diet. Approximately 80 million more people will be added when defeated Germany, Austria, and Hungary become a direct responsibility of the victors — as the rules of war accepted by the Allied governments provide.

There is urgent need for speedy redefinition of functions and separation of roles as between the Army and UNRRA. Desirable also would be the assignment of a diplomat of greater maturity of experience and less dubious past association than Mr. Robert Murphy, of North African-Vichy fame, to the post of adviser to General Eisenhower on French and German problems. If the tactics and point of view Mr. Murphy exemplified in North Africa govern his approach to these problems in Europe, our past troubles will be trifling compared with those that lie ahead.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Pacific War

How long will Japan last? Where will the main attack come from? How will Japan defend the long line of empire from Paramushiro to Java, and Rabaul to Rangoon?

Tokyo makes few attempts to hide the desperateness of the situation and seeks to rally its own people with the strength that comes through fear. To the great populations of the Southwest Pacific and of Southeast Asia, she more urgently than ever represents this as a war in which the Anglo-American powers are trying to take away from formerly subject peoples the freedom which Japan fought so hard to give them. The legend is already being prepared that the imperial powers of the West are destroying something which binds all Asiatic races together.

There is little on the military side of European operations which can bring comfort to the militarists of Japan. Most terrifying of all is the prospect of huge amphibious operations, with their ability to land on any coast regardless of ports. There are aspects of these operations which cannot be told until they have become common knowledge to the Japanese through painful experience, but the results are evident. There are many difficulties for Japan which are very like those Germany has faced.

Japan, like Germany, has suffered enough defeats to open up vital areas to Allied assault. She now is obliged to defend herself on many fronts, in many types of terrain, over vast areas, and against attacks which can come from many directions. All hope of regaining the initiative, the only possible way to protect her empire, has vanished.

How can Japan's navy at one and the same time look after the long communications on which her supply of raw materials depends and block the ap-

proaches to such widely separated objectives as the Kurile Islands, the Philippines, Burma and Malaya, and the Netherlands East Indies? How can her planes defend all these territories and support her navy? There is clearly no hope for a country which cannot attack the sources of its enemies' military strength or even challenge their lines of communication.

Honorable impossibility

Japan cannot trade space for time. The areas she loses are part of her war machine. The great sweep of islands from Sabang to Aroe, some 3000 miles long, protects vital bases and raw materials. We are well on the way to their conquest — a conquest which makes the defense of the Netherlands Indies extremely difficult for the Japanese.

Consider the drain on Japan's resources involved in the defense of the Strait of Malacca, vital to the maintenance of her position in Burma and Malaya. Allied submarines and air power, and now the assembling fleets released from European waters, force the Japanese either to leave Southeast Asia to its fate or to attempt to hold their lines of communication with inadequate convoys.

In the north, Japan must defend the approaches to the heart of her industrial machine as well as the fishing grounds that provide a major part of her food supply. This 800-mile chain shields Karafuto and Hokkaido, where landings would mean the doom of Japan. Only 600 miles away from the home islands are the Bonins, already within our reach, and obvious bases for fighters and medium bombers.

There is no way of solving the crisis by strategy. The Koiso Cabinet attempted a solution along two lines: sweeping changes in the personnel of the

administration, and changes in the structure of government. The liaison committee which had attempted since 1937 to coordinate the civilian and military branches of government succeeded apparently only so long as Japan was winning.

After Tojo's fall, Koiso abolished the liaison committee and set up a new body called the "Supreme Council for the Direction of the War." Its immediate task is to integrate military operations and industrial production. This is indeed the key to Japan's troubles, for industrial production depends upon the direction of military strategy. But the military strategy is no longer manufactured by Japan.

The truth hurts

There is another task facing Koiso. Now that American bombers have brought the war to the main islands, the people have had to be told more about what has been happening. Hence the calling of an extraordinary session of the Diet "in order to instill the true war situation into the minds of the people." It was high time.

Visitors to Tokyo, according to reports, can hardly recognize the city. Fire lanes have been ruthlessly cut across inflammable areas. Children have been evacuated by thousands. Instructions for the construction of air-raid defenses reveal the inadequate measures taken for the protection of the civilian population. Our planes have not only smashed through the inner defenses of the Island Empire: they have made a mockery of both the real and the propaganda victories of the past few years.

Nor is this activity limited to Japan alone. The people of Korea must now be requested, in view of the possibility of frequent air raids, to "cultivate a firm mental attitude and train themselves to remain calm." All over North China and Manchuria the Japanese must teach the Chinese how to behave in case of air raids. Those who once dominated the air in these parts are trying to teach conquered peoples to distinguish between the noises of Japanese and American planes. These measures, which bring despair to the people of Japan, bring the first concrete signs of hope to the conquered.

Philippines and return

We are approaching the Pacific areas where there are large native populations and where the attitudes of conquered peoples become important. This means increasingly bitter fighting, perhaps much tougher than anything yet. Our eyes are already on the Philippines. Then may come the Netherlands East Indies, or a thrust at the coast of China. Instead of blasting away at Pacific islands, we shall be engaging large armies in areas big enough for maneuvers and in countries where we can hope for patriots'

support. In this respect also, the experience of Germany can give the Japanese little comfort.

In the Philippines there is good reason to believe that we shall be vigorously assisted by the guerrillas, who have maintained resistance since the fall of Manila. No American who was in the internment camps doubts that we shall be welcomed by those Filipinos who could not escape to the hills and were forced to live in Japanese-controlled areas. Manuel Quezon did not live to see the liberation of the Philippines, but President Osmena can expect to be the first president of a completely free and independent Philippine commonwealth.

The Philippines, however, are the only area in the Pacific towards which we have a clear and well-defined policy. It is one of the few matters of foreign policy upon which there is no doubt as to our purposes and no question as to our intentions. Recent resolutions in Congress providing for the maintenance of naval bases in the Philippine Islands make it clear that these bases are for joint defense; they are acquired by joint consent.

The political advantages of first liberating the Philippines are obvious. Here we shall meet the Japanese on territory favorable to our cause. If liberation of the Philippines comes with the assistance of the Philippine people, the East will be as thrilled when Manila is free as was the West when Paris threw off the German yoke. We have in the Philippines a symbol which can do much to revive the enthusiasm of many people in Asia. And we must use it.

Determination to reconquer the Philippines does not, it can be assumed, involve any deviation from our general strategy. The first essential to victory in the Pacific, as Admiral Nimitz has pointed out, is control of the sea approaches to Japan. One important task is to complete our domination of the islands that lie between the Philippines, New Guinea, and Australia (the Moluccas or Spice Islands).

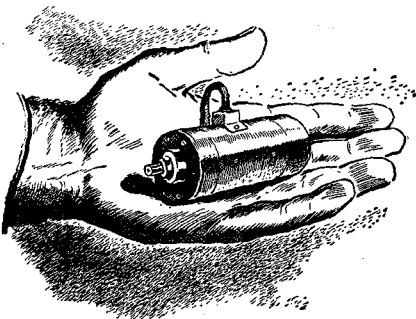
The bombing of Davao is thus partly an attack on Halmahera. This form of offensive weakens Japanese ground forces by robbing them of their supplies. Compelled to depend upon small craft because of their naval and air inferiority, the Japanese provide vulnerable targets and isolated garrisons. What is happening to outposts in this area on a small scale is happening to Japan on a large scale.

The Battle of Burma

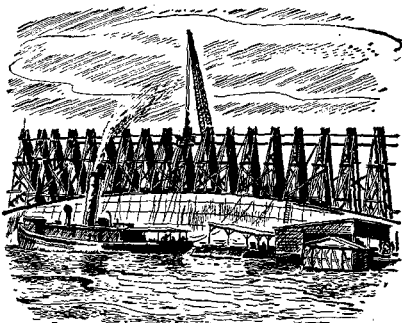
The only conquered people we have so far come into contact with are those of Burma. This is the most sobering side of the war against Japan. Here we have fought the hard way, in the way the Japanese

STRANGE JOBS FOR ELECTRIC MOTORS

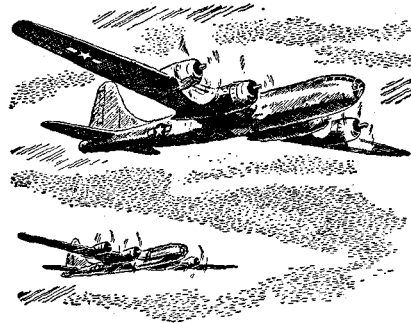
Cannon shoots through doughnut motor. In the nose of this fighter plane, right in the middle of the G-E motor that feathers the propeller, is a 37-mm. cannon. Building a motor with a hole where the shaft ought to be was a brain twister, but G-E engineers solved this problem with an electric motor shaped like a doughnut.



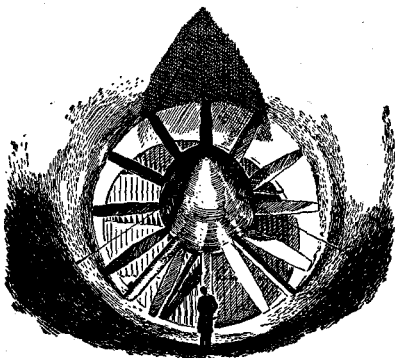
This Tom Thumb motor loads the guns on our bombers and fighters. Other electric motors raise and lower wheels, open bomb bay doors. War requires 40,000 different motor models, keeping G-E research and engineering men busy.



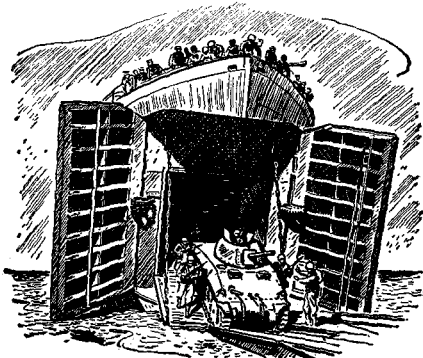
Turning a battleship over. 21 G-E motors teamed up for 21-thousand-ton pull to turn the capsized *Oklahoma* right side up at Pearl Harbor. Electric motors see action on every front, in weapons, and in tools to repair them in the field.



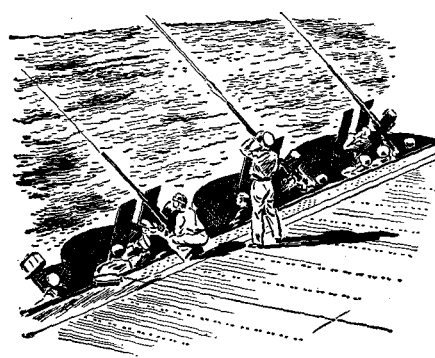
B-29 Superfortress. 150 electric motors act as muscles beneath the sleek exterior of the B-29. They power, among other things, the gun turrets in the G-E-designed fire-control system that arms the Superfort against attack.



Outblowing a hurricane. This twelve-bladed fan has 18,000 horsepower behind it, from one giant electric motor. In wind tunnels like this, G-E motors, sometimes totalling 30,000 hp., produce winds five times as strong as a hurricane.



Push-button doormen for LST's. Push a button, and out pops a tank. It's not quite that simple, but the doors and ramp on an LST are opened, at the push of a button, by electric motors. On an LST, there are 140 electric motors.



Cooling guns. Anti-aircraft guns are cooled by electrically driven pumps which circulate cooling fluid around their barrels. There are more than 900 electric motors on a battleship. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

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- Over 2 million G-E electric motors will join the armed services this year.

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expected us to fight in the Pacific. The air-supported campaign against Myitkyina, in spite of tactical surprises, followed the pattern of long-drawn-out struggles against well-entrenched garrisons. No more than two thousand Japanese troops held up many times their number of Chinese, American, and British units for months.

It is the same picture in the Salween valley, where American-trained Chinese troops are paying a heavy price to dislodge hopelessly outnumbered Japanese garrisons. Taken as a whole, including the retreat from Imphal and Kohima, the North Burma campaign has been costly and disastrous for the Japanese. The success of Indian troops of the British Fourteenth Army has certainly destroyed whatever value the Japanese hope to get out of Bose's Indian Revolutionary Army. Bose's levies surrender willingly. But the Japanese have nevertheless succeeded in delaying the opening up of a route to China.

There are not many lessons to be learned from this campaign about the attitude of the Burmese. We have operated in an area where the population is mainly anti-Japanese and pro-British. There is no evidence either that the Japanese have successfully organized the Burmese against us or that the Burmese have been particularly helpful to us. It is highly improbable that American troops will see a great deal of the rest of Burma, for the reconquest of that country seems more logically to be a British operation.

They do surrender — when they can

There is one more conclusion to be drawn from the Burma campaign. The Japanese were using some of their best troops; yet, in conditions not conducive to the taking of prisoners, considerable numbers of Japanese actually surrendered. Many, it is true, were in a weakened condition, but they did not behave like their comrades on Attu who blew themselves up. Men returning from the Burma front agree that many more prisoners could have been taken if both Chinese and American troops had been more willing to do so.

Certainly the Japanese High Command is worried about GI Jo-jo. This undoubtedly accounts for the revived campaign to persuade him of the brutality of Americans. But all the elaborate indoctrination appears to mean little at the front lines. Japanese soldiers are apparently susceptible to surrender appeals when they are hungry and know that they are defeated. All they need is the conviction that they will be well treated and given good medical care. Hence this final play upon the brutality of the enemy.

The soldier is asked not so much to die for the Emperor as to die for fear of being tortured and having

his bones sent as souvenirs to America. The fact that nearly all Japanese prisoners, when interrogated, expressed a desire to come to America is a further commentary upon the difficult job that Japan's militarists set for themselves when they began to turn the Japanese people against us.

The fighting Fourteenth Air Force

Japanese drives in China began when the loss of Northern Burma was in sight. If they could not prevent us from driving through to China, they would destroy the air bases so laboriously constructed. They had in the Fourteenth Air Force a target well worth the destruction.

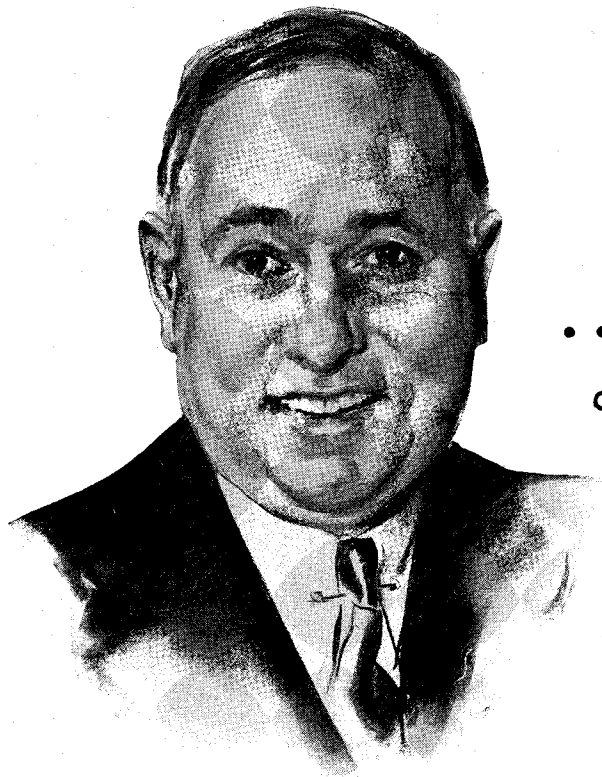
Few air forces are so versatile and so wide in the range of their operations. Limited not by lack of planes, but only by the amount of fuel that can be flown over the Hump, General Chennault has already done a job that far outweighs in value the loss of airfields constructed at great expense. Nearly a million tons of shipping have been sunk or damaged since the Fourteenth Air Force began its operation. The Straits of Formosa have long been too dangerous for big ships. The Fourteenth Air Force and the Chinese-American Composite Wing unquestionably rule the skies wherever they go.

Every conceivable kind of target creeps into the communiqués: trucks, machine-gun nests, roads, bridges, airfields, junks, armored cars, and military establishments. These targets are spread from the Malay Peninsula to the Yangtze valley. Capture of Kunming, headquarters of the Fourteenth Air Force, would be worth almost any price to the Japanese.

China still remains one of many roads to Tokyo. For all her troubles and the weakness of the Army, it will be foolish to assume that she is going to play a passive role in the final defeat of Japan. There are some, if not many, signs of encouragement. The armies of Communist China are allies worth cultivating. Permission for an American military mission to go to Yen-an should not encourage optimism in regard to the improvement of Communist-Kuomintang relations, but it at least provides a bridge for more effective coördination of the Communist armies in the war.

America is necessarily so involved in all Chinese affairs that nothing can happen in China that does not affect us. Without taking a positive part in Chinese politics, we cannot help affecting them merely by virtue of spending money, operating airfields, and training troops in that country. We have a special interest in seeing that China's relations with the Soviet Union are on a sound basis, both because of the future of our relations with the Soviets and because it is possible that they may be an ally in the war against Japan. But time is running short.

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Chairman, Federal Reserve Bank of New York

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"Here are the figures: In a normal peacetime year, 10% of our national income had its source in trade with foreign lands. In the same way, we will all be better off to have post-war foreign trade contribute 10% or even more to America's pay envelope.

"It is unrealistic to toy with theories that we can, in our post-war economy, get along just as well as not without that 10% contribution of foreign trade. For we will want full employment for 55,000,000 workers and a high standard of living that can come only from exchanging goods and services across our borders in large quantities. And by ignoring foreign trade, we would jeopardize the standard of living of all our people, not only the millions who might find themselves for that reason unemployed.

"The welfare of the millions of men and women now in our armed forces, to whom we owe so great a debt, depends in no small measure on our ability to bring to America the great benefits of this post-war foreign trade."

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

BRAZIL is flying storm warnings which may affect the whole inter-American front.

For nearly seven years the huge Brazilian Republic — occasionally described by home-grown orators as the largest Latin state since the Roman Empire — has been outstanding in its collaboration with the foreign policies of Washington. Governed by a dictatorship with not a few totalitarian trimmings of its own, Brazil nevertheless has policed a vast German minority into relative harmlessness, smashed Axis spy rings, given the Allies (chiefly the United States) invaluable air, transportation, and naval bases, and carried the ball for the United States in many a scrimmage with other South American nations. Alone among the Latin states of the Western Hemisphere, Brazil has an expeditionary force abroad, in Italy. No other Latin American republic quite matches this record.

But lately the sky has been clouded with suspicion that Brazil may break these consistent inter-American relations. The government, acting through the chief of the National Police and the Ministry of the Interior, closed the social and intellectual organization known as the Society of Friends of America — of which the American ambassador, Jefferson Caffery of Louisiana, is honorary president.

The political storm which followed the closing forced Foreign Minister Oswaldo Aranha, former ambassador to Washington and chief protagonist of Brazil's pro-Washington policy, out of office. A widespread clique of conservative Army officers, cold and suspicious towards the United States, if not actually hostile, seemed to have gained strongly in political influence through Aranha's ousting. Finally, there were hints that the new military top dogs were cultivating closer relations with Argentina.

No one believes there will be a halt in Brazil's war effort. If Washington worries, it is over the broader question whether, for the peace settlement and beyond, the largest country in South America will join up with Argentina in a coalition aimed against the United States and big enough to speak for the whole continent.

Vargas: dictator or democrat?

General Getulio Vargas, the republic's present president, has ruled ever since he snatched the office by revolution in the middle of a presidential election in 1930. Since November, 1937, when he abolished the constitution and the Congress, he has been an unquestioned dictator. The dictatorship has been noticeably genial and mild in comparison with old Latin American standards. Nevertheless, Brazil has been ruled for seven years exclusively by presidential decree.

After the fall of France, Vargas, astutely advised by Aranha and Ambassador Caffery, with possibly a little side assistance from President Roosevelt, turned down certain tempting overtures to throw in his political lot with the totalitarian dictators. Except for limited flirtations with the enemy, he has held Brazil's foreign policy on an even keel, as an associate of the democracies.

But, during the past year, Vargas's dictatorial security has been slipping. In spite of tight government censorship, many of the Allies' democratic proclamations have got over to the people and to articulate groups. Brazil has had a long tradition of moderate, if not always efficient, democracy under its empire (1822 to 1889) and under the pre-Vargas republic (1889 until the 1930's). And the Allied affirmations of the rights of the common man have begun to find a response.

Last November the tension heightened when the police shot down a number of student demonstrators for "constitutionalism" at the University of São Paulo. The outbreak is doubly embarrassing because Vargas has always publicly maintained that some kind of constitutional regime would be restored sometime. Foreign Minister Aranha, with tongue-in-cheek humor, once referred to the Vargas caliphate as "a strong regime for the preservation of democracy."

Vargas needs the Army

Vargas has tried to soothe the 1944 unrest with vague promises of popular elections and plebiscites on constitutional issues after the war. But this summer he has been increasingly aware of a stumbling-block. Politically he has survived his fourteen years as president and dictator by getting along with the Army. He knows that without Army support no president in Rio de Janeiro can last long. But the top group of officers in the Brazilian Army, with perhaps a few exceptions, have little use for the current talk about elections, plebiscites, and constitutionalism — probably less than at any other time since Brazil broke her ties with Portugal.

Across their southern borders, in Argentina, the Brazilian Army leaders have witnessed the beguiling example of a country where Army officers, by stepping in and ending all this democratic nonsense, have won for themselves promotion and better pay — and the pleasures of running the government and conducting its economic activities, to boot. The demonstration has been highly contagious.

General Vargas, then, has drifted into a situation where it may be difficult for him to make any further gestures in the direction of democracy without risking the loss of his vital military support. This is the dilemma which forced the ejection of Foreign Minister Aranha. Aranha arrived one night in mid-August to deliver his inaugural address as honorary vice president of the Friends of America society, to find the doors shut against him — padlocked by the police. When he demanded an apology none was forthcoming, and President Vargas refused to back him up.

It would be easy to overdramatize Aranha as a democratic political martyr. The fact is that he is one of the most astute practical politicians of his generation in Latin America, who saw, at least as early as 1937, that Brazil's interests were best served by close collaboration with the United States. He had defeated the Brazilian military clique too often in the pre-Pearl Harbor battles to break the Washington connection and draw Brazil closer to the Axis, and he knew too much about their early certainties of Axis victory, for them to spare him

when Vargas was once more forced to make a play to the Army for further military support.

So out of the Aranha affair comes one insistent presumption: political changes in Brazil for the immediate future are much more likely to be in the direction of military authoritarianism — Argentine-scented — than in a democratic direction.

Brazil and Argentina in the future

What are the chances of a lasting coalition between the Argentine and Brazilian militarists against the United States and the Good Neighbor relationship generally? No love is lost between these nations, whose conflicts run back to the earliest days of independence. The Argentine nickname for Brazilians is "*Los Monos* — the Monkeys," a term that is not relished by a people with a large tropical forest population.

The Argentine military propagandists have spread plenty of poison about the reputed intentions of the United States, after peace, to hold on to Brazilian and other Latin American military bases as advance outposts for the conquest of a two-continent empire. They have pulled all the emotional stops about the degradation involved for Brazil in having her policies toward devoted sister republics, like Argentina, dictated from Washington.

In response to what Secretary Hull called "false rumors" of sympathy with Argentina, Brazil early in September denied any intention of recognizing the Farrell dictatorship.

The Argentine Republic's obvious strategy is to beguile the Brazilian military with lovemaking artifices while she hatches her favorite project of establishing an "austral bloc" — sphere of influence or conquered empire — over Paraguay, Bolivia, and Chile. And this is one development which no Brazilian government, from reactionary military dictatorship to philosophical anarchist, could witness without feeling the scales slip from its eyes and screaming.

Neither could Argentine imperialism work out these "austral destinies" by trying to arrange some *quid pro quo* compensation to Rio de Janeiro. Buenos Aires, to be sure, might easily enough extend a free hand to Brazil's rulers in the northern part of South America — play up the undoubted advantages of establishing a Rio de Janeiro "sphere of influence" in Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador. But this would bring an ambitious Brazilian empire smack up against the practical interests of the United States in the Caribbean and the approaches to the Panama Canal. Not even the most ardently responsive of *Los Monos* would welcome a kiss of death like that.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

IT WAS only three weeks before the 1918 armistice that the War Department began thinking about demobilization and post-war military policy. The result was chaos. This time there will be no such chaos if Congress acts promptly on General Marshall's recommendation. The Chief of Staff has asked for enactment of a law authorizing permanent military training for the nation's youth.

Reconversion

The Marshall plan awaits Congressional sanction but industrial reconversion does not. The War Production Board has declared that war production will be slashed as much as 40 per cent when Germany is defeated, and as many as four million workers will be released. The announcement overshadows the reconversion program, which went into effect on August 15.

"Spot authorization" to reconvert can be given now on the approval of local manpower officials and after processing by the WPB. With the war in Europe nearing the end, however, probably the spot authorization program will be superseded by the general slash now foreshadowed. Controls over scarce war materials will be retained, for Japan will still have to be beaten after Germany, and there is reconstruction to think of.

Industrial reconversion has become an executive problem. If there had to be a change, the appointment of Julius A. Krug as Acting Chairman of the much battered War Production Board is a good one. He came in by way of compromising the differences between Charles E. Wilson, Executive Vice Chairman, and Donald Nelson, Chairman.

The differences had to do with the timing of conversion. Mr. Nelson, to whom the specter of post-war

unemployment is always present, wanted to speed up conversion. Mr. Wilson was more cautious. When Mr. Roosevelt backed and filled, Mr. Wilson resigned his job out of chagrin over the President's handling of the dispute.

The result was that Mr. Wilson did not get the public vote of thanks to which he was entitled. He made sense out of the Navy's chaotic escort vessel program. He stimulated the aircraft industry to perform miracles. In latter months, to be sure, he has soft-pedaled on reconversion. And he seems to have been the voice of the military in the screening of data on the production shortages. Nevertheless he has done a great job for his country.

Will Mr. Nelson come back to his WPB desk? Mr. Krug already is acting as if he had the directive position. He is an old-timer at the WPB, who before he went into the Navy did well in behalf of the power program and in allocating scarce materials for America's war industry. He takes up his new duties at a time when the facts demand an expediting of reconversion.

Nelson to Wilson to Krug

Mr. Krug is a capable executive. Mr. Nelson has a passion for delegating authority until he suddenly wakes up to the fact that it has gone. Then he is likely to create a crisis by trying to recapture authority. If he had carried out the executive order under which the WPB was created, procurement, price control, and rationing would have been concentrated in the WPB. One by one he shed his powers over these matters.

In China, Mr. Nelson is expected to serve as a roving economic ambassador-at-large. He has already had experience as a traveling salesman for Uncle Sam.

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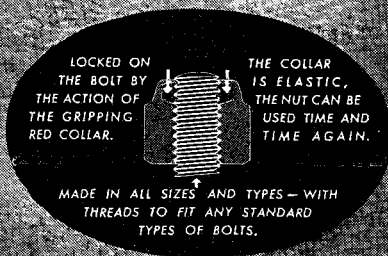
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When he got back from Russia, there were orders in his brief case for several billion dollars' worth of capital goods. The hope is that he will be equally successful in China — though, of course, long-term credits will have to be extended. It may be that Mr. Nelson, who thinks of this business as the only preventive of a post-war depression, may go on similar missions elsewhere.

Closed doors at Dumbarton Oaks

Political "reconversion" has been the burden of the Dumbarton Oaks conversations. You might call it an exploration on the ambassadorial level. That is to say, the experts will sift ideas, and then the governments will take them up. It is doubtful that a treaty will come before the Senate till after the elections.

There has been less discussion over the matter than over the manner of the meeting. The delegates met behind closed doors — with the press, at American insistence, barred even from contact with the delegates. There has been a tremendous fuss but, unlike the protests over similar arrangements at last year's food parley at Hot Springs, it has not caused the American officials to relax their attitude. That the situation is bad is indicated by the leaks. The *New York Times* scoop of the American plan incensed the State Department.

It is sometimes easier to say what is not a good information policy than to explain what is. Bretton Woods was obviously handled properly. Weeks in advance of that conference the American plan was furnished to the press. It was then freely discussed. And when the conferees met, Secretary Morgenthau gave the newspapermen all reasonable facilities for reporting. The State Department would have been better advised to follow the same procedure in connection with the Dumbarton Oaks conference and hand out the American plan in confidence.

Surely, when the issue is the endowment of the Executive with authority to use force on the command of a world authority, a little education of the public is needed. The sloppy handling of publicity at Dumbarton Oaks is almost an insurance that the treaty will not have an easy time in the Senate.

Leaks in the Press

The leak of the American plan is actually thought by some American officials to have emanated from the British delegation. That theory is entertained on the grounds that the fortunate correspondent has friends among the British, and also that one leak may deserve another, from the British standpoint.

A pretty kettle of fish is involved in the latter feeling. Drew Pearson somehow got hold of a report from William Phillips to the President, excoriating Brit-

ish policy in India. The British were furious. Seldom has there been more excitement in British circles. On Mr. Eden's instructions, the State Department was curtly asked to investigate the leak. No report on it was returned, though the feeling in Washington is that the columnist got his tip from the Indians, who in turn had been given a copy by somebody in the State Department.

There is still a good deal of convulsion in Whitehall. What must British officialdom have thought when the State Department in turn requested an investigation of the British delegation to Dumbarton Oaks for the person who released the American plan? American suspicion of the British delegates strikes all correspondents who have tried to get information out of the British as funny. You do not need to go further for an illustration of the boomerang that always comes out of the effort to sit on public information. It has now got to the pass that the deliberations at Dumbarton Oaks are of less interest than the exposures against the general secrecy.

On the basis of previous conferences, one can hazard a guess as to the *modus operandi* of the delegates. The British are acting as one man. There is a discipline among them which makes the chairman the indisputable spokesman. The British case is argued by every British delegate without any divergence from set British policy. The American case is hammered out in front of the foreign delegates. One might imagine that there had been no prior consultation among the Americans.

The foreigners present, if they have had no previous experience, are bewildered. The Russians are even more disciplined than the British. Not a word of extemporaneous exposition can be got out of the Russian delegates, nor any spontaneous rebuttal of objections raised by others. The Russians, unlike the British, do not argue. They read their case, listen to objections, note them carefully, and come back next day with a written counterplan. The Russian leader behind the Dumbarton Oaks scenes is understood to be the former ambassador to Washington, Constantine Oumansky, now ambassador to Mexico. From him the Russians get their instructions.

It may be taken for granted that no international police force will come out of the present security conference. The reason is simple. In a world of sovereign states there is a political objection to preventing aggression by anything more than the use of pooled force under the separate flags of constituent member nations.

Russia of course is the exponent of a world air force. China is a strong supporter of it. Britain is opposed — mainly, however, because of the American objec-

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WASHINGTON (continued)

tion, which is based on the fear of complicating the treaty when it is submitted for Senatorial ratification. It is already obvious from Senate discussion that permitting any outside organization to vote American soldiers into foreign areas will encounter hard sledding.

How popular is the PAC?

Indications that Sidney Hillman's Political Action Committee has overplayed its hand are beginning to multiply. The revolt started in New England. The speech given in August in Massachusetts by Robert J. Watt has had a wide circulation. Mr. Watt, who is an A. F. of L. chieftain, declared that organized labor had "no right to operate as a political organization unless we are going to accept the responsibilities and limitations of a political organization."

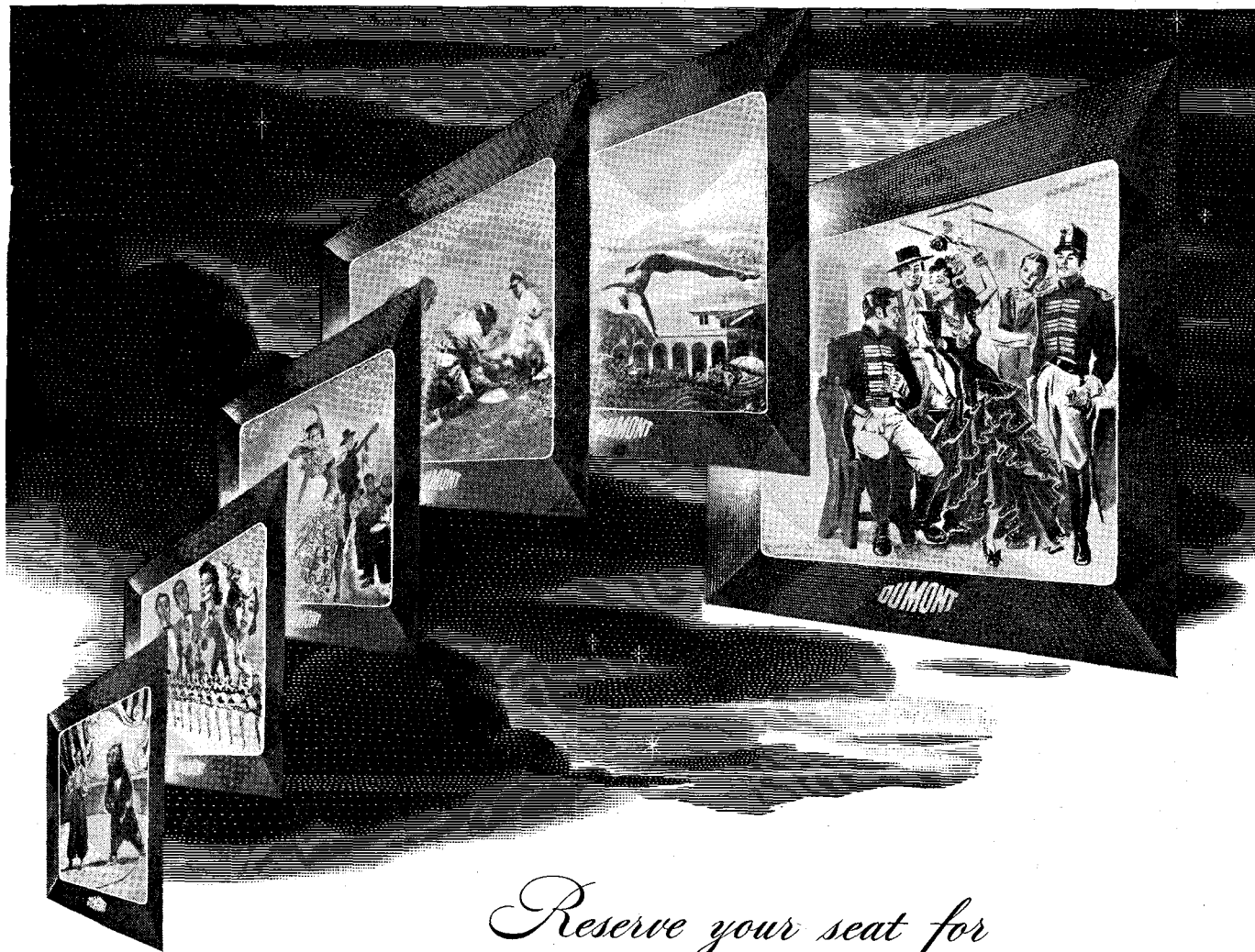
Resignations of PAC officials have been reported from Providence and Woonsocket. One hears that the revolt is coming from the rank and file of the workers, who feel that they should be free to vote as they please, and who object to having union funds used for other purposes than those for which they are collected.

In his testimony before the House Campaign Committee, Mr. Hillman evaded the real issue. That issue is whether the prestige and financial resources of labor unions formed for the purpose of assisting collective bargaining shall be used to further the political objectives of labor leaders. Mr. Hillman sought to stifle criticism of the PAC as an illegal instrument by declaring that the PAC is now relying upon voluntary contributions. That exempts the PAC from the penalties of the Corrupt Practices Act.

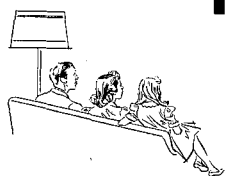
But this is more than a legal problem. The fact is that in a democracy, in which suffrage rights are privileges enjoyed by the individual, it is an intolerable invasion of such privileges to have labor leaders set themselves up as political spokesmen for a politically heterogeneous following. The Republicans may be expected to make the most of what has come to be called "the Hillman issue."

As the election approaches, there is growing uncertainty about the registration. More than 12 million industrial workers have migrated to new homes since November, 1940. Nearly as many men and women are in military service. How many of these people will qualify to vote? It is doubtful that more than a fraction will, for not many of them can have gone to the trouble of re-establishing residence. These non-voters are mainly in the Roosevelt column.

They make all the difference in some states — for instance, New York, which has lost more than a million inhabitants in the past four years. This gives the Republicans hope. So do the dissatisfaction evident among Negro leaders in key Northern states and the divided feeling among Catholics toward Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy.



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ATLANTIC *Repartee*

• LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Planes and Taxes

Sir:

Regarding William T. Piper's article, "Plain Facts about Private Planes," in the July *Atlantic*, it seems strange that Mr. Piper barely mentions the helicopter. Is it not possible that a helicopter with the "bugs" out of it might change the whole aviation picture — that is, from the standpoint of one who wants to fly his own plane with the maximum of safety and convenience?

We have just bonded our town of 5000 people to purchase 240 acres five miles from town for an airport. Considering that the whole outlook for private planes is uncertain, would it not have been more farsighted and practical to have started as Mr. Piper suggests by buying landing strips closer to town?

It should be interesting to have Mr. Piper's views on this as well as the future possibilities of the helicopter.

JOHN P. MINCHEN
Carroll, Iowa

Sir:

Mr. Piper's article opens up some ideas that, apparently, are going to have to be dealt with by our public bodies in the near future.

Everywhere are appearing articles in the same vein; that is, that the public is going to have to furnish landing fields if the aeroplane business is to develop into a flourishing industry. This may all be true, but no one in the aeroplane industry has suggested a plan as to how these facilities are to be paid for. That is the crux of the whole matter, and if the publicists of the industry do not come forward with a program to accomplish this, they will not get far with their ambitions.

Mr. Piper, along with all the other writers on this subject, points to the fact that large sums were spent in times past on roads, which had the effect of allowing the automobile industry to develop. This is true, but the aeroplane people are not disposed to follow their idea to its logical conclusion and admit that,

in the end, the automobile users have paid for those roads — and in some cases for many other things — by submitting to taxes on cars, gasoline, for automobile licenses, and so on. In fact, it has been pointed out many times by the Automobile Chamber of Commerce that the automobile is the most taxed piece of property in our country.

Presumably the aeroplane industry wants the facilities that Mr. Piper describes, to grow into a large industry, but there is no way to have them, in my opinion, unless the industry is willing to submit to a tax program that will eventually pay for them. The form of the tax does not matter particularly — it may be a tax on the plane at the time of manufacture, or a license paid annually for operation, or a tax on the fuel consumed, or any other convenient form. But I believe that the industry will get nowhere if it continues the plea that it should be subsidized to the extent of having these facilities furnished gratis.

Many people feel that the commercial airlines have overdone things in their expectation that the government, through mail subsidies, should practically guarantee their existence; and if the producers of private planes expect that the states and municipalities will furnish them landing fields to make possible the development of their industry, they are going to be disappointed. If, however, they will come forward with a plan that will pay for the necessary facilities, they will find a ready reception.

W. B. CAMPBELL
Cincinnati, Ohio

Freedom of the Press

Sir:

It would have been more accurate and fairer of Mr. Tourtellot, in his article "In Defense of the Press" in the August, 1944, issue of the *Atlantic*, had he written: "PM newspaper does not conform to my standards of good journalism," instead of categorically stating: "PM is a bad newspaper." For the specific journalistic evils he deplores in PM are to me and to



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The army moves at dawn

It was cool in the field last night. . . . The army gets up reluctantly, at the command of a twelve-year-old sergeant. Steam rises from each warm patch of earth. Slowly the column forms and trudges toward the barn.

It's not a very big army, but it's important to America's military strength. For milk is this country's most valuable crop. Milk is nature's most nearly perfect food. And milk products make up about 25% of the average American's food.

Well-fed civilians work better. Well-fed soldiers fight better. *And the nation's dairy farm families* — toiling long and hard to lick the shortages of

manpower and machinery — *are making a major contribution to victory.*

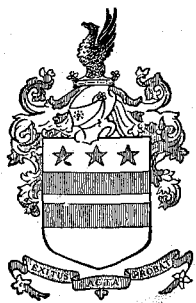
As our forces overseas increase, huge supplies of *all* foods must follow. As the starving peoples of ravaged lands are freed, they'll need food from us until they can grow their own again. *Every American can save lives by saving food.*

National Dairy is proud to have a part in this big job. We delivered \$96,000,000 worth of milk products for direct-war purposes last year. And our research laboratories helped develop new products for the Army and Navy that will be as beneficial in peace as they are valuable in war.

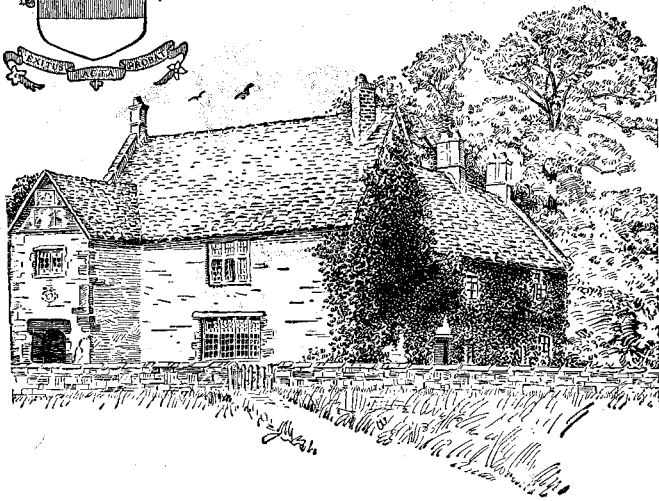
Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
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"WE FEEL at HOME in Britain"



An American soldier wrote those words. "Do you wonder," his letter read, "we feel at home in Britain after we have seen the original stars and stripes on George Washington's armorial shield over the door at Sulgrave Manor?"

Generations of visitors have felt that same stirring of the pulse when seeing, for the first time, that ancestral home—so dear to American hearts.

And along the railways and highways of Britain are countless other places whose names awaken thoughts of home in the minds of these welcome visitors.

Today, in time of war, British Railways are giving service to the uniformed sons and daughters of the nation which joined us once before in the fight for democracy. Tomorrow, those namesake cities and towns—all Britain—will welcome you and make you feel at home!

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many others the very reasons for which we admire and need *PM*.

Certainly *PM* editorializes the news, though of course not without a comparatively fair and accurate account of the facts.

The excellence of this method of journalism depends primarily on two things: (1) that the bias of the newspaper be a democratic and liberal one; (2) that the facts be printed fairly and accurately.

As to the first point, Mr. Tourtellot himself agrees it is fulfilled in *PM*. It is on the second point that one finds most disagreement—invariably on the part of those who have not read *PM* since it first came out.

I personally started to read *PM* a year ago, while continuing to read my local papers and others, and I am convinced that one gets a fuller and more accurate coverage of important news from *PM* than from any other paper.

From a smaller but still journalistic point of view, *PM* is to be congratulated (1) on being one of the few newspapers with an adult Woman's Page—women are not treated as though they were constantly in search of a new face cream or about to lose their husbands' love; (2) on a vastly better planned and more clearly printed entertainment schedule than is to be found in most other newspapers; (3) on printing the news without interruption—no more skipping to four or five different parts of the newspaper in order to trace the front-page stories to their final resting places.

As to Mr. Tourtellot's criticism, "*PM* omits a huge amount of news altogether," the only answer is "Thank God!"

MRS. GARDNER COX
Nahant, Mass.

Sir:

Permit, please, a correction of a mistake of fact in Mr. Arthur Bernon Tourtellot's essay in your Freedom of the Press contest—the essay which for my 35 cents ought to have taken first prize.

Mr. Tourtellot says at one point:—

"For these last things are more easily recognized, and more easily considered in relation to editorial judgments, than are the whims of a man who becomes an institution—just as they are recognized and considered by the readers of Captain [J. M.] Patterson's [New York] *Daily News*, who read his paper all during 1940 and then went out to act in direct opposition to his advice by putting New York City overwhelmingly in the Democratic victory column."

The fact is that the *Daily* and *Sunday News* supported President Roosevelt for reelection in 1940, from the beginning of the campaign to the end—and has had occasion to regret it since.

REUBEN MAURY
Chief Editorial Writer
The News
New York City

Baser English

Sir:

Referring to "Baser English" in the August Atlantic, page 109—how do the 85 words tell the following story?

Hydraulic "nerves" and "muscles" for superhuman tasks

How is a huge, 16-inch gun turret on a battlewagon swung into firing position?...

How is a big 90-mm. antiaircraft gun kept trained on its fast-moving target?

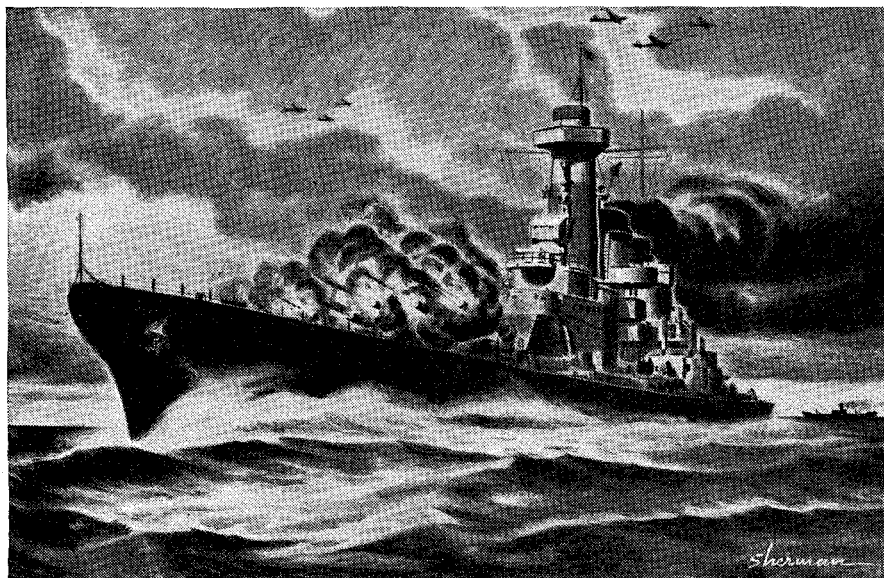
These and other tasks of warfare are too tough for the controlled muscle power of mere man. So they are performed by made-to-order "nerves" and "muscles" of steel and oil, using the principle of hydraulics.

Hydraulic "nerves" and "muscles" can move

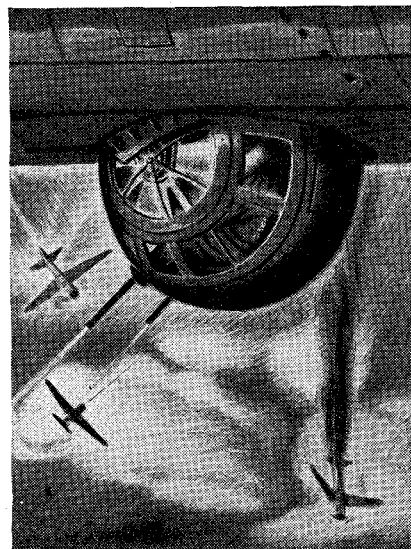
and control many hundreds of tons at the touch of a finger on a lever *And do it smoothly, quickly, and with hairbreadth precision.*

Even before the war Vickers, Inc., a division of the Sperry Corporation, had years of experience in applying hydraulic power and control to industrial devices, and to Army and Navy weapons.

Wartime brought additional assignments. Here are a few of the tasks which these man-made hydraulic nerves and muscles perform...



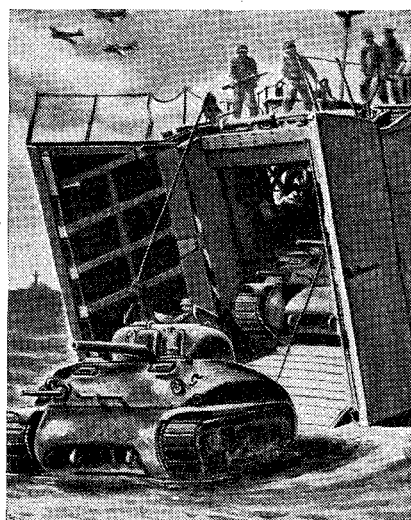
They spin the 1550-ton turret on a battleship. This means training and elevating the monster 16-inch guns mounted three abreast in a heavy, armored turret. Precision, speed, and dependability are vital. The hydraulic drive is one reason for our Navy's deadly gunfire.



They turn the belly turret of a Liberator. It takes plenty of muscle to rotate and elevate a belly turret against the terrific wind pressure. So the "muscles" and controls are hydraulic—and they do their job smoothly, instantly, accurately.



They keep ack-ack guns on the target. In response to firing data transmitted by the Sperry Antiaircraft Director, our Army's 90-mm. antiaircraft guns are instantly and automatically positioned on the target. The hydraulic control mechanism which swings and elevates these guns responds to a movement of *one one thousandth of an inch* of the controls.



They open the mouth of an LSM. When it's time for the bow doors of a *Landing Ship Medium* to open, it's time for action. Positive, dependable operation may be a matter of life or death. This heavy job is entrusted to Vickers hydraulics.

WHILE THE applications of hydraulics to our modern weapons of war are the more spectacular, Vickers equipment is performing equally important tasks on the production front.

Giant presses, ingenious and intricate machines for making munitions, standard and special machine tools, and oil-well machinery are but a few examples.

When Victory permits, Vickers precision hydraulic equipment will aid in the manufacture of hundreds of postwar products.

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"Father! Help! Mother went away yesterday. She took her boy friend swimming. Also walking through fields, trees, hills, swamps. Find her, please!"

WILLIAM ELMER
Bay Head, N. J.

● Why do people go beating about so over-weeningly? — THE EDITORS

Sir:

Your columns continue to please and at times to amuse. Thanks anew.

But to sober your pride, may I ask what penalties you should expect for stirring up such stuff as the following: —

Now comes a Baser English guy.

(The base is English, not the guy —

Though it took three to make the try.)

"Prolix is Basic," does he cry.

"Ten times too great is Basic," sigh

The spinach feasters (stew or fry).

On food for test the guys rely:

The gourmand Basic eats meat-pie,

With rice and fruit in rich supply —

And even cheese though smell be high —

But none of these do Basers buy,

For they with spinach ever vie

Till they will sure become "Popeye."

Who'd shout for spinach diet — aye?

Not I, not I, not I, not I!

C. W. HORTON
Toronto, Canada

● What about fudge? — THE EDITORS

I Personally —

Sirs:

I have just read Charles R. Walker's "Yale Tomorrow" in the June *Atlantic*. Most of the changes in higher education which Yale is considering seem sound, but it will be well for the directors to be cautious about intensifying and accelerating their program.

When I return to college, I shall be willing to spend just as much time acquiring a B.A. degree as I should have spent before the war. In fact, I believe it will be necessary to spend just as much time. I have taken enough accelerated courses to make me skeptical of them.

ENSIGN JAMES A. MANSON, U.S.N.R.
Pensacola, Fla.

Sir:

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed a story in your June number — "The Girl at the Filling Station," by Ben Hur Lampman. I thought that if I told you of the pleasure it gave me, perhaps that pleasure would find its way, somehow, back to Mr. Lampman.

The brief, quick story was so utterly unself-conscious, as if it sprang to life without effort, and charming in the way wild flowers are charming, to those who love them.

I shall hope to see another story by the same author in the *Atlantic* some day.

HELEN REED WHITNEY
Evanston, Ill.